

May - 25 Cents

# SMART SET

297

*True Stories  
from  
Real Life*



HENRY  
CLIVE



As pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses.

—Lambert Pharmacal Company.

YOUR DENTIST MAY BE ABLE TO  
ADD MANY PRECIOUS YEARS TO  
YOUR LIFE—BETTER SEE HIM!

## Back of beauty may lurk dread disease

### Do you realize this?

The dreadful thing about tooth abscesses is that so often the person afflicted may be utterly unaware of having them. And meanwhile these poison pockets at the base of the teeth may be gradually undermining the health. They seep their deadly bacteria through the entire system and bring on any one of many serious and oftentimes fatal illnesses.

*"Suppose, for instance," says one authority, "that every alveolar abscess (tooth abscess) pointed on the face instead of in the mouth, the hideous disfigurement resulting therefrom would long ago have arrested attention; yet probably in this case the harm to health would be infinitely less, because the products of disease would be to a certain extent outside the body, and not, therefore, absorbed into the system."*

### Troubles that result

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

### Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There is a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Listerine Tooth Paste, and this tooth paste only, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing, antiseptic ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

### Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, while ordinary dentifrices require much more effort and even then often leave you in doubt.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube 25 cents—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

*If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis.*

## HIDDEN WELLS OF POISON IN YOUR MOUTH?

© 1924, Lambert Pharmacal Co.





## It's a daughter's right to know — and a mother's duty to tell her

**M**OTHER and daughter. It is one of nature's closest kinships, yet how often is there a gulf between!

The responsibility is chiefly that of the older woman. When apart from her daughter, she is full of good resolutions, planning to speak frankly. But when they are together she finds it increasingly difficult to approach delicate subjects, made still more delicate by the old-fashioned custom of avoidance.

What a relief it would be to have at hand in convenient form accurate information bearing on the ever-present problems of health and cleanliness which affect all womankind. Information concerning the *safe* practice of feminine hygiene. Information on the dangers inherent in the use of poisonous compounds — dangers familiar to every nurse and physician.

**No need to run risks with the  
skull-and-crossbones**

At one time there was some excuse for the use of poisonous

germicides such as bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid—because there was nothing to take their place.

But now Science has provided an answer to the age-old question of fastidious women, who demand complete *surgical* cleanliness and complete *safety in use*. Science has provided Zonite.

Zonite is the great antiseptic germicide which has not only removed the dangers of burning, poisonous fluids in the practice of feminine hygiene, but has also removed the danger of accidental poisoning in the home.

**Compare Zonite's  
strength  
with carbolic acid**

Though absolutely non-poisonous, Zonite is actually far more powerful germicidally than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied to the human body. And compared with peroxide of

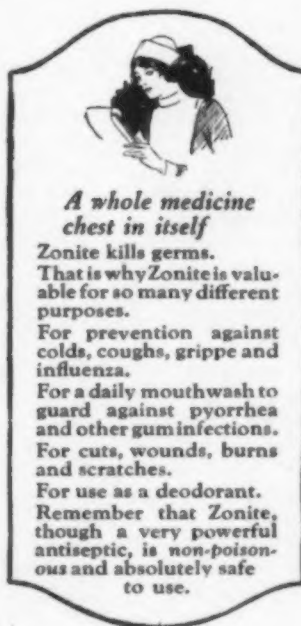
hydrogen, for instance, Zonite is *more than forty times* as effective! No wonder Zonite has been welcomed by the medical profession and is being prescribed by dentists everywhere as a mouthwash. Think of a powerful germicide safe to use for a mouthwash!

**Whole subject covered  
in booklet**

The Women's Division has prepared a special booklet on Feminine Hygiene and other affairs of the toilet. It is frank, scientific, and convenient. Send for it. Read it. It is a booklet every mother will want to give her daughter. It is an important booklet and free. Use the coupon below.

**Zonite Products Company**  
Postum Bldg., 250 Park Ave.  
New York, N. Y.

In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto



**A whole medicine  
chest in itself**

Zonite kills germs. That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes.

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouthwash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.

For use as a deodorant. Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is *non-poisonous* and absolutely safe to use.



Women's  
Division

**ZONITE  
PRODUCTS CO.**  
Postum Building  
250 Park Avenue  
New York, N. Y.

I should like to have a free  
copy of the illustrated booklet  
you have prepared. (S-8)

Name.....

Address.....

**In bottles, 50c and \$1  
at drug stores**  
Slightly higher in Canada

# Zonite

If your druggist cannot  
supply you, send 50c direct  
to the Zonite Products Co.



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VOL. 76  
NO. 3

## SMART SET

MAY  
1925*True Stories from Real Life*

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Although manuscripts and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable

## NEXT MONTH



## She Stood Alone

*Before her were twelve men, staring straight ahead. Her lips were speechless but her heart cried out that she was not bad, that it was all a dreadful mistake.*

*Her entire life seemed to hang in the balance. There was an ominous pause, and a deadly silence pervaded the room as the judge asked, "Guilty, or not guilty?"*

*Once more she turned toward the jury box, and then suddenly the faces became blurs—*

*Read this powerful story in the June SMART SET.*

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# \$1,800 a Year in August \$12,000 a Year in December



With or without previous experience, Salesmanship offers you a field of unlimited opportunity

For Years  
a Letter Carrier,  
at \$1,800 a Year—  
in Five Months  
\$12,000 a Year

AUG	SEPT	OCT	NOV	DEC
				\$1000
			\$700	
		\$500		
	\$225			
\$150				

## His Experience May be Yours

Within a period of six months, J. J. Graney, for many years a letter carrier, stepped into a field he had never tried, made good, and boosted his earnings from \$150 a month to around \$1,000 a month. Could you do as well? Read how Graney learned the knack of selling—and how you, too, have equal opportunity to command the big rewards of Salesmanship.



### How the LaSalle Plan Works for the Average Man

#### Doubles Salary—Increases Volume 500 Per Cent

My salary was practically doubled a short time ago, but my greatest satisfaction comes from knowing that the amount of business I have written this year is easily five times greater than before. S. N. WILLIAMS, Kentucky.

#### Fourteen Years a Conductor—His Second Month at Selling Earns \$700

After spending fourteen years as conductor on a railroad, I came in on my passenger run and never went out again. I saw there were wonderful chances in the selling field; so I started in selling real estate. The first month I did not make a sale. I saw I needed something to help me, so I took up LaSalle training in Salesmanship. The next month I made \$700, and last month I averaged better than \$67 a day throughout the month. Is there anything more I can say for this great course?

C. A. THOMAS, California.

J. J. Graney had never sold goods in his life. He was a letter carrier earning top pay of \$1,800 a year. He determined to quit—and turned to LaSalle for help. Before he had completed his sixth assignment of the LaSalle course in Modern Salesmanship, he tackled the job of selling real estate in a rapidly developing suburban district. The first month he made \$225; the second month \$500; the third month \$700; and in a letter to LaSalle he writes—"The present month I expect to earn more than \$1,000."

When are *you* going to give yourself the chance in this world that you're entitled to? When are *you* going to meet and mix with people who have it in their power to swing big things your way? Isn't it better to follow a clearly-defined and well-organized *plan* which you *know* will lead you to greater and greater earnings than to trust your advancement to day-to-day experience—

missing opportunity after opportunity, just because you have never mastered the art of selling?

Whether or not you have had sales experience—that is not important. The point is that any man of average intelligence who will follow the LaSalle salary-doubling plan can quickly multiply his earnings. And this fact applies with doubled force to the man now in the field who is sincerely striving to increase his volume, to really *sell* in dozens of places which he now is forced to leave without an order.

The complete story of the LaSalle salary-doubling plan which thousands of men have followed with such gratifying results is outlined in a fascinating book entitled "Modern Salesmanship." This book tells clearly of the opportunities in the selling field—points the way to a quick mastery of the very methods whereby the big producers top the list year after year, earn big five figure salaries. The information contained in this book is of priceless value to the man seriously ambitious to make a real success in the selling field. And—the coupon brings it to you *free*.

If your future is worth a two-cent stamp and two minutes of your time—place the coupon in the mail **TODAY**.

## LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 550-SR

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I shall be glad to receive an outline of your salary-doubling plan and full information regarding the opportunities in the business field I have marked below, all without obligation.

☐ **Modern Salesmanship:** Leading to position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.

**Other LaSalle Opportunities:** LaSalle opens the way to success in every important field of business.

If more interested in one of the fields indicated below, check here:

- ☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Commercial Law:** Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.

- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree.
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.

- ☐ **Railway Station Management:** Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.
- ☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency:** Training for positions in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.
- ☐ **Business English:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.

- ☐ **Expert Book-keeping:** Training for position as Head Book-keeper.
- ☐ **Commercial Spanish:** Training for position as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.
- ☐ **Effective Speaking:** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.
- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**



Name..... Present Position..... Address.....



No silhouette can be slim, boyish, attractive, with a roll of fat across the abdomen. It comes off easily with a Savage Roller Reducer.



Fat, ungraceful ankles are things of the past now.



The upper arm is another danger spot where fat is liable to gather. Take it off easily and quickly with a Savage Roller Reducer.



Heavy thighs destroy beauty of figure. A few minutes every morning with a Savage Roller Reducer will mean a difference of inches.

## I Can Reduce Now Without Drugs, Exercise or Diet

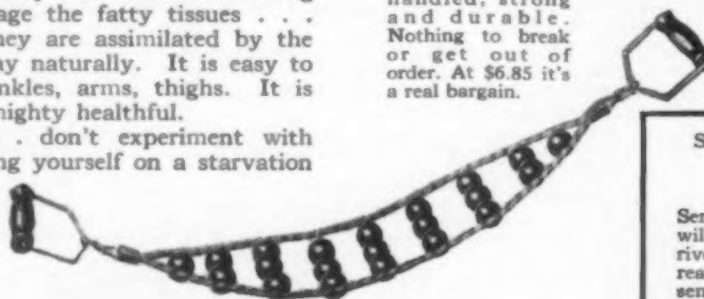
"No, of course I'm not fat . . . except in spots. And now that I have found out how easily and quickly my Savage Roller Reducer can take off fat just where I want to, I'll never be ashamed of any part of my figure again."

The Savage Roller Reducer is the sure way, the scientific way, the harmless way to reduce. It is non-elastic . . . the balls mounted on sturdy wires between the long side strips revolve and massage the fatty tissues . . . breaking them up so that they are assimilated by the blood stream and carried away naturally. It is easy to use it anywhere—on hips, ankles, arms, thighs. It is safe . . . in fact its use is mighty healthful. Don't delay any longer . . . don't experiment with dangerous drugs. Stop putting yourself on a starvation

diet . . . it's all unnecessary now. This Savage Roller Reducer is not new—it's been in use in exclusive sanitariums for years, but now for the first time, it is available for everyone at a very small cost.

Use the coupon below . . . start reducing safely, easily and where you want to—right away.

The Savage Roller Reducer is easily handled, strong and durable. Nothing to break or get out of order. At \$6.85 it's a real bargain.



## Savage Roller Reducer

SAVAGE ROLLER-REDUCING CO.  
253 MADISON AVENUE  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Send me one Savage Roller Reducer. I will pay the postman \$6.85 when it arrives. It is understood that if for any reason I am dissatisfied with it, I can send it back within 10 days and my money will be returned without question.

Name .....  
Street .....  
City ..... State .....





No  
C. O. D.  
to  
Pay!

Send  
for  
Free  
Style  
Book

**\$1<sup>00</sup>**  
**down**

## Smartest Spring Style of Satin Canton

This beautiful dress of rich, splendid wearing Satin Canton combines the stylish straight lines with the ever popular tunic effect. Both front and back is enlivened with three attractive silk rosettes, giving this model a most stunning appearance. Dress is made with short sleeves and finished at waist line with narrow belt of self material. Send for this Satin Canton dress on our recommendation—try it on in your own home, and we are sure you will admit that this becoming style is one of the prettiest models you have ever seen and a real bargain besides. Comes in black or navy. Sizes 34 to 44, Misses' 16 to 20.

Order by No. S-39. Terms: \$1.00 with coupon.  
Only \$3.20 a month. Total Price, only \$19.95.

## Six Months to Pay!

Do you realize how easy it is to have a new dress on our monthly payment plan? Just think! Only \$3.20 a month for 6 months. Surely you can save that small amount out of household expenses as thousands and thousands of well dressed women do and never miss the money. Send only \$1.00 now with the understanding that if this dress does not satisfy you in every way you can send it back and your \$1.00 will be promptly refunded. Don't delay. You'll want a new dress this Spring and here's your chance.

### You Don't Risk One Penny

Judge this latest style dress for yourself. Examine the fine materials, the finished workmanship and the popular style. Compare the low price, consider the easy terms. Don't keep the dress unless you are satisfied in every way. You take no risk!

**Send Coupon—  
Your Dollar Back  
If Not Satisfied!**

**Send Only \$1<sup>00</sup> Now!**

### Elmer Richards Co.

Dept. 1915

West 35th St., Chicago

I enclose \$1. Please open a charge account for me. Send me the Satin Canton Dress No. S-39. If I am not delighted with the dress, I can return it and get my \$1 back. Otherwise, I will pay \$3.20 a month until I have paid \$19.95 in all.

(Check Color  
Wanted)

☐ Black

☐ Navy

Bust \_\_\_\_\_ Belt \_\_\_\_\_ Hip \_\_\_\_\_ Length \_\_\_\_\_

(Be sure to fill out the above lines)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

P.O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Abolish the Truss Forever

## Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands That Chafe and Pinch

You know by your own experience the truss is a mere makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and that it is undermining your health. Why, then, continue to wear it? The binding and pressure prevent proper blood circulation, thus robbing the weakened muscles of the nourishment which they must have if you expect them to regain their normal strength and elasticity.

### The Plapao-Pads Are Different

STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are entirely different from the device called the truss in the following respects:

First—The primary and most important object of the PLAPAO-PAD is to keep constantly applied to the relaxed muscles the medication called Plapao, which is contractive in nature, and taken together with the ingredients in the medicated mass, is intended to increase the circulation of the blood, thus revivifying the muscles and restoring them to their normal strength and elasticity. Then, and not until then, can you expect the rupture to disappear.

Second—Being made of self-adhesive purposely to prevent the pad from shifting, they have therefore proven to be an important adjunct in retaining rupture that cannot be held by a truss. There is no metal about the PLAPAO-PADS—no straps, buckles or springs attached. No "digging in" or grinding pressure. They are soft as velvet—Flexible—Easy to apply—Inexpensive. Continuous day and night treatment at home. No delay from work.

### UPON THEIR OATH

Hundreds of people, old and young, have gone before an officer qualified to acknowledge oaths, and swore that the PLAPAO-PADS cured their rupture—some of them most aggravated cases and of long standing.

W. Ambrose, Sheffield, Alabama, declares under oath:

I would not take one thousand dollars for every dollar I paid you for your Plapao-Pads. Your system is certainly wonderful, considering that rupture can be cured at my age—sixty years. I recommend your PLAPAO-PADS to everyone who is ruptured.

Geo. W. Weldin, Wilmington, Delaware, states under oath:

Your treatment cured me of a bad scrotal rupture, with which I was

troubled for ten years. I began to improve the very first day—the effect was really magical. I am eighty years old.

Guy O. Parks, Mountsville, W. Va., declares under oath:

I cannot express my thankfulness to you for the wonderful benefit I received by using your PLAPAO-PADS. I am entirely cured by one treatment.

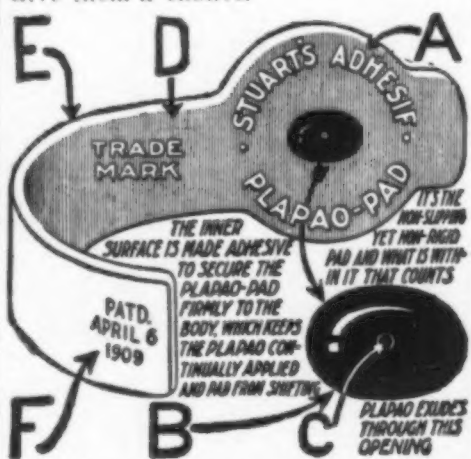
M. R. Newton, Hornell, N. Y., declares under oath:

I used all sorts of appliances for my rupture, having been afflicted for a number of years. Nothing helped till I used your PLAPAO-PADS. I cannot thank you enough for your service.

H. J. Wurth, New York Mills, N. Y., states:

I am completely cured by one series of your PLAPAO-PADS. I could not force my rupture down now even if I wanted to.

These are only a few of the hundreds of enthusiastic letters we have received from those cured by the PLAPAO-PADS. It is reasonable that they should do the same for you. Give them a chance.



### The Plapao-Pad Explained

The principle upon which the PLAPAO-PAD works can be easily figured out by noting the illustration above, and reading the following explanation:

The PLAPAO-PAD is made of a strong, flexible material "E" which is designed to conform to the movements of the body, and be perfectly comfortable to wear. The inside surface "D" is adhesive similar to an adhesive plaster, to prevent the pad from shifting and getting out of place.

"A" is the enlarged end of the PLAPAO-PAD, which overlies the atrophied and weakened muscles to keep them from giving away further. "B" is the Pad, to be applied in such a way that it blocks up the hernial orifice, and tends to prevent the contents of the abdomen from protruding. Within the Pad is a reservoir, in which is placed a wonderful absorbent, astringent medication. When warmed by the heat of the body it becomes soluble and escapes through the small opening marked "C" and is absorbed through the pores of the skin to strengthen the weakened muscles and effect a closure of the openings. "F" is the long end of the PLAPAO-PAD, which is to be plastered over the hip-bone to give solidity.

### Brings About These Benefits

When the PLAPAO-PAD is successfully applied these wonderful benefits quickly follow:

- The ruptured parts are sustained and held together.
- The weak muscles recover their elasticity and strength.
- The unsightly, painful and dangerous protrusions disappear.
- That horrible "dragging down" sensation is banished, never to return.
- You recover the vigor, vitality, energy and strength you have lost.
- You look better, you feel better and you are better in every way. Every one remarks upon your improved appearance. And relieved from the pain and discomfort of the rupture, and your dread of the consequences, your spirits rise, your health improves, you once more are able to enjoy life without fear of trouble.

### Common Sense Way

Weakened muscular tissue—that's the real cause of rupture and the logical common-sense thing to do is to restore the lost elasticity, tone and contractile strength to the weakened muscles. Close the hernia opening as nature intended so the rupture CAN'T come down.

Another striking feature of the PLAPAO-PAD treatment is the comparatively short time it takes to get the results. This is because the action is continuous—night and day, throughout the whole of the 24 hours.

### MAKE THIS TEST AT OUR EXPENSE

We want you to make a personal test of this remarkable scientific treatment at our expense, and the more severe the test, the better we will like it. The test costs you nothing. We take all risk. Simply return the coupon.

## TO THE FREE RUPTURED FREE

10,000 Rupture Sufferers to get TRIAL PLAPAO and Illustrated Book on RUPTURE, Absolutely FREE

Send No Money—Just This Coupon

Date.....

Plapao Laboratories, Inc.,  
235 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me, by return mail, trial of PLAPAO and your 48 page illustrated book on rupture. It is understood that this is absolutely free and does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....



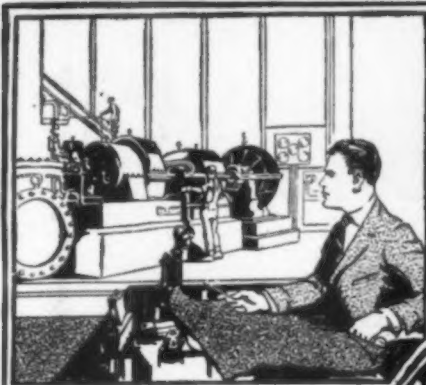
Awarded Gold Medal



Awarded Grand Prix

Mail the Coupon Today

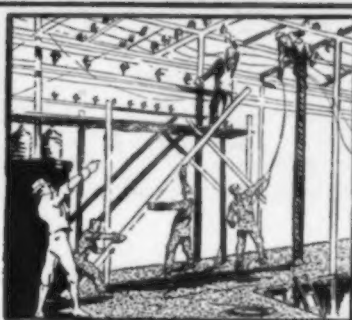




Be Superintendent of an Electrical POWER PLANT



Own Your Own Electrical REPAIR SHOP



Boss Electrical Construction Jobs



Be an Electrical CONTRACTOR



Chief Engineer Dunlap

**"Do you Guarantee me a JOB?"**

**"Will you guarantee that I will earn more money after I finish Dunlap-training?"**

You have a right to ask these questions. When you put your money and time into home-training you are entitled to know what it will do for you. Your whole future success depends on the kind of training you choose now. I WILL ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS—straight from the shoulder, in plain English. For the first time a million dollar correspondence school guarantees its training under bond. Coupon below brings this sensational guarantee.

## GO INTO ELECTRICITY —the Business of a Million Opportunities

**Go to Electrical School AT HOME!**

While you're at it, while you're spending your time and money to be a success, *Train* for the big-pay *Boss* jobs in the world's fastest growing industry. The world's work is now being done by Electric power. Autos, ships, buildings, aeroplanes, all electric equipped. Electric lights, everywhere. Think of Radio, Telephones, Telegraph,

Electric railways. This business DOUBLED in the last 9 years, and they say it will double again in the next 6 years!

**\$60 to \$200 a Week for Electrical Experts**

Enormous demand for all-around Electrical Experts as Power Plant Superintendents, Chief Electricians, Foremen of Construction, Electrical Draftsmen, Radio Engineers, etc. And with my training you can go into business for yourself with little capital and make \$3,000 to \$12,000 a year.

### 4 Electrical Outfits

**Given** You don't have to leave your home or quit your job, you don't need post-graduate Laboratory courses when you are Dunlap-trained. I send you these 4 costly, complete Electrical Outfits, all the Laboratory and Shop apparatus you need to understand Electrical laws, theories and principles easily and quickly. *Not one penny extra for this equipment.*

### Write Me AT ONCE!

The first half of my training is **APPLIED ELECTRICITY**, a complete course. In the second half I give you Electrical Engineering subjects, doubling the quantity of instruction usually included in home-study training. I want to tell you all about this and how I have at the same time made this training **BETTER** in every way. Get my book, it's free. Get my guarantee and special offers **RIGHT NOW**. Coupon brings everything quick!

### Earn While You Learn

As early as your eleventh lesson, I give you special training in wiring, Radio, Electrical repairing, motors, etc., so you can go out and start turning your instruction into cash. It's no trick to earn enough in a single evening to pay one month's tuition cost. So you needn't let lack of ready money or anything else keep you from this wonderful home-training.

**MAIL COUPON QUICK!**

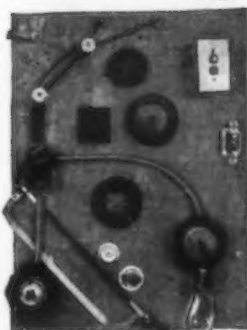
Chief Engineer Dunlap, AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. E-5251, Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago.

Rush free book, special offers and your new guarantee. I want complete information on how to become an Electrical Expert at home in spare time.

Name.....

St. No.....

City..... State.....



Wiring Outfit

① Wiring Outfit



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# Are You Afraid To Love?

## Is Life a Mystery To You?

Has true love come into your life—or didn't you recognize it when it came? Are you afraid now of the baffling, perplexing mysteries of sex relationship? Are you discontented with the stupid lies and furtive ashamed answers the world gives you in place of the naked, fearless truth you desire? Do you want some safe, sane, unashamed advice on sex questions? Do you hesitate asking your doctor certain questions? Then clip the coupon below, send it today without any money and in a few days you will receive the most startling surprise of your life.

*Is spooning dangerous? Does a petting party stop with a kiss? At last the question answered. See "Safe Counsel", page 199.*



## Life's Mysteries Revealed

**Y**OUR QUESTIONS—all of them, the most intimate—all are answered in simple, straightforward fearless language. Here are the real facts about the so-called mystery of sex—the things you should know about YOURSELF, about YOUR BODY, your DESIRES and YOUR IMPULSES.

At last a book has been published that digs into sex matters without fear or beating around the bush. This startling 512 page book, "Safe Counsel", written by Prof. B. G. Jefferis, M. D. Ph. D. and Prof. J. L. Nichols, A. M. contains just the information you want. You will be amazed at its frankness. Words are not minced. "Polite" phrases are forgotten—the right word is used in the right place. In this remarkable volume are answered all the questions that brides want answered on the eve of their weddings—that youths approaching manhood demand of their elders—that married people should know. The naked facts are told. Ruthlessly! Daringly! But truthfully!

### "It Might Have Been Prevented"

How pitifully often do we hear this pathetic phrase. Glorious young lives are wrecked by ignorance and falsehood. Innocent children suffer as a result of prudishness and "modesty." We think we are an enlightened, civilized people—but we will continue to be in the dark ages until every adult knows the truth about the functions and purposes of his body, and about that great powerful invisible force, the Life Urge.

### Would You Like to Know:

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| —The secrets of a happy marriage?        | —Signs of excesses?                          |
| —The mistakes every couple should avoid? | —What every girl should know?                |
| —What true love really means?            | —The reasons for marital unhappiness?        |
| —How to perpetuate the honey moon?       | —How to hold your husband's love?            |
| —Law of mutual attraction?               | —The prevention and cure of social diseases? |
| —If continence is desirable?             | —Mistakes often fatal?                       |
| —How to control your impulses?           | —Ethics of the unmarried?                    |
| —Answers to sex problems?                | —What every young man should know?           |
| —Dangers of ignorance?                   | —Advice to expectant mothers?                |
| —Advice to the newly married?            |  |

*These are just few of the questions answered truthfully and authoritatively by "Safe Counsel"*

### The Truth At Last!

Safe Counsel contains nine startling sections: I. The Science of Eugenics; II. Love; III. Marriage; IV. Childbirth; V. Family Life; VI. Sexual Science; VII. Diseases and Disorders; VIII. Principles of Health and Hygiene; IX. The Story of Life. Here are just a few of the subjects discussed—Love, Anatomy and Physiology, A Word to Maidens, Maternity, Parental Influences, Change of Life, Impotence, Fighting Modern Evils. You owe it to yourself, to your happiness and your health to read this wonderful book.

Nobody can escape sex problems. Men and women—rich and poor—all face the sex question. Do not let ignorance blight your life. Do not allow fear and superstition to mar your happiness. Knowledge will free you—give you security, self-confidence and courage to face life without the shadow of fear and doubt threatening your peace of mind.

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# Personally I Object

**D**O YOU remember the story of the Lone Wolf? Have you ever wondered why it is that he remains such an outstanding figure in "wolf history"?

Of course the answer is that *he hunted alone*. He didn't run with the pack. He had brains enough to do his thinking independently, and when the pack in a frenzy of hunger set out on a fruitless stampede he turned away. No doubt he looked after them longingly. No doubt his heart fairly burst with savage affection as he saw his companions disappear after some non-existent game; but he knew that even if they found the quarry it would not feed them all. So he hunted alone.

As time passed, perhaps others learned he was wise; that he always found food. As they learned this, these others began to follow him and he helped them to live. So he became the leader of his own pack.

In the end, however, history repeated itself. Hardship would stampede the pack and send them madly away again, leaving him behind to scent out a new trail.

**S**O IT is with a magazine, or with a new idea. Careful study shows which way is wise, and shapes a policy. Then the greedy pack gathers on the same game trail, blind to the fact that fresher trails lie close by.

At the psychological moment thought must be directed into a new channel if a magazine is to succeed. People are apt to tire of reading the same stories and we must seek to vary the diet enough to make it satisfying. We must withdraw from the stampede and seek a new method of reaching the hearts of our readers.

On this basis the new SMART SET has made its entire appeal. We believe that life is the most wonderful thing in the universe, and that its reflection is always intriguing. We believe that our world with its countless living inhabitants is good, and that there is always something NEW if we search hard enough. We are not trying to reform the world. It is too wonderful now . . . and besides we think that too many reformers make a terrible mess and not much else.

**A**ND so we are catching the spirit of things as they are, the *romance*, *adventure*, and *achievement*, and trying our best to send it along to you in a clean, wholesome way. We believe that life itself is clean and wholesome; that if we are honest in our efforts to picture it, we will be always in good taste.

Personally, I object to the whispered stories, the kind that people are ashamed to tell out loud. I don't intend that SMART SET shall print anything that I can't go out and brag about, and I know that once you get to know just what we are striving to do, you will push harder than ever to help us succeed. That attitude is going to do a great deal for the world whether we know it or not.

We are making friends fast. The latest reports show that we are continuing to break circulation records. Our friends number almost fifteen times what they did a year ago. Of course my only means of counting friends is through the circulation figures, but that is a pretty accurate way.

**S**O WE are scenting out new trails. We find interesting stories just as surely as the lone wolf found food. We are always in the lead, seeking new types of stories which ring true, and you will come to believe in our ability to find them, I am sure.





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|   | 1 saltshaker 1 peppershaker   |
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# Dangerous Curve Ahead

## *Which Is One Way to Say We Are Going to Toot the Whistle*

I CAN'T tell you that we will start a new novel by a famous author next month—because SMART SET isn't favored by famous authors. I can't even tell you that we know the stories are good because of any old standard of literature.

But I *can* toot the whistle and let you know what's coming. There is an extremely interesting three-part story of an immigrant girl, beginning in the June issue. I don't suppose she ever wrote one before, but it's good enough to encourage her to try again!

The June issue is the kind we all like to find. It has just a touch of the primitive wild in "The Judgment of the Jungle." This story got under my skin and I couldn't leave it. I think it will be the same with you. It sticks.

THEN, there is a story which has to do with a girl and temptation—and the soft pleading notes of a violin! It eats into your very heart. It isn't as if it were a literary masterpiece. It's just a simple story of two souls torn by doubt—and of what happened to them.

Doubt and fear, and hope and love intermingled go to make up a magazine filled to the limit with pathos and adventure. And we are still hunting for new thrills and new sides of life.

We want a little bit of *Echo Gulch*, and a little of the *harvest moon*. We want a bit of lace and the scent of lilac blooms and wisteria; and I think we're getting them well enough so that SMART SET should be enjoyable

reading. You needn't worry about our serials. The longest we have printed has been only three parts—and many of them have only two instalments. Isn't that going a long ways toward your desires?

THE cover pictures will soon be portraits of SMART SET girls. It seems to me this should be a symbol of the partnership on which our policy is built. If we can carry out this plan it should give us even better covers than we have now.

And while we are on the subject of stories, I wonder if you know how many come to us with no name or address on the manuscript. We have a drawer full now

—waiting inquiries from the writers. We want you to send us stories of life. Don't hesitate because you have never written one or because you have had one returned. I have a regular scrap-book full of rejection slips, but I eventually found my way into the printed page.

If you know of someone who has faced terrific odds in life and battled bravely against them, why hide the story from people who love to read of a good fight?

SMART SET needs the *spirit* of life more than it needs writers. We need the spirit of adventure which makes us all play hookey from school. We need the thrill of that first love affair. And I believe YOU can give us better stories than the so-called *professional writers*.

—The Editor.

### This Is What The Editor Has In Mind For June



# Amazing New Method Brings Skin Beauty OVERNIGHT!

Free book describes in full and tells how to apply Susanna Cocroft's New Discovery—as effective as a hundred dollar course of beauty treatments, yet you can apply it yourself at home at insignificant expense



**N**O longer need thousands of women and girls submit to a muddy, sallow, blemished complexion and rough, aging skin—disfigured by large pores, blackheads, pimples, blotches and other unsightly imperfections. Nor need any woman resign herself to those tell-tale little crows' feet and tired, nervous lines about eyes, nose and mouth—those pouches at the sides of the chin, double chin and an angular, scrawny, ill-favored neck.

For all these can now be corrected by a simple treatment which you apply in your own home. Even if your skin and complexion have been poor for years, even though you are no longer young, this wonderful new method so stimulates the circulation that your face is freshened and rejuvenated overnight.

and rejuvenates your skin as nothing you have ever used.

## Wonderful Change The First Night

It works so rapidly that

users say the very morning following your first use it shows an improvement that will delight you.

And you do want this new skin beauty, don't you? For no matter how regular the features, you can't be beautiful unless the skin is soft, clear, smooth and fresh. And no matter how irregular the features, if the skin is clear, girl-like and radiant, one has a distinctive attraction.

## Learn This Beauty Secret

You know every fresh, healthy clear skin is beautiful and now you may bring out this rose-petal beauty as well as do the stage, society and screen beauties who have taken 10 to 20 years off their age. You, too, may obtain the clear white skin, the sparkling eyes, the delicate,

pink cheeks, the white, well-rounded neck of which they are so proud. You, too, may obtain new social triumphs; you, too, may excite the envy and admiration of less fortunate acquaintances. And you do it in a safe, rapid, easy, delightful way, without using any harmful drugs, mercury, or caustics. And not only that, you can do it *quickly*—you can bring an astonishing improvement *overnight*.

## Send For This Free Book Today

This amazing method is disclosed in an interesting *Free Book* which will be sent to every woman as long as the supply lasts.

## NEW

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For years Susanna Cocroft has been in the forefront of the great movement for the physical and mental betterment of women. She has been recognized by the U. S. Government as an authority on women's health problems. She has written two books for the U. S. Bureau of Education, and her helpful writings have many times appeared in magazines. Through her books, courses and treatments she has personally helped over 10,000 women. Often asked by her health pupils for advice on improving their appearance, she made a thorough study of this subject, and has brought out many successful scientific treatments for the skin. Her crowning achievement is this wonderful new home method—as effective as a \$100 course of beauty treatments—which you give yourself at home at a cost of only a few cents a treatment.

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## Look Years Younger

Now you, too, can look years younger and many times more beautiful—without paying a cent to high priced specialists.

## New Home Beauty Treatment For

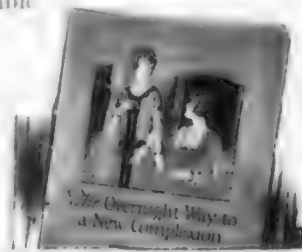
- clearing the complexion.
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2. No manuscript must exceed 500 words.
3. All manuscripts submitted must be sent prepaid, addressed to "The Contest Editors, Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y." Each manuscript must have the name and address of the sender at the top of the first page; also on the outside of the envelope in which it is sent.
4. Manuscripts will not be returned, and the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation will not be responsible for any manuscript lost in transit.
5. *THE SKYROCKET* may be purchased, borrowed from a library or a friend, or can be inspected at the office of the corporation.
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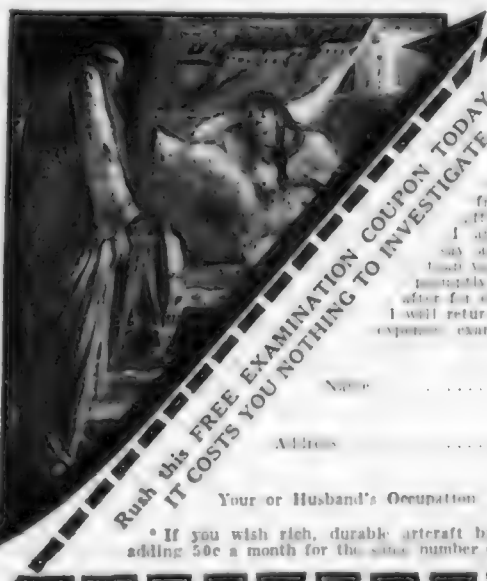
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Girls forgot  
powdering and  
hair-smoothing  
to see Marjory,  
winsome in soft-  
est yellow silk  
with its faint  
rich tracery of  
blue and gold.

## The Amazing Moment

By JUNE WARREN

MARJORY turned from the telephone, dark eyes glorious. "Mother, it's a last-minute party! Dave Murray's coming for me! There will be dancing, they say, and—"

"But your blue dress is at the cleaner's."

"I'll have to wear the tan."

Her mother sewed lace on the tan silk dress. Marjory caught a loop back into place with pink rosebuds clipped from a hat. With tan stockings . . . a sash draped softly about the waist. . . . "Mother, does it look all right?"

Her mother's eyes rested pridefully on flushed cheeks, shining eyes, glinting brown hair. The door-bell excited them both.

"It's Dave. Don't stay up for me, Mother. Good-bye!"

Twelve o'clock. She crept heart-sick up the shadowy stairs. The turn showed her mother in a white night-dress at the landing, moonlight slanting on her hair. "Marjory, what's the matter!"

"I—I never had such a miserable time," she sobbed. "Oh, Mother . . . people don't wear clothes like this any more. Just straight, rich things. I felt like a—freak. And Dave pre-

tending all the time he didn't—notice—"

Sunlight danced on the magazine page. It touched Marjory's soft hair and the pathos of her face. She read a fiction story to forget last night . . . reread it! Hope came quietly. She looked up. "Oh, if I could—"

It was hard to believe that all of them were hers. She counted them eagerly. The sleeveless poudre blue with its smart godet at one side; the lovely soft green charmeuse with its tiny bit of embroidery; the tailored sports blouse with its straight black tie; the jaunty flannel skirt; the gold brown canton. "All for so little," she exclaimed incredulously. "And a short time ago I didn't even have that little!" Her mother entered. "Mother, I love you in that bluish gray."

Her mother smiled.

Marjorie tore open a package—revealed gleaming folds.

"See what I found down-town this morning. It's that new two-toned crepe, and you'd be surprised how little it cost. Isn't it beautiful! Now if I can just make it in time for Dave's dance—"

She flung off her coat in the dressing-room and approached the mirror.

"Marjory!" Girls forgot powdering and hair-smoothing to see Marjory, winsome in softest yellow silk with its faint rich tracery of blue and gold.

"I never saw anything so lovely!" "Such graceful lines too!" "Where did you get it?"

Marjory's eyes gleamed with triumph. "Only \$8.25," she laughed. "The Woman's Institute helped me make it."

"Make it! How—"

"As soon as I wrote the Institute, they told me how I could enroll—and right away I began making! An adorable dress, fluffy underthings. Then—oh, a closetful of lovely things! I've started a bank account too. You see, the Institute people help in every way . . . write such dear personal letters you can hardly wait till the next mail. And as for packages—"

"Marjory, that's the loveliest dress here!" "Has Dave seen it yet?" "Will you make something for me?" "And me?" "Tell me more about the Institute!"

She broke from them, happiness flooding her face. "There's the first waltz. I promised Dave . . . oh, I can hardly wait to tell all of you—everything! I've never been so happy!"

\* \* \*

Won't you let the Woman's Institute help make you happy too? An attractive 32-page booklet tells the full story of the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you.

How you can make lovely dresses in your free minutes at home at a surprisingly small cost . . . give them striking touches that make them most becoming . . . copy any dress you see . . . be ready for happy times . . . earn money.

Sending for this booklet today may mean more to you than you know. Don't you want to send a letter, postal or this coupon now, so that you will receive the booklet by return mail?

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Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your 32-page booklet, which tells how I can have more and prettier dresses at a half or a third of the usual cost and earn money besides. I am most interested in learning:

- ☐ Home Dressmaking
- ☐ Professional Dressmaking
- ☐ Millinery
- ☐ Cooking

Name.....  
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



VOL. 76  
NO. 3

# SMART SET

MAY  
1925

*True Stories from Real Life*



## Now-A-Days

By HARRY LEE

*"Now-a-days, the young folks do  
Such awful things!" my Granny said;  
"When I was young, we would have been,  
All soundly spanked and put to bed!"*

*"I did hear of a college boy  
Who let a big clothes-hamper down,  
To draw a girl up to his room—  
It was the scandal of the town!"*

*"They say the girl was not afraid—  
She knew both arms and rope were stout;  
But half way up the handle broke—  
It broke, my dear, and I fell out!"*

*"I mean, the girl fell out, my dear—  
The girl fell out," my Granny said;  
"But now-a-days! No, she wa'n't hurt,  
She fell upon a pansy bed!"*

# Dirt

BY DR. FRANK CRANE

**J**AM is in the right place when it is in the jar or on a piece of bread. It is in the wrong place when it is on Betty's face.

Dirt is simply matter in the wrong place. To be dirty is to be disorderly.

Good, rich, black soil is fine for the garden and the field, but when it is smeared all over Betty's hands and clothes it is dirt.

That most diseases come from dirt, is a well-known fact. Nature seems to be organized to penalize disorder.

A great advance in surgery was made when doctors began to wear white clothes and clean their fingernails.

The same thing is true of the thoughts of our minds. Disorder is our worst enemy.

**T**HE ignorant man thinks of as many things as the wise man. The only trouble is that his thoughts are in confusion.

The wise man does not know so much; he simply knows where information may be procured.

It is said that a good lawyer is not the one who knows the law; he is the one who knows where the right law can be found.

Education is simply the setting in order of our ideas.

Therefore, education consists in un-learning as many things as it consists in learning many things. It consists in getting rid of prejudices, delusions, and

hobbies that get in the road of accurate information and good common sense.

An educated man is one whose mind, so to speak, always has its hands washed. An uneducated man is one whose mind is disheveled.

**T**HE main thing in wisdom, therefore, is order, or system, or some kind of plan. It is not so much what we learn at school as how much we learn to think. It is training our minds to make every fact correlate with other facts and find its right position.

In the ignorant mind a little and un-essential thing assumes undue importance and obscures it to the value of things that are of real weight.

It will be found that most popular errors consist in the over-valuing of unimportant truths, of the over-emphasis of non-essentials.

The important thing, therefore, is to develop right habits of thought; to acquire skill in thinking. It is better to have a trained mind and good judgment than to possess a great deal of knowledge.

**T**HERE are some people who have encyclopedic information, and who know a great many truths. The trouble is their minds are dirty. The whole mass of facts that they possess is jumbled together and they have no clear order in them.

In the business of thinking, it is better to have a clean mind than a full mind; it is better to see clearly than to see much.



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# Doctors'



"Try to rest," he said. "I will probably be gone all night."

## *Part One*

**I**N ALL my eighteen years I had never been ill before. Nor was I ill when I pressed the button under the brass plate bearing the name DR. GEORGE DRAPER, and was admitted into a large, cheerful reception room.

A moment of panic seized me when I felt the cold eyes of a nurse directing me to a seat. I would have given my dearest possession to escape from this situation into which youth and curiosity had led me, but there she was, standing over me with a card and pencil, demanding my name, address, and other intimate secrets of my life.

Yet, looking back now with a greater understanding of my own motives, I see that it was not so much my youth and curiosity, as a growing lonesomeness—a yearning for a little independent adventure outside my father's bonds.

"And your father's place of business?" prompted the nurse.

I trembled inwardly. He would be furious if he knew. But I was determined to see for myself what manner of man this wonderful Dr. George Draper might be, and no

forbidding fear of my father's violent temper was going to stop me at the last moment.

It was a conversation I overheard between Myra Roberts and Alice Kielson that had finally fired my imagination. I had been graduated from one of the New York public high schools only three months before; whereupon Father had picked out Myra and Alice, the wives of two of his clients, as competent directors of my destiny, to choose my clothes for me, to choose my friends, my thoughts, my speech, and, I suspect, a husband.

"You simply *must* go to George Draper," I heard Myra urge Alice in her decisive way. They thought I was nowhere around. "How old? Oh, in his early thirties I should say."

Alice drawled something about being perfectly well.

"Simple child," chuckled Myra. "As if one must be ill to go to Dr. Draper. Any pretext will do for the first visit. And after that—why, my dear, his fingers are like an artist's. And his eyes——"

Thus it came to me with a pleasant shock that there was a difference in men's fingers, and that a man's



# WIVES

*I Didn't  
Know. I  
Couldn't  
Even Guess  
What Those  
Two Words  
Might  
Mean!*

eyes might have a profound and restful influence on a woman.

A simple incident to start the wings of Romance fluttering in my heart, but it is more often the idle word that changes one's life, rather than the spectacular event.

**I**F THERE had been some older woman in whom I could have confided! Since there was no such understanding person in my circle, I considered myself quite clever and daring to have taken matters into my own hands.

I tried to read at least a dozen magazines. I looked at every picture in the room several times. One, a photograph of a handsome woman in evening dress, drew me more often than the others. Dr. Draper's wife, perhaps! That is, if he had a wife. I didn't know. I fumbled with my gloves. Alternate chills and

hot waves possessed me. Those few minutes seemed ages.

I had worked myself into such a state by the time the nurse summoned me that I felt like a patient suffering with a genuine nervous disease. I remember starting when she called my name.

"I don't know whether I love you," I told him, for truthfully I did not.



Somehow, as I followed her the sight of her broad, efficient back inspired me anew with the desire to see my prank to the end. But again, when she flung open a door, and with her cold blue gaze commanded me to enter, I prayed for an earthquake or some upheaval that would prevent me from coming face to face with Dr. George Draper.

**N**O SUCH interference came to my rescue. I had begun to weave the tangled web of deceit, and I must carry on until the web would become too brittle for my weight.

If there had been one tiny flaw in my personal appearance that day, and you may be sure that I took the utmost care in my dressing, the eyes that glanced at me so casually would have detected that flaw.

I was fascinated and thrilled, and a little frightened, for they were the sort of eyes that could uncover layer after layer of insincerity about a person's soul until the sound heart of it is laid bare. Yet, they belonged to a man who understood these weaknesses even while he stripped them, who could penetrate without hurt, who could be gentle without being weak, firm without being cruel.

There was no desk, no case of instruments, nothing at all to indicate that this was a physician's office. Dropping into a chair, under a softly glowing lamp, I drew a deep sigh of relief. What next?

"Ghastly pale you are, Miss—Miss Garrett," said Dr. Draper. "Here, drink this."

I drained the colorless fluid in the whiskey glass he

handed me. I had seen him consult a memo in his hand. "It's nothing but water," I laughed, though with slight embarrassment.

"Are you sure?"

"Unless you put something in it that is just as odorless and tasteless as water."

He threw back his head and laughed with delightful boyishness, conveying to me in some subtle fashion that it *was* only water he had given me. For the moment I forgot that he might have pierced my secret already.

I was enjoying the sensation of being in a room with a man whom neither Myra Roberts nor Alice Kielson nor my father had picked as a suitable companion.

"I think it's mean of you," I bantered, "to play tricks of that sort on patients who come to you in all good faith."

He matched the tips of his fingers before answering, and I caught a glimpse of that sensitiveness in the shape of his hands which had made Myra enthusiastic.

"Miss Garrett, there is nothing so excellent for imaginary illness as imaginary medicine."

**I** DON'T know what you mean, Doctor," I hedged, trying to bring conviction into my voice.

"So many patients play tricks on me by coming here without cause and expecting me to find a reason, that occasionally I enjoy turning the tables. A doctor must have his jokes, too, you know."

"Oh, you don't mean that people really *do* that," I cried, with a pretty good pretext at surprise.



I hoped that he would come, yet prayed that something might prevent him.



He was looking at me, and although his eyes were not the kind I would call hypnotic or magnetic, nevertheless I felt impelled to submit to this scrutiny, and I could not draw my gaze away. At that moment he appeared singularly handsome, tall, massive, his heavy black brows setting off a forehead that suggested cleverness, his figure radiating strength.

It is odd that I should remember this talk, and yet not be able to recall just how it happened that the occasion arose for Dr. Draper to introduce me to his assistant, Dr. Chase.

However, when Dr. Chase lounged into a chair, I got the definite impression that the senior physician was displeased by this interruption, and when the younger man crossed his legs with charming grace as if preparing to stay, I knew this to be more than a mere impression.

"Any assistance with the examination, George?" asked Dr. Chase, looking at me while he spoke, with those laughing eyes of his.

Now this was a development I had not thought of: that Dr. Draper might want to give me a complete physical examination. You see, I had not thought much about any of the consequences of my act. I had plunged into it purely on an impulse, and now the prospect that these two men might casually, and perhaps coldly, listen to my heart beat, or even feel my pulse, was embarrassing.

I dropped my eyes, and accordingly felt rather than saw the frown that puckered Dr. Draper's forehead.

**N**O, THANK you, Doctor," he said formally, with pointed emphasis on the last word. "So far as I see, there will be no examination today. I wish to talk to Miss Garrett."

Detecting dismissal in Dr. Draper's voice, the other strolled out, but he was so plainly the aristocrat that even his grudging manner seemed delightful to me.

"The fact is, Miss Garrett," continued Dr. Draper, "since you do not complain of pain or any definite symptoms of a real nervous disease, I'd like to defer examination for a few visits. There isn't any pain anywhere, is there?"

Of course there was not. "Only—only I don't sleep very well at night." I fabricated on the spur of the moment.

"You don't? Well, that requires a little investigation."

"Will I have to come back?" I asked eagerly.

He nodded. I felt wildly happy.

"Yes, I want you to come back because I like to make friends with my patients first of all. And you'll trust me, won't you, Miss Garrett, even if I talk to you of things that seem to have no connection with your nervousness?"

He was leaning forward in his chair,



"I'm only a soldier, dear, and must go when the call comes."

an earnest expression in his face, his gentle brown eyes answering for me the question that his lips had just asked.

"Of course you will trust me!" they said.

"Yes, I do trust you!" I heard myself echoing, and the slowness of his smile cast a spell of enchantment about me, thrilling me with a new conviction that my existence would no longer be that deadly thing it had been.

**T**O YOU who will read this, should it ever get into print, it may not seem that my life was particularly monotonous. Often I caught strangers in the subway, or on Fifth Avenue, watching me with much the same thought.

I could read it in their faces.

"Here is a pretty girl," they were saying to themselves. "She has youth, and health, and looks. She knows how to dress well and has the money to do so. I guess *she* has nothing to worry about."

And I would want to cry out to them that it was not so. I wanted to mean something in somebody's life, to exert an influence over another human being, to have some purpose in the great scheme of things, and thus far my wish had not been granted.

If Mother had lived, it might have been different. There was my father. To him I was just a nuisance that fate had burdened him with, a creature to be ruled, and annoyed, and treated with pettiness, until some other man should be willing to step forward and take the burden off his hands.

If perhaps I have got a little away from the thread of my story, it is only because I felt that I must explain why an incident like this really meant so much to me. A fear haunted me that some day I would marry a man I did not love, just to escape Father's tyranny, and I was going to have a little fun while I could.

Again memory tricked me. The latter part of this conversation on the occasion of my first visit to Dr. Draper is vague. It is useless for me to sit here straining to recover flashes or phrases. I do remember, though, that shortly after I promised to trust him, I was fulfilling that promise by telling him all sorts of things I had never breathed to a soul before.

**T**HEY were harmless confidences for the most part; girlish day-dreams, half-formed hopes; vague, alluring desires, all of which he must have heard from many a girl before, yet not once did he interrupt or appear bored. In fact, he reciprocated with a great deal of information about himself, how he had worked his way up from poverty and how his work had come to be his very existence.

"There is no pain, physical or mental, too small to claim my attention," he said when a buzzer reminded him that another patient was waiting. "You'll remember

that, won't you? Miss Henderson will arrange your next appointment."

A good deal of the professional relationship had vanished. I was hoping he would shake hands with me. I wanted that personal contact, but he did not offer his hand. Although I felt piqued, I was quite satisfied with myself.

As I entered the reception room, Miss Henderson, Dr. Draper's secretary, a pretty, dark-haired, little thing, handed me a card bearing the date and time of my next appointment.

I had by no means fallen in love with Dr. Draper, but I was vastly pleased with him. And perhaps next time, that distinctive Dr. Chase would be around somewhere, too.

**I**N FACT he was so close, at that particular moment when my reverie claimed me, that I almost collided with him in the dimness of the hall. As I sprang away, his hand reached out to steady me.

"I'm playing doorman this afternoon," he said in that mock serious fashion. "But I hate to let you out. Don't tell me you're discharged!"

"I'm to come back day after to-morrow," I answered demurely.

He frowned. That's my day at the clinic, but if you'll just be kind, and smile at a chap, I can change it."

I do not know what I would have answered to this. The necessity for decision was taken out of my hands, for Dr. Draper appeared in a doorway.

"I want to see you a moment, Doctor," he said, rather sternly I thought, while his eyes strayed to my arm, where Chase's hand still rested.

I felt guilty without knowing why, yet elated that Dr. Draper should have again seemed displeased at the behavior of his assistant.

To my dismay, Father was home earlier than usual that

evening, which means that he did not find me when he arrived. That always angered him.

"Where were you?" he demanded suspiciously.

You see even when I told him the truth he did not believe it, so I did not feel as dishonest as I should have. However, it was really the first time I had practised such gross deception on him.

"Lunch with Myra," I explained.

"Funny that it took you until six o'clock to eat lunch."

This was the beginning of a long lecture on modern girls, but as I had heard all of it many times before, I was wise enough to keep quiet.

After scenes like this I hated my Father. I know it was wrong. I should have made an effort to understand him. But did he ever try to understand what was going on in my heart, or in my brain?

Every ounce of clothing I had on me represented an argument of this sort. He never let me enjoy anything he provided for me, either before I bought it, or after.

I hated him particularly that night. [Turn to page 110]

## You and I!

*Yes, that's the way we think of SMART SET. And your letters show that you think of it in the same way.*

*Right now, while the May issue is before you, give us your opinion of it. Write us what you like and what you don't like. We will read every letter carefully, for we want your ideas. Your letters guide our policies.*

*We will give \$25 for the best letter about the May issue and \$5 each for the five next best letters. Contest closes May 15th. Prizes will be awarded June 1st. The editors will be the judges.*





And yet, unafraid and still smiling, Madelon, close behind the trenches, furnished visions of home and comfort, and filled the battered cups with wine.

*This Is a  
Story Which  
Will Bring  
Back Memories  
of France,  
and a Legend  
of a Girl.*

*I Am Your*

# Madelon

**O**F COURSE I shouldn't have told Elsa I would neither drink, swear, nor speak to women. She didn't ask me to. She isn't that sort of a girl. I would never have wanted to marry her if she had been.

On the other hand, by the same logic, she deserved the squarest treatment a man could give a woman; especially when I'd turned down her pleading to marry her before I left for France. No man that was a man, I thought, would burden a woman that way, with all the chances of war against him. This isn't a war story, except that it just chanced to be staged while I was with my flying squadron in France.

Our barracks were a few miles outside of B—, and of all the God-forsaken holes! Anyone who's tried such knows what they are, and for those who haven't and don't—well, I couldn't hope to picture them, so that's that! Most of the boys didn't find it so very bad, for it was easy to get leave, and B— offered all the amusements I'd barred—with extras! But me! I didn't dare go to town even to buy tobacco, if I hoped to keep my promise to Elsa. I'm terribly fond of sociability, and I knew what French sociability spelled.

So I stuck it out in barracks, walking, reading—when I could get anything to read—and spoiling reams of perfectly good paper by writing to Elsa of a life that would serve as model for a missionary. Then I wound up in the sick ward; that's the truth. Though I managed to refrain from swearing at the circumstance, the doctor took no such pains when he looked me over.

"What the—!" he demanded. "You're half starved,

as far as I can make out, and blue as the devil. Get the — out of here and feed up in town, at the Hotel Guillemont! That's orders. See!"

The next evening found me at the Hotel Guillemont, studying a menu that was sure enough French to me. I didn't know the language a little bit, but the things on other people's plates made me determined to find out how to order them. I hadn't been so hungry since I struck foreign soil. I tried hard to make the waiter understand, but only succeeded in turning his bewilderment into despair.

"Pardon!" he exclaimed in desperation, scuttled away and returned with a girl. I guess I must have stared unpardonably, but I felt a fierce joy in the meeting; something akin to what the desert traveler must feel when he sights an oasis in the sand.

**C**AN I render any assistance to Monsieur le—Lieutenant?" the bit of a pause just enough to gain time to grasp my rank from my insignia. Delight at her keenness made me glow, as at something personal.

"Kelton, Lieutenant Kelton, at your service, Mademoiselle!"

"On the contrary. It is I, Lucile Guillemont, who is at the service of Lieutenant Kelton. What may I do for him?" I never heard English spoken as she spoke it. Perfect purity of accent, though now and then she threw the stress on the last syllable of each word, as *Lieutenant Kelton*.

"If Mademoiselle Lucile Guillemont will——"



so nearly starved, I might have felt keener irritation. But that first really good dinner on French soil couldn't help making me feel better. Nevertheless, I found myself restlessly eager to renew the acquaintance. I didn't know just how to go about it. But I do know that the next liberty found me again at a table in Hotel Guillemont.

Lucile was nowhere to be seen. My French was such a lost quantity I didn't even know how to inquire for her. But I wasn't to be done out of my desire, if I could help it. I cudgeled my brains for the necessary words of request. At last I summoned a waiter.

"Garcon, apportez-moi Mademoiselle Lucile!" I commanded, and tried to appear unconscious of the

I guess I must have stared unpardonably, but I felt a fierce joy in the meeting . . .  
"Can I render any assistance to Monsieur le—Lieutenant?"

"Mademoiselle Lucile is sufficient," she interrupted. I was quick to take advantage of such approach to familiarity, you may believe. "If Mademoiselle Lucile would be so good as to give me the menu—in English?"

"But yes, surely," very gravely. And she slowly enumerated the bill of fare, enunciating distinctly. I wasn't in half the hurry to decide that I had been before her appearance. I dallied in my selection, asked questions that necessitated explanations. And then, grasping a new-born desire in both hands, I made bold to suggest that Mademoiselle Lucile render the meal less lonely by sharing it with me.

She did not reply—nor frown; but a sort of stillness wiped from her face all trace of friendly interest. Then she spoke.

"I came but to assist Lieutenant Kelton." And she was gone: unaffectedly, but absolutely. If I hadn't been

queer expression of his face. But I couldn't close my ears to the laughter that evidently greeted his delivery of my request in the kitchen. The next few minutes were distinctly uncomfortable. I didn't know how many rules of convention I might have broken, but I was sure the daughter of the House of Guillemont wouldn't excuse a lack of respect. It was therefore with much apprehension that I watched her approach, her face grave. But, just as she came beside me, deep in her eyes something flashed.

"Why should Lieutenant Kelton," that delicious accent again, "demand that I be brought to him like a fowl on a platter?" she challenged. But there was no resentment in the words.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle. It is my French, not my desire, that is at fault," I pleaded. "I was so anxious to see you again! You are the only woman I have talked



with since I left my little sweetheart in America! I am very lonely."

Her wonderful eyes deepened and softened. She helped me with my order as on the previous night. And then, without invitation, for I dared offer none, she sat down opposite me. The blood ran hot in my veins. But I didn't dare even express my pleasure, for fear of startling her away. I just waited for her to speak.

"You—you fly?" she questioned at last, her eyes on my winged emblems.

"A chasse plane, Mademoiselle."

"A chasse plane! Oh, could it be. I wonder, anything like that of our splendid Guynemer?"

"The same type, precisely, Mademoiselle Lucile."



"How wonderful! How very wonderful!" Her eyes were warm and glowing. They sent responsive waves down my neck and back. "He—Guynemer—do you know" in a triumphant whisper, "he is my hero? My idol! We have left so few, so very few, in these days—of politics!" with a little shiver.

**Y**OU do not like the republic?" I ventured. I didn't dare believe she'd associate me with her hero, even though I did fly the same kind of plane. To have thought so would have stirred emotions I wouldn't have cared to face—just then.

"The republic?" she repeated, with a little shrug. "It is so—so, what do you say—so very prosaic, is it not? None of the glamour, none of the chivalry of the olden days. How I love to read of them—those golden days—days of the kings! The golden age went by with them,

and with Jeanne d'Arc, don't you think? People have no visions nowadays."

"You believe in visions?"

"They are the best in life, are they not? Those things, those people who inspire us?"

"I could almost believe, looking at you, Mademoiselle Lucile." She flashed an appraising glance at me, and I dreaded a change of feature. Instead, she bowed gravely.

She continued as though no interruption had occurred. "Take Guynemer, for example. Is he not a vision of daring, of loyalty? Our ace! Is he not an inspiration to any man, to every man who flies? And Jeanne d'Arc, with her guides from heaven! Think of all she was, all she meant! Oh, to have lived then!"

"I'm glad you didn't."

Her eyes again sought mine. For the briefest second she smiled, a regular pleased-girl smile. Then, once more, she left me; but not without bidding me good-night, and expressing the hope that we meet again.

**I** DON'T need to tell you that after that I haunted the Hotel Guillemont and this without any loss of faith to Elsa. I wrote her regularly, and her letters never failed to waken the old response in my heart. I knew her for what she was—the best, sweetest, most dependable girl in all the world.

But Lucile filled an aching loneliness in my life and I should have been less than human not to have sought her. There could be no reproach to either of us in our relations. She would not have it so. At the merest suggestion of undue familiarity, her expression faded, her face became a mask, even her big eyes lost their luster.

For a while I was glad of this. Then, somehow, it no longer satisfied. I craved and plotted for the very intimacy I dreaded. And I asked her, one evening at table, if she would be willing to walk with me and show me the sights of B—. Her answer nearly knocked me over, it was so unexpected. I had looked for refusal—even withdrawal. Instead, "I do not see any objection," she remarked gravely; "I will ask my mother."

Then I was introduced to her mother and the rest of the family. This included two small brothers, to whom Lucile was school-mistress and friend; also Marie, for many years nurse in the family. Monsieur Guillemont I had met in the hotel. Evidently I made a good impression on the mother at my first appearance, for her consent to my request, though dignified, was almost immediate.

The exultance I felt at having so far eluded French convention as to, gain an afternoon's stroll with the daughter of the house soon faded to amused dismay. For, shortly after Lucile and I had issued from the Guillemont mansion, the house door opened again to send forth Marie, accompanied by her two charges, the small brothers of Lucile. Never, during the whole afternoon, did they approach near enough to interfere with our conversation, but never were we permitted to be out of their sight. Talk of the chaperoning in America! And

the laxity in France! Though Lucile and I walked together many and many a time thereafter, we were never without the watchful eyes of Marie, somewhere in our wake.

The only hours we had alone were those I contrived to arrange for French lessons. There was no mistaking my need for learning the language. And Lucile was a marvelous teacher, as the education of her brothers evidenced. But even through the conjugation of the entangling 'aimer', she never once lost her poise. I can't say as much for myself!

One afternoon something in me took fire. Whether it was because she was so near I could catch the faint perfume she was fond of, or whether it was due to the little wine glass that always was kept filled and within easy reach, I never felt quite sure.

"Lucile," I began abruptly, as I met her eyes across the glass, "do you realize that I have known you for weeks now, almost months, and yet I've never had even one—kiss?" I set down the glass and strode, purposely, to her side of the table. She rose to face me, very pale but perfectly collected.

"Gilbert," she said evenly, "if the American Lieutenant desires kisses, there are many pretty girls in the public square who would be very glad to favor him. Perhaps you would like to be excused for an hour, to satisfy your desire."

The words should have silenced me. Instead they provoked me to retort cruelly and I always shall blame the wine for that.



Madelon is no poem to me; it is a clear-eyed, pure-hearted French girl, who gives the lie to every slur on the virtue of France!

"Thank you. At your suggestion I am going. I will return in an hour." I bowed deep in mock courtesy, and stalked out. And I remained away the full sixty minutes. Then I went back. She was just where I left her, still pale, still composed. Again I bowed low.

"Does Mademoiselle Guillemont consider that seven kisses are sufficient, in one afternoon, for an American Lieutenant?"

"That is for him to say," she replied unemotionally. And if you will believe it, she never again alluded to the incident in any way. Talk about coals of fire!

The absolute calm of her was worse than fire to me; especially as I never dared let her suspect it. But when my summons to the front came, I had a wild notion I would claim the coveted caress, and sought her boastfully. All I did gain was her promise to write to me.

And she kept her promise. Her letters were written as frequently as those of my sweetheart in America. As they didn't have a sea-bombed ocean to cross, they reached me with greater regularity than Elsa's. And I had a strange, confused feeling when I read the words first of one and then of the other. It was almost as if the two were one in my heart, with only the varying characteristic expressions to distinguish them. The old love-light burned steadily, even if less brilliantly. The new one flamed and fell according to my moods. But it gripped me. And every time I was sent to the old barracks, I went, hotfoot, to Hotel Guillemont, where I was now an intimate of the family.

Then came the opportunity to have a week in Paris, that heaven of the American doughboy! I was determined to lay aside all scruples and taste to the full the pleasures of the gay capital. But instead of the mad gaiety I had looked forward to, I found my thoughts running back to Lucile. I fought the pull of them. I called myself all kinds of an idiot. But two days before the expiration of my liberty I was at the Hotel Guillemont, my pulses racing, a wild hope in my heart that I was to gain in her esteem by having surrendered the fascinations of Paris for her society. Instead, after perhaps a bit of heightened color at my appearance, she led the way back to the living room where we were accustomed to study and talk together.

**I** PRESUME, Gilbert, you have not lacked for the caresses this week. I hope you have had much enjoyment." Just the same even sweetness!

My throat was dry, and I had to lock my arms to keep them where they belonged.

Only her prompt suggestion that we resume the French lessons at the exact place where we left off helped me to recover myself sufficiently not to embarrass her. I think that minute was the one which made me register a vow to overcome her scruples, to make her desire me, to win her if I could. Even this did not seem to weaken my regard for Elsa, nor to convince me of the impossibility of fulfilling the hopes and plans she was cherishing. I can't explain. I can only tell what happened.

Soon came [Turn to page 124]

# A whirl on Broadway

MILLY LEVIN and  
ARON TUMARIN in  
an interpretative dance  
which has caught the fancy  
of metropolitan dance lovers.



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A SCOTTISH DANCE by the  
Misses RIGGS and  
Miss RIGGS. The  
Scottish Dance is a  
very popular one.





CARLOS and INEZ are producing a sensation in "Beau-Beau," another popular musical interpretation of "Great White Hope."

SIMONE RUICH and ARTHUR HAHN  
have gathered their own in the  
first round of the first round of the  
first round of the first round of the  
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*This Is My Own  
Story—Written  
Almost In My  
Life's Blood.  
Sometimes I Get  
To Wondering  
How You Would  
Feel If You  
Were*

## *The Girl*



"Do you want me to marry you?" he asked queerly.

# Nobody Believed

THE story ran over town like wild-fire, gaining in filthiness at every repetition. I had been in an automobile accident with Dick Randall at half-past eleven at night. Dick was blind drunk. I couldn't walk when I was carried home.

I'd been down to Baker's Beach with two other girls for a swim. I lost them after we came out of the water and couldn't find them again. They thought I'd gone on home, and took the trolley back.

I'd given all my money to one of them to keep while I was in bathing. They didn't think of that; I was left stranded.

I waited for hours with the hope of seeing someone I knew whom I could borrow car fare from, but the Beach was a resort for half a dozen small towns nearby and in all the crowd I didn't see a soul I knew.

I was getting frightened and desperate when I saw Dick Randall. I didn't know him very well, but he knew who I was, and there wasn't anybody else down there who did. When I asked him to help me to get home, I

expected him to lend me car fare and forget it. It was only a matter of a quarter. Instead, he insisted in bringing me back in his car.

"If—if you'll lend me a quarter," I protested awkwardly, "I won't bother you further." He laughed.

"Oh, no!" he insisted. "I'm all alone and I'm lonesome. Either you let me drive you home or you don't get there."

He laughed so wholeheartedly that I thought of course he was laughing at the fix I was in; that he knew me, and it was all right.

It didn't occur to me that he was drunk; this I found out on the way home.

He'd probably drunk something at the Beach and it didn't affect him until he began to drive in the cold night air. Even then I didn't realize it for a long time. But suddenly he began to laugh excitedly as he shot the car up to terrific pace. Then he began to sing, while I went cold into the most terrible panic imaginable.

Riding at sixty miles an hour with a drunken man!

I could do nothing to show him the danger.

The car swayed from side to side of the road, lurching horribly. It seemed as if it might go in the ditch at any instant.

And I was a girl, and alone, and he was so drunk that he hardly knew what he was doing.

We struck a straight stretch of road and he laughed. He told me to watch the speedometer. The car shot up to sixty-five miles an hour. Then to seventy!

**I** COULDN'T stand it. We were bound to be killed at that rate. In such terror that my throat was dry, I begged him to slow up.

He slowed and tried to reassure me, patting my hand. Then he wanted to put his arm around me and kiss me while he drove.

I was nearly hysterical from fear. I couldn't jump out of the car; it was going too fast.

Then he drew away from me, laughing suddenly. He stepped on the gas. The car shot ahead. The motor roared. The car swayed and lurched. He leaned toward me, grinning tipsily.

"Can't drive at this speed with one hand," he chuckled. "If you don't kish me I'll have to make you——"

I clenched my hands fiercely, horribly frightened. I shrank away from him. He took one hand away. My heart stopped. He reached for me.

"Dangerous to fool like this," he grinned. "Do I get that kish?"

The car was rocketing back and forth across the road. Trees and telegraph poles shot past us. The motor was roaring thunderously. Wind screamed by and the tumult of our passing was terrific.

"Please!" I gasped. "Oh, please—don't!"

He drew me toward him while the car skidded round a curve in a cloud of dust. His face drew close to mine. I caught the smell of bootleg whiskey, and blind panic swept over me.

**I** REMEMBER that I was kicking and fighting when my foot struck something. Instantly the headlights went out. The car was shooting on at sixty miles an hour in dense blackness. I had kicked off the light-switch.

Dick snatched his hand away; he groped in terrible haste.

Then the car bucked like an unbroken horse. There was a crashing and a reeling and a sickening drop. I went flying through the air and crashed horribly. Blackness enveloped me.

I came slowly back to consciousness and saw that we had smashed through a fence and into a hedge. I had been hurled clear as the car careened, and hit a thick bunch of bushes or I'd have been killed instantly. As it was, I was wrenched and bruised all over; my shoulder was in agony.

All was silent. After a long time I struggled to my feet, wavering from weakness and biting my lips to keep from crying out with the agony of my shoulder. Then I heard a faint groan and stumbled toward it. The reek of spilled gasoline was in the air, mingled with the smell of raw bootleg whiskey. The groan came again.

Full of horror, I fumbled in the wreckage. I found Dick partly under the car. I put my arms around his body and tried to drag him out. In my struggle to free

him from the wreckage, his pocket-flask had spilled over me and almost saturated my dress.

I couldn't move him! He was pinned!

Then I heard the purring of a motor. I ran frantically toward the road. The twin disks of the headlights appeared a long distance away, coming swiftly. I hurried to intercept them. I fell over the broken fence the car had come through, ripping my skirt and waist.

Then I waved desperately as the headlights fell on me. I stood in the path of the car, a disheveled, terrified figure in torn clothes.

The car came to a stop with a grinding of brakes. Two boys and two girls were in it. They stared at me.

"Dick Randall!" I gasped. "Under a car . . . over there! It turned over! Come quick!"

The boys leaped out. One of the girls turned their car so that the headlights flooded the wreck with light. Then the two boys worked like demons to get Dick out from underneath.

"Phew!" said one of them under his breath, when they had Dick out and found him not seriously injured. "Smell the hootch! It must have been some party!"

The other nodded and glanced up at me. I began to stammer out what had happened. I'd lost my purse . . . But a sudden reaction from my terror made me feel horribly weak. I swayed and stumbled . . . One of the boys caught me as I started to fall.

"Paralyzed!" he said to the other. "Soused to the gills! I guess we'll have to get them back to town. Dick needs a doctor, anyhow."

He half-carried me to the car and dumped me in. I was so sick from the shaking-up and the horror I'd felt that I was only half conscious.

"Joy-ride," he said to the girls inside. "Smash-up. Both drunk and running fast. Sorry, but we'll have to take 'em home."

I felt the little movement of aversion of the two girls. I lay back where I'd been put. My shoulder was agony itself and I couldn't think of anything else.

"It's that Hunt girl," I heard a voice saying disgustedly. "I never thought she was much good."

Then I went off into a daze of pain. I knew dimly when they lifted me out of the car and carried me into the house. I felt my mother undressing me and getting me under the covers; I heard her sobbing as from a long distance . . . Then I knew nothing.

Pain brought me back to consciousness in the morning. My shoulder hurt intolerably. My mother was standing beside the bed. Her face was aged and terribly white. She looked as if she had cried until she could find no more tears.

**M**OTHER," I whispered. "Some water . . . My shoulder hurts . . ." She brought me a glass and burst into heart-broken sobs.

"Why did you do it, Thelma?" she demanded desperately. "Haven't your father and I——"

I choked on the water I was trying to drink. I stared, amazed.

"But, Mother," I whispered weakly, "I lost my purse, and saw Dick Randall, and he was going to bring me home."

## Midnight Stories

*Did you read the Midnight Contest announcement in the May SMART SET?*

*There is still time to write your story. We want some thrillers on the subject, "What Happened to Me at Midnight."*

*Contest closes April 15th. First Prize \$100. Five prizes of \$50 each. Names of winners will be published in the August SMART SET. The editors are the judges.*

The despair in her eyes was terrible. "You needn't lie to me," she said, heart-broken. "Not now, dear. No matter what you've done."

"What do you think I did?" I gasped.

"They brought you here," my mother told me desperately. "You reeked of liquor; you were in such a condition that you didn't know me."

I was stunned at the belief I read in her face. My own mother!

I told her the truth; I told her everything. And she didn't believe me!

She was heart-broken at what she thought I'd done. But she was more heart-broken because she thought I

was still trying to deceive her. She was willing to forgive anything, but she couldn't believe there was nothing to forgive!

Well, when my own mother felt that way, I could see what the town would think!

Mother told me pitifully she'd begged the boys who brought me home not to say anything. That would convince them that my being brought home drunk was no new thing. How the girls would talk!

So it was a beautiful story that went over town. A beautiful story! What people didn't know they imagined, and what they imagined they told as fact. I had waked to find myself infamous.



I couldn't move him! He was pinned! Then I heard the purring of a motor.





I grew more and more in love with him all the time.

It was proved the first time I went out of the house. Girls I'd known for years, cut me dead. Boys grinned slyly at me. Men, married men that were friends of my father's, smirked at me. One or two tried to stop me to invite me on automobile rides with them.

I crept home in a frenzy of hatred of all the world. I called up the two girls who had been at the beach with me. One of them answered the phone, so couldn't pretend she wasn't in.

"Ethel!" I panted desperately. "You've got to tell people that my purse was in your hand-bag! You've got to explain that I was stranded."

"I'm sorry," she said coldly. "I don't want to have my name involved in it. And I couldn't say that you didn't deliberately slip away from us to meet Dick, could I?"

"But you know," I began.

"I know that you were so terribly drunk that you couldn't walk when they brought you home," she said coldly. "Please don't phone me again."

Because I was shaken up and dazed, they thought me drunk. All because Dick's flask had spilled all over me when I tried to get him from under the car!

I felt trapped, hunted, like some caged animal that was being sneered at because it was caged. Nobody would believe me—and I needed to be believed in; I needed it terribly.

Rob came to see me. I'd been going around with him until we were almost sweethearts.

He brought a box of candy, as he always did, and acted just as usual. He believed in me! I guess I was rather pathetically grateful to him, but I felt like I could almost love him for even having faith in me. We went out to sit in the porch-swing and talk while we ate the candy.

And in half an hour he'd gone home scornfully, and I was crying as if my heart would break. He'd been just like all the rest—laughed at my passionate protests of innocence.

**I**F YOU can imagine that as the beginning and then its growth from bad to worse, maybe you can understand what I went through. No nice girl would speak to me; no boy would go anywhere with me, except secretly and with beastly ideas in his head.

They'd invented stories as to what happened before my ride with Dick Randall. Boys who'd gone with me before now snickered and said they weren't so surprised at my being found out.

Then Dick came to see me.

He looked queer—he should have—and wanted to apologize. I laughed bitterly. An apology would do a lot of good now!

He said he'd tried to stop the gossip

by admitting the truth; then had to confess that everybody thought he was just trying to cover it up.

I hated him! I thought my father ought to horsewhip him—in fact, I told my father so.

Then my mother told me tearfully she'd gone to see Dick and told him that no matter what I'd done, he ought to protect me.

My own mother! That had convinced Dick of the truth of the town's gossip. Even he, who had caused the loss of my reputation, couldn't believe that I'd been decent.

Mother begged me to go out with Dick. She said if people thought we were engaged they wouldn't believe the other stories, and she'd promised Dick that if he'd say we were engaged that I wouldn't expect him to marry me.

That was the dregs of the cup of bitterness.

But I went out with him. My father threatened to put me out of the house if I didn't do something to get back

my good name. The fact that I'd told why the accident occurred, that I'd been fighting to keep him from kissing me while he was drunk, didn't weigh in the balance.

What might really happen to me was of no importance compared to the necessity of making people believe that I had been innocent! So I went to a dance with Dick.

Girls didn't speak to me; other boys didn't ask me to dance with them. I danced with Dick, or I didn't dance.

I have to give Dick credit for being decent. He told me before we started that he had stopped drinking—would never drink again. He acted exactly as if there had never been any talk at all, and tried to make other people do the same; but his sister was there, and she cut me dead.

His mother was a chaperon, and she looked through me. I stood it as long as I could, then asked him to take me home. He looked at me queerly when I sobbed all the way.

"Say," he said oddly, "you [Turn to page 118]



"Thelma, dear, I want you to marry me." A voice interrupted him.



I had expected a lover—a husband—and had found this.

**F**OR fifteen years I have worked in a department store and lived in a bedroom. *Lived?* Well, perhaps *existed* would be a better word. There are thousands in the cities who know what I mean.

My job is in the basement among the household goods. How often have I dreamed during a dull morning hour of a kitchen of my own! Here among the things I sell I could for a few dollars equip a little home. Often customers have asked my aid in this most beautiful of all adventures. The newly-weds have always delighted me. The husband generally looks uneasy and a little

# *My* Short

*It Didn't Turn Out the  
Way I Expected,  
But It's All Over Now  
—And I'm Almost  
Glad It Happened.*

foolish; the bride brims over with happiness and wisdom.

I am thirty years old now, and ahead of me is always the fear of fifty, sixty, or old age in poverty. Sometimes it wakes me in the middle of the night; a cold sweat comes over me; I say a little prayer, seeking comfort.

Somehow, I do not and never have attracted men, although I am not exactly homely. So many girls come and go. They work and save and then comes along the time when they primp a little more than they have in the past. Look for the lover!

Whatever might be written about married life and its difficulties, I knew that in my loneliness I would gladly sacrifice anything for that experience. I was not hunting for a meal ticket, a man who would come home on Saturday night and put his wages in my lap. What I most desired was companionship.

As the years crept by, my little room became more and more of a cell. In a great city one can be as solitary as in a wilderness. A few bars across the window are all that's needed to make a jail.

There is a bed, a chair, a dresser, a faded carpet, and one window looking out on a backyard touched by sunshine only at noon. My landlady charges me a dollar a month for the use of electric current. I make my toast and coffee in the morning, and at night iron my waists and handkerchiefs. Only on Sundays do I have a real meal. Then I go to a little restaurant where for an hour I am quite a lady of means. I pay a dollar and tip the waiter a quarter. He helps me on with my coat and bows gracefully. I think he knows in his heart that the tip I give him is hard-earned money. He is an old man



# Cut *to* Love

with kind eyes. He always asks about my health and says something about the weather. I am sure that he knows I am a prisoner in the city. The other customers come in twos and threes and fours. They have friends, sweethearts, husbands, wives.

Once I missed going there to dinner two Sundays in succession. My waiter almost embraced me when I came in the third Sunday. Had I been ill? I told him I had, although I had stayed away to save the money. A dentist had to be paid. His concern for me was a sweet thing. It made me believe that dependence on someone might after all be the means of happiness.

I wish I could better describe just how hungry I was for affection, for then I would be understood when I tell how I went out and tried to find a man who would take me out of prison, and let me worship him and slave for him.

When I was twenty-four I thought for a little while that my romance had come. A man with a touch of gray in his hair and with a hint of laughter in his eyes wandered about the aisles of the basement. I sold him a little coffee pot, a gas ring, a bread box, a sugar bowl, a knife, a fork, a spoon. He belonged to my kind; he was a city prisoner.

WHEN I had wrapped up his purchases for him, he said, "All I need now is a wife and a bunch of children."

My heart went out to him.

"Why don't you?" I asked. "There are lots of girls."

His face became serious. He looked me straight in the eyes. "On a bookkeeper's pay?" he asked. "Why, honey, I've got to wear a collar two days to save on the laundry bills."

"Maybe the right kind of a girl would do the washing," I suggested. He squeezed the tips of my fingers as I handed him his housekeeping things.



"Didn't you come here to have me make love to you?"

He came back after a week to buy some dish-cloths. He asked me out to dinner and I accepted. We went to a movie afterward. We both knew it was all make-believe, the wonderful story unfolded on the screen for us, but there we sat revelling in it. Two city prisoners with hungry hearts; two people starved for love! There on the screen was passion and beauty; there in the audience, eagerly drinking it all in, were a basement saleswoman and a bookkeeper. The old nightmare of being sixty and poor was swept away. We held hands



Slowly his gentleness faded into hoarse brutality as he sensed his power over me.

In the hall of my lodging house that night he kissed me as we parted.

The next week I got a letter from him. It was simple and direct. In my lonely room I read it aloud, part of which was: "Being a bookkeeper is a losing job, honey. The adding machines are crowding us to the wall. There's no chance of my getting ahead. I don't know how to do anything else and it's too late for me to learn. I hope you will understand."

**I** NEVER saw him again. The pain that followed his kiss died down in time.

The six years between twenty-four and thirty slipped by. The room rent was raised each year and every necessity of life increased in cost. Against the dread of poverty and old age I had managed to save all of five hundred dollars. The girls in the basement, knowing how frugal I was, teased me about being rich. To any one of them five hundred dollars would have seemed a fortune. How they would have splurged with all that money!

They knew from the way I made over my clothes and retrimmed my hat that I was saving. I guess, too, that in my eagerness at times to get something ahead for a rainy day I did not eat quite enough and must have looked peaked. Although not aware of it, I was doing the very thing I should not have done. I did not realize this until too late, when my freshness was gone and I had become dowdy. The big shops want their girls pretty and spick and span. My pep was gone and I couldn't give an imitation of possessing it. That is why I remained in the basement when other girls got upstairs to the sunlight, the bright counters, bigger sales, and better pay.

That is why a lot of them married and I didn't even get a beau. Sometimes the marriages were not successful and the girls would come back to work. But, I thought, they had at least tasted love and happiness, and the old familiar line, "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," would run through my head, while the ache of loneliness would increase in me.

I suppose I was just a dumb-bell, but looking back now I can't see how I could have helped it.

As a little girl, I was one of hundreds of homeless children in a large building. As kind as our guardians were, early life in an institution did not help develop one's individuality. I studied hard and got the rudiments of an education, but was fitted only for work as a shop-girl or a domestic when time came for me to leave. Having acquired a passion for reading, I felt that the public library was my greatest treasure and that the more I read the more my mind was improved.

Had I had some educated friend, man or woman, to have guided me in my reading, I might have made something of my life, but I read indiscriminately. I lived in a dream and fed my soul with wild fancies.

My lover, when he came, would be a college man. We would read together and he would show me what to read and teach me how to get an education for myself. Children would come and we would start them right.

But these mooning days passed as thirty came, although when a cultivated man occasionally came to the basement with his wife or sister or mother, I would hang on his every word and study him with delight.

The years of work finally gave me the only promotion possible for a woman of my drab nature. I was given charge of the salesgirls in the household goods. It meant a little more pay and some responsibility. I could

move about, away from my little stack of pots and pans.

My little every-day world was growing. I could go clear over to the corner where there was a section given to garden furniture. Here there were fountains, vases, carved benches, cedar arbors, and other things that hinted of life in the country: fine houses, flowers, winding roads, just as described in the love stories I had read. Alone in my little room after the day's job, I would dream of this wonderful life far beyond the city streets.

I WAS dreaming along in the same old way when the incident happened that led to my adventure. Two of the girls were giggling over a magazine. It contained a department that brought about correspondence between lonely men and women. I have learned since that there are such get-together clubs that are genuine efforts to free such city prisoners as myself; that there are periodicals that demand references from the correspondents.

But this publication required no references and gave no protection to a girl seeking an acquaintance. If a letter appealed to a girl, she could answer it through the magazine and it would be forwarded.

There was one letter seeking a quiet girl who would share a little home in Washington with a quiet man of thirty. He described himself as [Turn to page 114]

The words he poured into my ears now were not those of a man who truly loved a woman!







Now I could see her when she was a lovely lass, back in the hills of Virginia.

*It Was Blistering  
Hot Down On The  
Border That Night,  
and She Just Sort of  
Strolled Into Our  
Dump With Her  
Fiddle Under Her  
Arm. Right Off I  
Named Her*

# The Honky

IN THE year 19—, I was playing piano in a honky-tonk near the Mexican border. For the benefit of the uninitiated, I'll explain that a honky-tonk was a theater for cheap burlesque and vaudeville, with tables set amongst the audience and waiters to bring drinks to the men, who thought they were getting a tremendous kick out of viewing the fat calves of the antiquated actorines, and listening to the smutty jokes of a slapstick comedian.

Between acts, these dames worked through the audience, wheedling drinks out of the various boobs and getting a percentage from the house on each bottle of beer or wine that they sold. It brought them a nice piece of change, at that.

One afternoon, while I was going over some new stuff for the manager, a strange girl blew in. She sure was an attractive girl, of the French blonde type, with brown hair, a pretty mouth, and the merriest, brown eyes you ever saw. Under one arm she carried a violin case, which she laid on the piano when she addressed the boss.

"You are Mr. Wing, aren't you? My name is

Reynolds—Fay Reynolds—and I'm looking for work in an orchestra."

"Any experience, Miss?" Fatty Wing looked her over from head to foot and his eyes got moist like they always do when he's looking at money or women.

"School orchestra," returned the girl with a laugh; "I'll play for you."

She did, and I was somewhat disappointed, for I had thought maybe she could play. But it was amateur stuff right, and I looked for Fatty to land on her. Instead, he patted her arm.

"Very good, my dear. However, I am under contract with the violinist I have now, but if you stick around, I may land you something."

When she explained that she was broke and had to live in the meantime, he suggested that she rustle for drinks on percentage. I expected her to yell "Police!" or faint, because she looked anything but hard-boiled to me, but to my surprise, she accepted the proposition gratefully and I kicked myself for being such a dumb-bell as not to recognize the brand.



"I'm dying, Curly." She smiled—a pitiful little smile. "The doctor says I can't get well."

# Tonk Kid

Well, Fay went to work as a drink rustler and, judging from the amount she collected over the bar at closing time every night, I reckoned she was doing fairly well. However, from the remarks the other dames dropped, I gathered that it was in spite of her method, not because of it. Seemed she would rather drink dollar beer with a bunch of swell dressers than five dollar champagne with the rough neck type. Money meant nothing to her except to provide meals, a room, and some clothing. The surplus went back over the bar treating others, or was given and loaned with a free hand to anyone who told her a hard luck story. The future did not exist in her imagination. All she seemed to care about was having a hilarious time tonight and t'hell with tomorrow.

One night, after the show, she invited me to join her for a bottle. Generally, I did not mix with the gang in a social way, but I kind of liked this kid, so I consented but insisted on paying the check myself—minus percentage, of course.

I saw Fay was pretty well lit up, by her droopy eyes and the way she slurred her words. Otherwise, she

acted more refined and used choicer language than when she was sober. After a drink or two, she reached the weepy stage and I expected her to tell me her real name and the story of her life. Sure enough!

"Curly, you're m'friend," she announced solemnly, "and I want you to know that I came from a fine family. Aristocrats, you know," she waved an airy hand.

"Sure!" I agreed heartily. "They all do." This made her sore and she straightened indignantly.

"You think I'm untruthful. I tell you, my grandfather owned slaves before the war and my old, colored mammy——"

**I** KNEW it!" I interrupted. "Why don't you girls pull a new line? I suppose the old plantation was foreclosed and——" She broke in gravely.

"How did you know? It was like this:" she rambled on with the same kind of stuff we have all heard from girls who crave sympathy and admiration.

"My old mammy had one boy a little older than I, who used to play guardian to me. I never got out of his

sight. He just worshiped me. His 'Li'l Missie' he called me." A tear ran down her cheek.

"Uh huh? Have another drink," I urged. She accepted.

"His name was Homer. Isn't that amusing? To name a darky after a Grecian poet!"

By this time I was bored, so I made my getaway. What did I care about hearing of a coon that was named after a wop?

**D**URING the next two weeks I was kept so busy with rehearsals and regular work that I didn't see much of Fay. Then someone dropped the word that Ace Morrison was on her trail.

Now, anyone who knew Ace knew what that meant. He was a good-looking chap if you didn't object to his cold, expressionless eyes that bored right through you. P'oker eyes, if you know what I mean! I'd known him for years and knew that there was only one thing about women that interested him. That was, how much kale they could bring him. And he wasn't particular as to whether it was one or a dozen working for him at the same time.

So I decided to put Fay wise, and managed to slip into the box she was occupying after the show. She greeted me so politely that I ought to have known she had indulged too freely to be willing to accept a lecture. However, I tried to warn her about Ace, and she only stifled a yawn and reached for a drink.

"I like Ace because he has the manners and dress of a gentleman," she said. When I snorted at this, she added, "You may not know it, Curly, but I come from a fine family. The Reynolds of Virginia!"

She was off again, so what could I do? If manners and dress were what counted with her, I could see that I was out of the running and Ace was under the wire. I did decide, however, to get some new duds and see if I could interest her in getting into road-show work. The two of us could handle the orchestra end. Decently, you understand, with license, preacher and everything!

But two days later she was gone, and Fatty, the boss, said she had gone with Ace to New Orleans. I'm not saying I wasn't sorry. I liked the kid better than any girl I'd known, but I never had held very big hopes, so my heart wasn't broken. Long ago, I had made up my mind that I was not cut out to be a lady-killer. A club foot may not keep one from being a cracker-jack of a piano player, but it does hinder one in affairs of the heart. A woman can overlook crooked morals but not a physical deformity in a man. And I'm willing to admit that my face is not my fortune, either. My eyes are squinty from nearsightedness, and my nose is plain snub.

**T**HE next I heard was that Ace and Fay were back in town and living on Fancy Street. Anybody who has been in Eldorado and heard the words "Fancy Street" does not need to be told any more. I didn't. It meant just one thing; that Fay's education under Ace was



Generally, I did not mix with the gang in a social way, but I kind of liked this kid.





Well, Fay went to work as a drink rustler and . . . I reckoned she was doing fairly well.

complete. Seemed too bad, for she was a nice-mannered, good-hearted girl. Her descent had been decidedly rapid. I began to believe her talk about her family might be true after all, for I've noticed that the higher they grow, the farther they fall.

For awhile I heard nothing about her. None of the dames around the honky-tonk ever saw her. She never came in our joint and the girls wouldn't go to visit her. You see, there is such a thing as caste even in sporting circles. I intended to run over some day to say "Howdy," but before I could get around to it, was called north by the illness of a brother.

Two months passed before I returned, and Fatty Wing greeted me with open arms and canned the fellow he had hired in my place. Following an impulse, I asked about Fay. Fatty shrugged his shoulders in contempt.

**S**HE'S about at the bottom of the toboggan slide. Seems she wouldn't work to suit Ace. Gay times was all she thought of. He tried beating her up, but that did no good, so he kicked her out. Now, she's living in Hop Alley. She sure went fast, didn't she? Just four months since she came in here looking for a job."

Hop Alley! The hangout for Mexican peons, Chinese coolies, and dregs of the white race!

The next day I hopped into a hack and went over to the mean street with its squalid shacks that faced the

muddy river. In the door of a hut, I questioned a bleached trail of uncertain years.

Did she know a girl named Fay Reynolds? She laughed drunkenly. Sure, she did! Hadn't Fay lived in the dump next door and kept her neighbors awake day-times when they needed sleep, with her continual coughing? Anybody with T. B. should be railroaded into the city hospital.

**I** LOOKED into her blotched face, marred by disease, and smiled.

"I'll buy a drink," I offered, and pushed past her into the room. Immediately, her attitude changed to friendliness and she became talkative over her glass of beer.

Had I known Fay well? Was it true that she came of a fine family like she bragged about, or was it the bunk? Why hadn't I helped her when she needed help?

I answered dryly that I had been away. Hadn't Fay other friends she could appeal to? The woman shook her head, gulped down a drink and continued:

"When the doctor told Fay she would die in a month if she didn't go to a sanitarium and rest, she had told him she had a piano player friend who would help her. So one afternoon she went to look him up, and the manager, Fatty Wing, said he was out of town. Also, this boss refused to help her."

At this stage, I swore out loud. [Turn to page 90]



Baby Cythera  
from Syracuse



Russian Princess  
from Hoboken



Corinne



Maizie

*The party had settled into twosomes. Maizie was with a blue-eyed chap from the Village. DeLancey had his head close to a slender, black-eyed woman—Maizie's Russian rival, no doubt! And Noel was arguing the theme of one of his pictures with Baby Cythera . . . I turned away, sick at heart. I was fed up on this ridiculous sort of play.*

"Corinne, wait a min'.  
You know I'm crazy about  
you. Why you dodging  
me all the time, eh?"



# *I Tried to Be a MODEL of* **Virtue**

*I Learned That the World Extracts Payment  
For Everything It Gives—and Justly So.*

**T**HE first time I posed for Noel Arnold I fainted and almost spoiled everything.

I had never modeled before, and Noel had kept me in a heart-breaking pose with my head thrown back, my arms upstretched, and my body balanced on tip-toe for stretches that would have tried an experienced model. Of course, Noel didn't know I was new to it all. And I so wanted to please him that I held on to my strained

position longer than I should. It was too much for me.

My head began to throb, and then the studio began to swim around and around; a jumble of red and green canvases flapped past in a dizzy circle, like funny birds.

"Oh . . . Noel! Noel!"

I tried to straighten up, feeling like one too many cocktails. Then Noel's lean, dark face rushing toward me, growing bigger and bigger—and over I toppled.



Noel must have caught me when I fell. He was carrying me to the dressing room, up a little flight of stairs, and behind an Oriental screen, when I opened my eyes. He was looking straight ahead, and smiling! Why was he smiling? I asked myself, puzzling like a dumb-bell over the silly question as he carried me. Why did he smile that way?

When he laid me on the lounge where I had undressed, I opened my eyes again. He was still smiling, with a cynical droop to the corner of his usually straight-lined mouth.

I knew why now. He thought I was shamming! He thought I had fainted on purpose—probably others had tried it before, toppling off the dais into his arms.

Noel sat down on the edge of the lounge and put his arm under me. I hated him; hated myself for being so stupid as to faint.

Well, I was nobody's fool. If he thought I was vamping, let him think. So much the better. Noel was too sophisticated to believe anything anybody told him, anyway. And I simply had to keep this job.

"Haven't you got anything in the house with a kick in it?" I asked him, saucily. "If you have, trot it out. Something to loosen me up! I feel as petrified as a statue in the park." I pulled a kimono over me.

Noel hesitated, looking at me queerly. "Run along, Noel, like a good boy, and get me something to gargle."

There! If that wasn't hard enough even for Maizie and the DeLancey gang, I'd like to know! Noel went out, and I pulled into a step-in and skirt before he returned with some dopey looking brandy. I swallowed part of it, and waved him away before I choked on the stuff. I never could go liquor, but I certainly didn't want Noel to know that.

When I came back into the studio, Noel said he wanted to rush the picture, and asked me to be ready by nine o'clock tomorrow. Then he said his goodnight, bent over my hand in that absent way of his, and I went out, still tingling from his light touch on my hand.

I had survived my first attempt at modeling, but I was fagged out. I wished Maizie would be home to cheer me up, but she wouldn't. I still kept the little room Maizie and I had roomed in before she quit Rassmusen's candy counter to go live at the Andre apartments. The Andre was all to the bon ton—and so was Maizie, now. Maizie had been on the candy counter, and I was in the men's gloves, kidding the fresh customers tit for tat. We had a pretty good time of it, even if Maizie, the best friend a girl ever had, and I had to skimp to keep decently dressed and fed enough to be healthy, both out of ten dollars a week.

Maizie and I went on petting parties sometimes; in fact, we had to, for the sake of a good supper to fill in the gaps. And we'd neck a little down at Coney, or ride out to Yonkers in one of the fellows' cars—just to show the boys we appreciated a feed and our hearts were in the right place. But that was all.

Then DeLancey took us out several times, and finally began to concentrate on Maizie. When I was left out, I began to worry.

Maizie came to me one day, troubled. "Kid, this is no life for a civilized girl," she said. "Everybody has some sort of graft to work. Why not us? It's easy to find someone who'll foot the bills—for a time at least. Listen, Corinne, what'd the Lord make you beautiful for if you ain't going to make use of it?"

That made me do some thinking. I was pretty—lots of class, the boys said. Some shape! Shudders chased up and down my back when I thought of that hateful phrase, as though someone was pawing me with dirty hands.

I had a bright idea. I'd model.

So Maizie left me and went to live at the Andre, and I watched the want-ads for a chance to give my "shape" a chance to earn an honest living for me. I felt sorry for Maizie, and jealous too, but I was a long ways from going back on my common sense. That kind of gold-digging was not for Corinne.

DeLancey was running around with some fast young artists, and that was how Maizie got me a chance to model for Noel Arnold. She told me she'd boosted my stock by telling him all the experience I'd had posing for pretty girl covers—imagine!—wished me good luck, and packed me off to his studio. Well, I'd taken the plunge, and now that I

Noel must have caught me when I fell.





I felt like crying on someone's shirt front. I hadn't done anything, and to be treated like that wasn't fair.

was in, the water was fine. At least, I was satisfied.

About a month after Noel finished "The Wind Girl," as he called my picture, he announced a studio party. I'd heard of them, and I looked forward to his with a bit of misgiving.

**N**OEL took me out for lunch occasionally, for he said he liked to get my "viewpoint." When I found that out, I spent hours thinking up things to say that would startle him. The "viewpoint" game was entertaining.

I had a chance to buy some clothes on the twenty-five a-week he paid me. I'd never had so much money before in my life. I poked through book stores too, and picked out books by their jackets. After a while I picked them out for what was inside them.

They helped a girl's viewpoint, too. I could tell by the reactions I got out of Noel by mixing my shop-girl chatter with Ben Hecht and Mencken. He took me to lunch more often, and sometimes for dinner, too. It was never "supper" with Noel. He was Ritzy, but he inherited it.

The day before the studio party I picked up a simple

green frock with a jade girdle to set it off. I never used much paint—didn't need it; but I was afraid I looked terribly young when I looked at myself in the pier glass that night. Oh, yes, I'd left the old rooming house, and got a little place with bath. That "with bawth" meant everything. I almost wore out that beautiful tub I had all to myself, I used it so often.

Noel sent his Jap boy and a special decorator down to the studio to get it in order. I hardly recognized the place when I came in about ten, the night of the party. Noel wasn't there yet, but Fritz Carlson, one of Noel's older artist friends, and a man with more money than was healthy for him, was there early. We talked, started the phonograph that had been brought in, and waited for the others to arrive.

**I**KNEW Fritz quite well, for he had come in a number of times for afternoon tea in Noel's studio, always with several girls hanging at his heels. He was always putting his arms around one of them, and telling her how crazy he was about her—when the others were out of hearing.

"I'm going to do a series of murals on 'The Futility of

He blinked, wanted to ask what I meant, figured it must be clever, and laughed. "That's from Cabell," I said, with pardonable pride. I was already making use of my reading in the library.

"You delightful kid," he murmured, sliding his arm around behind me. Then, almost mechanically, "I'm crazy about you, Corinne." I knew it was coming, and I had hopped up before he got the words out, and started a phonograph record, "Me and My Boy Friend."

COME on," I said; "let's do some steps." We were dancing when Noel came, ushering in Maizie, DeLancey, and a dozen others. The studio livened up. Everybody talked at once, or threw wraps at the Jap and swung into the dance. DeLancey and Fritz went off to supervise the punch-bowl preparations.

Maizie and I got off in a corner, and tried to catch up on our mutual affairs and interests before anyone interrupted us.

"DeLancey is getting bumptious," pretty little Maizie said, more troubled than she cared to show, even to me. "She's a Russian princess from Hoboken—you know the type. Picked up her stuff doing maid service for some foreigner. But DeLancey is falling for it. I think I'm due to get the gate, but it's nothing in my young life."

I had to hand it to Maizie. She knew it couldn't last; knew it when she went on this sort of racket, but she was going to play the game as she found it.

I was having my own troubles, too, but I didn't mention them. Noel had tried to kiss me, and I had given him the cold shoulder. I would have given worlds for one little caress from him—if he'd meant it. But this other stuff wasn't in my line. It had piqued him and hurt his vanity. I saw difficulties ahead, but none so trying as those Maizie faced. So I kept still, though I ached for some advice.

Noel came into the alcove, whirled me away into a fox-trot, and promptly dropped me for Baby Cytherea.

Here was my trouble—a small package of it, all right, but packed with TNT. Baby Cytherea, we all called her, and the name fitted. Doll eyes, a lisp, and a head full of all the latest "dirt" were the high-lights in Baby Cytherea's make-up. She modeled once in a while for Fritz Carlson, and she had been married twice.

About two o'clock I went out to shake some cocktails, and Fritz followed. He was pretty well organized, but he knew what he was doing.

"Corinne, wait a min'. You know I'm crazy about you. Why you dodging me all the time, eh?"

"Be yourself, Fritz. I'm not trying to avoid you. Don't do that; I'm trying to shake some cocktails."

"Damn cocktails," he said. Without the slightest warning, he caught me and swept me into his arms. My lips stung with his bruising kiss.

Frightened, I tried to push him away. I dared not scream—it would make me ridiculous in that party. Fritz was determined to be the caveman, and he came at me again. I was ready, and I slapped his face with a crack that could be heard into the next room.

"You little wildcat!" cried Fritz, blazing up. He made another lunge for me. An arm shot out, and I saw Noel's fist strike him on the chin. More because of the force of his own rush than the blow, Fritz dropped for the count.

Noel and I brought him around, and after a few more cocktails he'd forgotten all about it. But Noel didn't say a word to me. He went back into the studio,

He made another lunge for me. An arm shot out, and I saw Noel's fist strike him on the chin.

Beauty," he said confidently, "and I'm looking for a pretty blonde about your size."

"Yes?" I said, polite but dumb. I wasn't looking for another job, but one never can tell.

"How would you like to come over to my studio? I mean, of course, when Noel runs out of oil. It's going to be a hard subject to handle, and I'd like some sympathetic inspiration." Fritz carries most of his inspiration in a pocket flask, I thought. But that wasn't what I said.

"You want me to play the Unattainable Princess?"



where Baby Cytherea was waiting for him.

I felt like crying on someone's shirt front. I hadn't done anything, and to be treated like that wasn't fair. Then I took hold of my pride with both hands, and marched into the studio.

The party had settled into twosomes. Maizie was with a blue-eyed chap from the Village. DeLancey had his head close to a slender, black-eyed woman who had come in with the blue-eyed boy—Maizie's Russian rival, no doubt! And Noel was arguing the theme of one of his pictures with Baby Cytherea. As I watched, she pulled him away with a shrill laugh of triumph, and pushed him into a big chair. Then she climbed calmly onto his knees. I turned away, sick at heart. I was fed up on this ridiculous sort of play; I didn't want to open my eyes on it all again.

As it happened, I didn't need to.

Someone called out thickly, "Turn off the lights; I feel better in the dark!" and a second later the room was in darkness. I knew where my wrap was, and I picked it up and got out of the studio before the lights flashed on again. I don't believe anyone missed me.

I didn't go back to the studio the next day. Before my life in and out of the studio, meeting Noel's artist friends and helping to add to the beauty in the world had been an enthralling, dashing picture, shot through with the vermilion color of life. Suddenly the life had gone out of it. The picture was cheap, shoddy stuff.

They were all alike, the men, and even Maizie had become like the women in the set. Love was, well, a laugh.

**I** HAD saved about fifty dollars. This would have to support me until I found work somewhere else. I would never go back to Noel.

But it hurt. I had always thought I was too sensible to be blue over memories, like the moon-calves in the tin-pan alley ballads. Yet, there I was, hating Noel and, at the same time, eating my heart out for wanting him; running down possible jobs from the Battery to Yonkers; wishing myself back in the studio, helping Noel squeeze beauty out of a few oil tubes.

When I came near to giving in, I thought of the time he had carried me from the dais to the dressing room—and smiled. Then my pride would come back at the memory of that smile, and I'd set my teeth and fight back the tears. Of course I had to move, and though it meant giving up that private bath, I had to find a cheaper place. I didn't have enough money to get out of the big town, even if it did look like "stay and starve." Things would come to a showdown soon enough, without rushing ahead to meet more trouble, so I put my mind on the want-ads.

I had bought a copy of the Times at the City Hall station and taken the subway home, after a useless search for a chance to model. With the want-ad section on my knees, I sought for Goddess Opportunity in the guise of a want-ad. I expected the usual meagre results, and


But Noel didn't say a word to me. He went back into the studio, where Baby Cytherea was waiting for him.



then I discovered the oasis in the desert:

MODEL WANTED: SLENDER BLONDE TO POSE FOR SERIES OF LIFE STUDIES, BY ARTIST OF REPUTATION. MUST BE WILLING TO LEAVE CITY. LONG TERM CONTRACT IF DESIRED. ALL EXPENSES PAID. REFERENCES NOT REQUIRED. FOR APPOINTMENT ADDRESS BOX 421.

My first thought was, "Who's the 'artist of reputation'?"—and my second thought [Turn to page 98]



*"But you do have a daddy, darling. He has gone to work."  
"No, Mother; he's just Evert. I mean a real daddy, like Kitty's.  
He plays with her and brings her things in his pockets."*

# That Kind!

*I Didn't Know What Insidious  
Poison Gossip Is. Now I Know the  
Wisdom of the Ancient Law.*

IT WAS not until I was twenty that any boys other than Evert Graham, an old playmate, paid any attention to me. Then, after my return from a visit out of town, Neil Faraday began going with me.

Neil was handsome, sporty, and well-liked. He lived with his widowed mother, who thought no girl was good enough for him and to whom he told all his affairs.

When one night he said he loved me and wanted me to marry him, I was the happiest girl in the world.

Then came parties and picnics galore—and I gloried in always being with Neil. We seemed to grow closer and closer together with the passing months. Our love became a thing glorified—a thing which knew no wrong. We were lost in each other.

And then Neil seemed to drift away. Nothing more was said about our marriage until I told him it had to be very soon. He was frantic. He told his mother, who made him think it was likely a frame-up on my part. This I learned after Neil had suggested everything else but marriage. I was so furious that I told him I would go through with it alone.

Finally, after gossip had its course, Evert Graham learned of Neil's neglect and fairly forced him to marry me. Enraged, and prompted by his mother, he immediately left me. Mother advised me, despite all gossip, to stay at home.

## *Part II. The Conclusion*

FORTUNATELY, although people did not forget, they did stop talking. I went steadily about my own business, asking favors from no one. By the time my baby was born, they had ceased to be actively unkind.

After her birth, because I had an interest that took my mind from my own suffering, I began to realize how hard it had been for Mother. Hers was a sociable nature, and it hurt to the bone to have her old friends avoid her, or, worse still, pity her because she had a wayward daughter.

It took nerve to wheel Doralee out on the street for the first time. People were curious but, for the most part, not unfriendly. After that it was not so hard. My status as "wife in name only" was accepted. Indeed, there was by that time more censure for Neil than there was for me. He had been drinking and had lost two positions. His pleasant manner was gone and in its place

was a peevishness that tended to lose many friendships of long standing.

He had begun to go about with a woman, several years his senior, who had been notorious in the town for years. In view of all I have been through, it little becomes me to speak ill of another. But she was an evil woman and her influence was harmful to Neil, who was already on the down grade. It was rumored that he expected to divorce me and marry her.

He had never seen our baby; had crossed the street more than once to avoid meeting me when I had her out in her carriage.

Then one evening, when Doralee was about four months old, Neil came to see me, choosing a time when Mother had her out for an airing. It was the first time I had spoken with him since the day of our marriage. I was sitting on the steps when he came but he insisted on moving back behind the vines. He did not wish to be seen from the street.

HOW much longer is this going to last, Leah?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" I knew well enough what he meant.

"I mean this marriage, which isn't a marriage at all."

"This arrangement is just as you preferred to have it," I reminded him.

"What is the use of going into all that?" he demanded resentfully. "What I mean is this. I want to be free."

"So I have heard. Why don't you get a divorce?"

"You know very well that I can't," he answered sullenly.

"Then you have looked into it?" I queried.

"The odds are all on your side. You could use non-support," he stammered over the word. "The only chance for me would be to charge desertion and of course—" he broke off lamely.

"No, you could hardly accuse me of desertion, could you?" I agreed.

"Oh, hang it all, Leah. You know what I mean. It would be easy for you. Judge Thomas would give it to you without question."

"But I don't want a divorce. What I want I can never have, which is your recognition of Doralee as your child."





"Don't keep me waiting, Vi. Let me begin to try to make good what I owe you."

"And if I did, what then?" he sheepishly ventured. "Do you mean that you would publicly acknowledge me, when you have always doubted, in order to secure a divorce? You would bargain with me? Neil, you are bitterly contemptuous."

He winced at the open injury and I was savagely glad I could hurt him.

"Will you tell me why, after all that has happened, I should do anything you wish me to do? What claim have you to any consideration from me?"

"You might marry Evert Graham. He hangs around you a lot. It would look better if you got rid of one before taking on another."

The insult infuriated me. Evert had been at the house a lot but he never came unless Mother was there, and he never stayed long.

"Neil, you are a perfect beast. You've no right to say a thing like that."

"A husband hasn't any rights?" he sneered.

"You never were less my husband than you have been, since we were married."

After Neil had gone I thought it all over, comparing the dissipated, ugly shell with the handsome, lovable boy to whom I had given my heart. This was the result of his mother's—I was about to say *selfishness*, but to this day I cannot understand her attitude, or the motives that prompted it. He would have met the issue squarely, had she let him alone. She was responsible for the degeneration so evident in his every move these days. No wonder I hated the woman. Suddenly I found myself crying. I had learned that Neil still had the power to hurt me.

**B**UT I did get a divorce. I couldn't hold Neil any longer. Perhaps another reason was because Evert had long been urging me to do it. That was the ironical part of it. It was only owing to Evert that I had gone

through the form of marriage. And then, also because of him as much as for any other reason, I went through the farce of dissolving what had never been a marriage at all. So much for convention. It didn't mean anything to me but it saved my baby from the stain of illegitimacy, so I suppose it was all right.

I puzzled a lot over Neil's actions the night he talked to me about a divorce. There was something about it all that I could not understand. What did he mean by his reference, made more than once during the course of our discussion, to a husband and his rights? The question bothered me. I was more unhappy the day the divorce was finally granted than I had been at any time since the day I was married.

Evart had been so very kind all through everything! I had a real affection for him. He seemed to love my

baby. So, after a time, we were married and moved to an adjoining state.

Poor Evart! He was cheated in our marriage. I did my duty by him, but what is duty to a love-hungry man? He was fiercely jealous too, perhaps because he knew I did not love him. God knows he had no reason to be. I never looked at another man. But I could not speak pleasantly to a clerk in a store, or a casual acquaintance. He was always watching and making much of what, when the spell passed, he would acknowledge meant nothing at all. It happened again and again, upon the slightest provocation, or indeed, upon no provocation at all.

Another thing was a constant source of torment to him. That was my baby. Doralee, at three years, was a living miniature of Neil. The same deep brown eyes and square chin; the same dark [Turn to page 111]



'Wait a minute, folks. I have something to say to you!'



# Theirs Had Gorgeous

Rumor, Like the  
Hovers Over Everybody  
Something More Than  
This Girl from

WASHINGTON is a city of—well, there's the Washington in the geography and the Washington I'm going to tell about, both located at the same place.

All of us adventurers—Stan and I, and the girl from the Rappahannock, little MacLaren and Adele Ewing, Mary Willoughby and old Judge Pendleton, Westerners, Southerners, courtiers, climbers, Calvinists and Cavaliers—come in time to the city on the Potomac, lured by the gold of its promise. Some of us climb the mountains of success. Some of us get lost in the gulches. Some of us strike pay dirt. Others of us—Stan and I, and Laurel Dunton from the tidewaters of Virginia—play in the gambling house of society for the stakes of love.

We played high, the three of us. Washington does. You win; I lose. I win; you lose. That's the game. All that was strange about ours was that neither Stan nor the girl from the Rappahannock ever knew that I held cards in the playing. No one would know it now were it not for my promise to Judge Pendleton.

I was standing with him in the broad patio of the Pan-American Building when I saw Laurel Dunton for the first time. I remember that the Marine Band was playing "What'll I Do?" and the thought of how singularly *apropos* was the music startled me. What would I do? I was at the fork of a trail. This was the last diplomatic reception of the Washington season. Here were my enemies, my friends, and there at the door, lovely as the flower for which she was named, stood the girl my husband loved. I looked up the stairway and down the moonlit garden, checking off the men and women who might know the situation. Then I watched and waited.

Judge Pendleton was telling the story he brings out on every occasion when the rank and file of the embassies fall into formal line. Pendie was my father's friend in the days when my father ruled an empire in a state far from its country's capital, days long before I married Stan. He knows me almost as well as he knows Washington, and he knows that so well that incoming Secretaries-of-State follow his social lead. The diplomatic crowd is his forte, as the political one is Stan's, and



# Been a Fling

Virginia Buzzards,  
in Washington. But  
Idle Talk Concerned  
the Rappahannock.

Pendie was watching them like a shepherd as, two by two, they went marching past to the brilliantly lighted room at the head of the marble stairway.

Amidst the shrieking of the brilliant parrot, his amused voice ran on, relating with gusto the dismay of those gentlemen who had served in lesser governmental circles "... and they insisted that they should follow the Secretary of War at the White House receptions, but President Wilson said, 'They can follow the fire engines!'" It is Pendie's best story, and he enjoys telling it. I know that I talked for a moment with Miss Van Shaick of New York, who had come with an under-secretary of the British Embassy. I am sure that I agreed with Pendie when he commented upon the splendor of the Countess d'Lacchini and upon the fullness of her husband's cellar. Every minute, however, I grew more conscious of my own excitement, more curious about the girl who was coming toward me. Younger than I, quite a little, with a certain defiance of manner that I could easily understand, she faced forward with her grandmother, old-time resident of the tidewater country, relic of the old Virginia across the river.

Judge Pendleton knows every first family from Winchester to the Point, so I knew that he would stop them as they passed. Including me with a sweeping gesture, he greeted the older woman. "Madame Dunton," he beamed upon her. "I want you to know Mrs. Stanhope. Dudley Stanhope is famous in the House, but Corinna is famous everywhere." The duchess of the Old Dominion gave a faint snort of recognition but she wheezed "A congressman?" with the scorn of royalty.

PENDIE turned to the girl on the stair above her. "Corinna," he told me, "this is Laurel Dunton." In the simplicity of his manner I knew that he knew the truth. With deliberate sweetness she held out her hand. I know that I murmured some form of polite greeting. I think I bowed and smiled as they turned away.

A curious reaction set in. I began to laugh. Judge Pendleton clutched my arm. "For God's sake, Corinna, don't raise a scene," he begged me.

"I'm not going to," I assured him, "but the curtain's





... for seriously and whole-heartedly he was in love with the girl.

up, Pendie, and I don't know whether Stan is to be the hero or the villain."

For two months I had known that this moment would come. Washington is too small a place to shelter secret attachments. The cars parked by day or night along the Speedway are marked for gossip, and Stan's grey Winingham is more conspicuous than most. The road-houses on the Maryland Pike are havens for many of his friends who resent prohibition, and out there the lid is off. On the whole, though, it was an unsatisfactory arrangement, for seriously and whole-heartedly he was in love with the girl.

WHAT she felt toward him I did not know. She had played a canny game. There had been no telephone calls, no scented notes, no unguarded expression of affection. It was only by chance that I came upon the situation. Stan telephoned to me that there was to be a particularly long session of the House one day, that possibly it would go into the evening and that I should make my plans without him. I did

With Adele Ewing and young MacLaren, of the State Department, I drove over to the little tea-house on the Mount Vernon road that has become so popular. From the heights across the river I looked through the glamour of the afternoon sunlight down upon the green gardens of the White House, the gleaming tip of the Monument, the quiet shrine of the Lincoln Memorial, and up the diagonal avenue to the Capitol upon the hill. Serene it sat, grey as Potomac river mists, permanent as the country it represented. There was no flag flying from the Senate—and there was no flag flying from the House. They were *not* in session.

Stan is such a poor liar that I wondered then why he had troubled to do it. He has never been broken upon the treadmill of domestic responsibility. Neither of us has ever felt tied down in the bondage that so many experience. It is the too commonplace story of a man with money and a wife with ambition. In Washington you will find many like us. Stan and I have had money enough to play the game, to live extravagantly enough to be noticed in this town, and to secure the prestige of the

Sunday supplements. And we played to the limit!

Even with the knowledge of his life, I did not dream that he had jumped the hurdles. Adele and little MacLaren and I laughed and gossiped about an autumnal romance that was the talk of the town. "First her relatives were scared silly that she'd marry the old fellow,"

Adele was giggling, "and now they're scared to death that she won't get the chance." MacLaren leaned across the table with his most confidential State Department manner. "She told me that she'd never marry him," he told us, "because he *spits*." In the deepening twilight that comes down from the Virginia hills, we wove a tapestry of intrigue and

ambition and satire upon the loom of Washington.

Then, when the lights gleamed in the valley below us, we started for the city. Down the road we sped until, at the turn where the Mount Vernon road meets the rutted by-way to Fort Myer, a car lurched from the shelter of the army wall and into the road before us. Unmistakably, it was Stan's Winningham, and, unmistakably, there was a girl beside him

ADELE knew him at once. I do not know whether she saw that he was not alone, but she cried excitedly, "Why, it's Stan! Let's race him!" Mac-

Laren gave impetus to the light roadster, and wildly we followed, with the Winningham a grey cloud ahead of us. Over the bridge and into the Speedway we pursued him, Adele gaily, MacLaren grimly, and I with the feeling that the bottom had dropped out of things. Around the turn of the War Department building we lost sight of him for a

What she felt toward him I do not know.





moment, but when we turned the Treasury corner there was the car parked in front of the Washington Hotel, and Stan sitting alone.

"What's your hurry?" he laughed as we drove up beside him. "You'll have to travel in a faster boat if you're going to play Barney Oldfield with me." There was no trace of confusion in his manner, no disposition to acknowledge an overt act. The girl was gone.

"Where were you coming from?" I asked him, after we had said good-by to Adele and MacLaren and I had taken the place the girl had left.

"The Fort," he told me. "Colonel Moulton is fostering a new bonus bill."

"Then there was no session this evening?" I watched him as I asked.

"No," his answer was ready. "I telephoned you again

at five but you weren't home." I knew then that the era of alibis had begun.

Through the following week I marked the milestones of his emotional journey. He no longer rioted with Tommy, who is six now. Rather he regarded the child with a sad detachment, a look that shouted, "It's too bad that you have to be involved, but you're too young to have it impress you." Toward me he maintained a conscious sweetness, a beatific impression of being in this world but not of it.

WITHIN a fortnight I had found out what I wanted to know. Mary Willoughby was giving a luncheon at the Shoreham for a guest from Richmond. Mary is never without a guest; she has that sort of house. All Virginia uses the place as

[Turn to page 104]



Hartley, the proprietor, tells me that the shot came while the nickelodeon was ragging "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia."

# Arrived in Star- dom




JUNE MARLOWE in *Warner Brothers' new picture "I Found the Stars" (Universal)*—and the role of *Joanna* in *Warner Bros. picture "The Great Divide" (Universal)*. *Re-release "The Great Divide" (Universal)*—and the *Warner Bros. picture "The Great Divide" (Universal)*.



*"The Way of a Girl,"*  
a Metro-Goldwyn pro-  
duction, shows just how  
many kinds of trouble a  
society girl can get into  
if she really tries, and  
how hard her sweetheart  
must work to get her out  
of it. **EVELYN**  
**PIERCE** isn't the girl  
of the story—but she  
does her bit to create an  
atmosphere of trouble.

Picture Line, Inc. (Metro-Goldwyn)





MARJORIE DAVIS, star of the picture *Heavenly Creatures*, heard of the *Post* magazine's "Gossip Column" on *Street*. She was the love of Bobbie Austin, daughter of Lacey Sylvia Hutton, the social leader, and then razors his name of the scandal, which had been attached to it.

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If sometimes I creep away and play with my little son, and try to see in him something of Bruce's young beauty, no one knows!

# Once Too Often

*Time and Again I Forgot The Dishes  
Or The Fire—Now I Had Forgotten  
to Be Discreet, and That Is Serious.*

FATHER was the only parent I had ever known, and, curious as you may think this, he never mentioned my mother. A distant cousin once told me she had been a very beautiful singer, and had deserted my father, in Paris, when I was an infant. I never grieved for her. Daddy was everything to me, and no doubt he spoiled me terrifically, for I always had my freedom.

We lived in a crowded little San Francisco flat, kept a canary, and had a sort of perpetual open house to drifting artists and writers and musicians. Daytimes Father taught drawing in a select private school, and our evenings we spent with these Bohemian pals, who found our small *salon* a charmed spot. As indeed it was!

Daddy, in his old skull cap, his everlasting pipe clamped between strong, yellow teeth, could weave tales of the

Latin Quartier, or discuss modern and ancient art with equal fluency, and he was generous with red wines and clainties from the delicatessen below.

I was just "little Dorine." Little Dorine, in truth, for I was under five feet in height, and weighed but eighty pounds, with huge dark eyes peeping out from beneath a thick bang, and a saucy tongue that wagged as it willed! I was a dreamer. As I sat curled on a divan, puffing away at my cigarette, listening wide-eyed to fascinating discussions, I burned to express the talent that already, at sixteen, I was developing. And Dad encouraged me.

"Some day my Dorine will be a great painter! Fame and fortune, and, best of all, the satisfaction of the inner urge, shall all be hers! Be true to yourself, and work, work, work!" He would stand behind my easel and



criticise my drawing harshly; though I sensed all the time that the old rascal was rubbing his palms together in his pride of me. He was always afraid too much praise might make me lazy or cocksure!

And then Bruce Carr stepped into our studio one night, with a friend, and into my heart at the same instant. I was destined to love with the same passionate abandon that had disgraced my poor mother. In three short weeks Bruce was begging me to marry him and let him take me home to the distant Eastern city. Daddy said nothing; yet, I could see that his heart was broken over this wreckage of his artist dreams for me. All he would say, however, was, "I want you to be happy, dear. That comes first, always! But will you be happy? Does this great hulking Bruce really love my Dorine! The real Dorine? Ah, I wonder . . ." And he would sigh and shake his head.

SUCH caution did not appeal to me. I knew he loved me, else why should he kiss me so madly and beg me to marry him at once? My one thought was to go to him and assuage this mad yearning that was tormenting us both.

We arrived at his home, on a quiet, maple-shaded street, about eight o'clock one night. His mother, a slim, bent woman with slick black hair and rheumy eyes, met us at the door. In five minutes she was showing me hideous pictures in a family album and impressing me with the dignity of her ancestors and connections. I yawned. The staring stiff portraits made my head ache, and I pulled out my case and nonchalantly lit a cigarette. Never shall I forget the look on Mrs. Carr's face. She folded the book together, and her lips tightened like a deflated accordion, as she eyed me silently and drew away her grey cashmere skirts. Bruce came to the doorway, stopped, and gave me almost as fiercely disapproving a stare.

"Why, Brucie! What is it? Surely you don't mind my cigarettes? You—you know that I like them—" I was almost in tears with weariness and distress.

"Well, perhaps, out of respect to Mother, it might be better for you to give them up!" He crossed, took the cigarette from me and flung it into a flower-pot.

He and his mother disappeared arm-in-arm, and I had a feeling that the first wedge was about to be entered in mine and Bruce's happiness. I was not wrong. When he joined me in our room, he did not take me in his arms. Instead, he sat down and read me a terse lecture on my new duties, which were to consist of being a helper about the house.

"But I've never done housework," I protested rebelliously. "We've had old Francine and Sing Lee ever since I can remember. Daddy always said an artist must be free—that the candle must not be burned at both ends, else inspiration flee!"

"Bosh—nonsense—and poppycock! You are married now, and it's your job to keep house and look after my interests. And now is the time for you to learn!"

I waited till I heard Bruce's heavy, regular breathing,

and then I clenched my pillow in despair and sobbed silently. But before I went to sleep I raised on one elbow and gazed adoringly at my husband. How dear and boyish he looked there in the moonlight. So clean-cut and regular were his features and form that he might have posed for an Apollo. I kissed him gently and lay down close to his side, resolved to do the best I could for his sake.

Things went all wrong from the start. Mrs. Carr resented my easel and "messy papers and charcoals" in Bruce's room. The attic was dark and cold. Too often I forgot and was at my drawing-board when I was expected in the kitchen to peel potatoes. When I did help I was sure to do things wrong and perhaps spoil a choice dish. I begged Bruce to take me away, if it were only to one or two rooms of our very own. But his mother always met these suggestions in a sullen silence broken only by trembling voiced tirades on her loneliness. I did try, but I had never done anything useful. My hands were unusually perfect in form and texture, and Daddy had been foolishly proud of them. I wondered what he would say if he saw them now—hacked and stained and

rough, and the shell-pink transparent nails broken to the quick. I developed a frequent hard cough that seemed to irritate Bruce and destroy his last vestige of tenderness. He scarcely ever kissed me any more on coming home from business. We lived in a strained unhappy atmosphere for a whole year, and my health was suffering seriously from the strain.

Of course Daddy wrote to me every week, and I grew to have a pathetic dependence upon these letters. He took it for granted I was happy and working away faithfully at my drawing. I answered as cheerfully as possible and tried to keep my falling tears from staining the paper.

At last, our strained household relations culminated in a bitter quarrel over a burnt

dinner. I had been left Sunday morning to oversee things while Bruce and his mother attended church services. This was my chance to show them that poor, outcast, inferior Dora could be of use. I put the dinner in the oven, my hands trembling with my eagerness to do what was expected of them.

THEN I ran up to my easel to put the finishing touches to an outdoor sketch I had done the day before. It was a charming autumn thing . . . all haunting sadness and glorious colorings . . . I forgot everything in the lure of creation . . . one more line here . . . a deft touch there . . . every mark a prayer to the God of Beauty . . .

Suddenly Bruce threw open the door, and I came to myself with a sudden-like pain, shrinking back as his cold eyes traveled over my tousled hair stuck full of pencils, my besmeared painting smock, my feverish, burning eyes.

"You're a pretty looking sight for Sunday morning," he sneered. "The dinner's burned to cinders! It's a wonder you couldn't smell it! The kitchen was a mass of smoke and we thought at first the place was afire! Mother's worried sick. The first time she ever asked

## Maria's Story

*It wasn't much of a beginning for a new life. Tragedy came and the future seemed dark indeed.*

*But through all her trouble people were kind to Maria and helped her to help herself. There was the lawyer for the union—and her poorest neighbor—and the old lady she worked for.*

*Here is a true story of our world as Maria faced it when she came to us a stranger. Begin it in the June SMART SET.*

A day came in late summer when he took me to a quiet, country place.



I slunk to my room and sank upon the bed. This was the end. Bruce, whom I still loved, no longer felt the slightest tenderness. I wept, but my tears soon dried. Why bring on a coughing spell that would only aggravate them? Bruce's mother had hinted more than once that I only simulated these attacks, and that if I wore heavy, long-

you to take any real responsibility since you came here!"

I shrivelled under his scorn, but I was actually physically unable to reply. The creative fury of the last hour had sucked me dry. Then, too, I was badly frightened. This was a crime in their eyes!

I got to my feet and faltered downstairs with some idea of making reparation. But the atmosphere was not conducive to apology. We sat down in the living room and Mrs. Carr wept steadily. "Bruce will never have a decent, comfortable home; I see that!" she lamented bitterly. "I've done the best I could to teach you something. Oh, my son, my poor boy!"

If I had been older I might have seen a certain humor in this, but I was still a child, and I felt the criminal I seemed. After an hour of this, Mrs. Carr felt fine and got up and bustled about getting dinner and singing hymns.

sleeved underwear and woolen stockings like hers, I wouldn't be puny. "Give me silk underwear and puniness!" I had twinkled back with rare spirit, and she had shrugged and thrown open a window as if airing the room of my very presence. All this a new and terrible experience for the petted little Dorine, who had queened it over half 'Frisco artist settlement!

**W**HEN Bruce came upstairs I sprang up and tried to put my arms around him, but he held coldly aloof. "It's all your fault, the way things are going! Every bit of it. My mother's a perfect woman, if there ever was one! You ought to be ashamed of the way you're doing!"

"Oh, I am ashamed, dear. I will try. I will. I will. I'll put away my paints and easel and never touch them Please, please forgive me." I felt [Turn to page 126]

# *The Story My*



Nothing in life is bad, in its strictest sense. And love—why, upon love is built everything that is good.

**T**WO hours ago my feet were like clay as I made my way down the wide, winding old staircase of our home and found Mother sitting in the living room before the fire, in the comfortable old chair that used to be Father's.

The soft light of the fire cast shadows across her wistful, pensive face. There was just a trace of a smile on her lips. Since Father died she seems to find such comfort sitting there gazing into the flames as though she were waiting and listening.

I stood in the doorway for a moment, trying to gather enough courage to tell Mother of the thoughts that were racking my heart and mind by day and keeping me

awake far into the night. She broke the long silence.

Without looking up or turning toward me, Mother said, "Come here, dear." That was all. But something in her voice told me that I didn't need to tell her. I walked over and sank down at her feet, my head buried against her knees while she stroked my hair.

You see, I am only twenty-two, and I haven't lived as most girls of today seem to live. There seems to be so much in life I don't know. Little things bother me; they perplex and worry me. But when I take them to Mother, they all seem so simple. She doesn't laugh at my innocence, as do lots of my friends, but explains carefully. And when she gets through, my big problems



# Mother Told Me

*"Mary Dear," She Said,  
"You Must Learn That Life  
Holds Terrible Problems,  
And of All of Them, For a  
Woman, Love Is the  
Greatest."*

fade into things of little consequence. And what relief!

Last night while we were eating dinner I could feel her eyes studying me. I looked up once and caught her with a little trace of a smile on her face, a soft knowing smile, and somehow I knew that she wanted me to tell her.

After a while she said, "Remember, my dear, that we are sent into the world as infants. God doesn't expect us to be perfect. He just wants us to try to learn to do our best as we go along.

"Nothing in life is bad, in its strictest sense. And love—why, upon love is built everything that is good."

I WAS startled for an instant. Mother seems to have an insight that probes deep into my very soul and brings forth the truth. She must have suffered a great deal in her life to be so big and human and charitable toward others. When no one else in our town would aid poor Amy Scott when she came back broken and destitute, it was Mother who, by her understanding friendship, brought back Amy's self-respect. Mother didn't treat her as though she had done wrong but as though she had been sick and needed tender care.

When Teddy Mason first began coming to the house to see me, Mother didn't ask him if it was true that he had never been able to settle down; or whether it was true that he gambled and drank. Instead, she asked him about his work as a chemist in the laboratories of the steel mill. In a half-hour they were talking as though they had been friends for a lifetime. Teddy sat there, his hands cupped under his chin, looking into the fire, listening, and then talking as I had never heard him talk before.

"The trouble is, Mrs. Innes," he said, "there is so much interference. Men seem to strive only for personal glory and gain. If some of them could just get some human tolerance in their hearts for other people. I'm trying to perfect a process that will save hundreds of lives annually in the blast furnaces. But the men over me bicker and fuss until I almost go insane at the delays. And men die, leaving helpless widows



"Nothing will ever  
matter but our love,  
my dearest."

and pitiful, little children! If I only got encouragement!"

After a while Mother went upstairs to bed, and I knew that she was Teddy's friend.

After that night I couldn't understand why I had ever been afraid to ask Teddy to the house before. Some of the other girls had said that he had been wild; that he drank too much while he was in college; that he had been mixed up in several scrapes. The next morning I asked Mother how she liked him. She looked into my eyes and said, "Very much, Mary girl. He's good."

I TOLD her what the other girls had said about him. She shook her head sadly and said, "Youth is impulsive, dear. It makes mistakes. But seldom are the mistakes fatal if the boy or girl has that which makes a good man or woman. We must have laws to prevent those who are unscrupulous and mean from preying on the innocent. Many people with good intentions suffer for these laws. But, having suffered, they know more of life and what it expects of them. They suffer most within themselves. And then they do big things for having suffered."

"That boy is not fighting for glory or money in his work. He is trying to help mankind. He will do big things."

I could feel a flush of pleasure mount to my face as Mother said these things of Teddy. She looked up from her sewing and said, "Do you care for him, Mary girl?"

I didn't have to answer. The soft light of understanding that appeared in her eyes and the little smile on her lips told me that she understood. I kissed her and she held me close for a moment, patting my shoulder gently.

Teddy spends every spare moment away from the laboratory at our house now. He is doing such dangerous work that I have been lying awake long nights. Sometimes I cry half the night, my heart filled with a terrible fear. Just last week an explosion occurred. One of Teddy's assistants was killed.

I can't tell him my secret. His face is haggard and worn with the fearful strain of his work. If I told him, most anything might happen. I'm not afraid to face it alone, at least until he is ready.

It was two months ago that he came to the house one night, almost completely exhausted after twenty-four hours in the laboratory. Mother had gone to bed. I made him lie down on the couch while I got some supper for him. After supper he slept.

It was four o'clock when I tiptoed up the stairs. I started into my room when I heard Mother call, "Mary dear!" I hesitated for a moment then answered, "Yes, Mother."

"Come here a moment, dear, and kiss me good-night," she called softly.

My face was flushed and burning. Trembling, I tiptoed into her room and tried to kiss her cheek. But she grasped me and pulled my face down close to hers, putting her arms gently about me. She said nothing, and after a moment she kissed me on the lips and said, "Good-night, my little Mary girl."

The little sob in my throat nearly choked out my low, "Good-night, Mother."

I went to my room and did not close my eyes until the

beams of the morning sun began to play upon my wall. Finally I thought of what Mother had once told me: that the world goes on; that each day seems brighter, and the little troubles of men and women mingle themselves together to be forgotten in the great space of time. And I slept.

Since then, Mother has seemed even more gentle and understanding than ever. Tonight I sat on the arm of her chair and, without asking a question, she began to talk.

"Mary dear, you must learn that life holds many, many terrible problems. And of all of them, for a woman, the greatest is love."

She was quiet for a moment as her hand stroked my hair. Then quietly, yet with a force and emotion that I could feel in her every word, she began to talk again.

"Dear, I'll tell you the story of a girl I knew—a girl I knew very well. We played together, worked together, and told our secrets to each other. She suffered so that sometimes life seemed not worth the effort. She even thought of taking her own life, but didn't. She faced

what God had put in life for her and won contentment and a happiness that few people ever have."

Mother's hand stopped stroking my hair. I could feel her relax and lay back in her chair. I swung about so that I could see her face. Little tears coursed down her cheeks, but her lips held their brave little smile.

The room was lighted for a moment with the great flare from the blast furnaces as their flames shot heavenward. Grotesque shadows played in the corners of the room. The light died down, the wind came whistling down the great fireplace, and the dying embers began to crackle and burn as though inspired with a new life.

"When Ellen—her name was the same as mine—was about your age, her mother died. All the responsibility of caring for her father and a younger brother and sister fell upon her shoulders. Her mother had always spared her every hardship. She couldn't cook the simplest meal. But she learned,

and it was her spirit and courage that kept her father alive after her mother died. He dearly loved his wife. Loyalty was an attribute of this family.

Sometimes in those days her task seemed too great. The children seemed so helpless, and her father had been so used to her mother's constant attention that he made great demands upon his daughter without realizing it. She had to give up school and even most of her friends.

HER father seemed to lose his interest in his business after her mother died. That made it harder, because they had never been too well provided with money. It seemed to her like an awfully unfair struggle."

Mother hesitated for a moment and leaned toward the fire.

"This girl wasn't any different from you, Mary. She was just an everyday sort of girl who liked pretty things and pretty clothes and good times, and dreamed of a boy who would some day carry her away in his arms. Her mother had taught her that sometimes in her life there would be big problems to face; that when they came she mustn't shirk them, but accept them as God's will; that by doing her best she [Turn to page 88]

### Winners of the January Letter Contest

\$25 Prize, Mrs. Homer  
Richardson, Terra Alta,  
W. Va.

\$10 Prize, Mrs. A. P. D.  
Butler, 926 Delaware St.,  
Shreveport, La.

\$5 Prize, Miss Beatrice  
Taylor, New Albany,  
Miss.

Have you written us your  
criticism?

Why don't you do it?

Tell us what you like; and  
what you don't like in this issue.

Did you like "A Model of  
Virtue"?



It was the cry of a wild-cat . . . for one of her kind. It was the cry of my own heart for Bob Bradd!

# Nan *of the* Big Bend

*The Conclusion of Her Bitter-Sweet Experience  
Wherein She Comes Home to Wildcat Landing.*

**B**IG BEND, an isolated region of Florida, where the shot-gun was the law, held me in its clutches. I never understood why my father kept me, a motherless, neglected, unschooled girl, in that forsaken country.

I failed to persuade Seth Spurlock, who loved me, to go with me to a civilized place to live. About this time the Hildegard brought Bob Bradd to our landing. He claimed to be from the East, on a hunting trip. He was crazy about me and, in my state of mind, easily persuaded me to run away to the city with him.

Our plan for me to disguise in Dad's clothes and meet him at the landing one night worked well until I was attacked in the dark woods by Trigger Finger Simmons, the meanest man in Big Bend, who had expected my departure. In the struggle that followed, Seth came to

my rescue and left the bad man almost dead. I told him then that I was going away, and he went with me until we sighted the landing.

Hiding on the boat that night, I met Bob the next morning. At the next town, I bought a complete outfit of clothes. Bob and I then proceeded to Jacksonville, where, after he gave me a wedding ring and told me that such was the custom there, we occupied a suite at a hotel.

I was so happy and everything was so beautiful that it seemed too good to be true. Then one night I awoke and found that Bob had disappeared. I waited and waited, until one day the landlady told me I must pay the rent or get out. When I left, she handed me a letter. Glancing at its contents, I collapsed, and when I came to I could hear her saying—





"The boss won't stand for any racket from you. Keep still," he warned.

### Part III. The Conclusion

**Y**OU pretty-faced little sinner! You—you—I ought to call the police and have you arrested. The idea of your coming into a decent woman's house, pretending you're married!" fumed the landlady.

I begged for pity in my moment of cruel heartbreak—heartbreak that nothing could ever mend; that nothing could ever ease. But there was no pity in the big, hard-eyed woman.

"Don't hold up them stained hands of yours to me, girl. I've read that letter you dropped. The man says he brought you here because you wanted to run away from home. It's all your own fault. It's your sin. Nobody'd be fool enough to believe a man could carry on with a girl like this if she didn't let him. I—I won't tell the police on you. I don't want my house scandalized. But you go just as fast as your silk-stockinged legs'll carry you away. Go! Do you hear me?"

I picked up the crumpled letter that had dealt me a fatal blow. Its touch was like fire scorching my fingers; but I squeezed it tight. I had to read it again. Maybe—maybe there was something in it I hadn't read; something that would give me the right to hope. I fumbled for the pasteboard box that held the silks Bob had bought for me. My legs were bending under me as I passed the woman and stumbled into the blinding sunlight.

For moments I stood in my tracks, unable to make up my mind. It was as if my heart had turned to lead. As I stood there the voices down in my soul made a last plea; my broken dreams made a last effort to keep from turning into dust. I opened the letter again. Maybe it would say this time that Bob was coming back someday!

*Dearest Nan:*

*I left you like a coward, but it was the only way. I couldn't stay on any longer, and I couldn't bring myself to break your heart before my eyes. When you first told me you wanted to run away from the Big Bend and see the world, I thought you were just a girl looking for a chance to have a good time. I never dreamed that you would really care so much. If I had, Nan, I'm sure I wouldn't have made you believe we were married.*

*"You'll probably hate me for what I am, Nan. I came to love you as much as I could. But I'm married already. We have three little children. There was nothing to do but leave you. I will never forget you, Nan; nor will I ever forget the sin that I committed against your love and trust—your beautiful, innocent girlhood. I will never come back, Nan. I cannot.*

*Bob.*

"I will never come back, Nan. I cannot," I read again and again until the words became fists leaping up from the paper and striking me in the mouth, and I faced a world that was no longer fairyland—no longer a place of my Big Bend dreams.

"Sinner," I was still mumbling brokenly as I wandered through the streets that same afternoon. "She called me a sinner. Bob says he sinned against me. If—if everything we did was sin instead of love, then I'm bad. Oh, my God! I didn't mean to be bad. I didn't believe I was sinning. I—I only thought—" but these unspoken words only brought on the memory of what the landlady had said. She said nobody would believe that I didn't know better; that I wasn't to blame.

My glances fastened on the gold ring that now seemed

to mock me. Somehow I couldn't curse the sight of it. I couldn't throw it into the street because of all the hurt it was now bringing to me. I still loved the man who had betrayed me with it. I lifted the ring to my numb lips to kiss it, my eyes blind to the world around me. But the vision of a strange man staring at me caused me to drop my box of clothes.

He bent down to pick up my package, while I just stood there looking at him through my tears.

"Here's your box," he was saying, his voice floating to me like a muffled sound. "Say, kid, what're you crying about?" he asked suddenly.

I bit my lips and shook my head. It was the nearest thing to talking that I could do. He took my arm in a friendly sort of way and led me along with him. I



We never said much, because Seth and I couldn't talk about the real things that were in our hearts.

didn't have the strength or the desire to resist him. "In trouble? What's the matter, kid? Lost your job, or some fellow give you the gate?" he asked. His last question made me wince, for it brought a picture to me of Bob sneaking away in the night, taking all my happiness with him.

"That's the trouble," went on the man as if he were sure he had hit the nail on the head. "Well, you're too classy looking a Jane to go to pieces for any bird. There's nothing like food in your fix. I'll bet you haven't had any breakfast, eh?"

"I haven't eaten anything today," I said.

"Do you stay at home with the folks?" he demanded.

I shook my head, biting my lips again to force back an outburst of more tears. Folks! That word went through me like a dagger. It swept me back to the Big Bend cabin where my dad was most likely wringing his thin hands over my absence; where Seth's heart was being twisted night and day over my leaving.

"I haven't got any home. I'm all alone. I've been put out on the street. I couldn't pay the rent," I confessed.

It was not a nice house like the one Bob had taken me to. It was dark and unclean. The men who spoke to Jim as we went in frightened me by the glances they shot at me. We went up a flight of dingy steps.

"I haven't got much money," I said, thinking of the bill poor Seth had given me at Wildcat Landing. "How much will it cost to stay here?" I asked.

"Cost! It won't cost you a red. I'm staking you to this room. Blowing you to it. Mine's next door," he said as he motioned with his head.

"Why are you being so kind to me?" I had begun to be afraid.

"You're down and out, ain't you? You ain't got a place to go? Well, that's reason enough for a fellow to give you a hand, I guess," was his answer. But his words didn't ring true in my ears.

"Make yourself comfortable until I come back," he said, as he half-pushed me into the room. I went in because there seemed nothing else to do. When I saw him shutting the door behind me, I ran to the bed and threw myself across it, no longer able to hold back the sobs.

"Oh, my God, I want to die!" I kept moaning. After a long weeping spell I got up and tottered to the door. I turned the knob and tried to pull it open. But the door wouldn't budge. Locked in! All the fears that the man Jim had gradually brought to my heart swept over me like a flood. In the way that women and girls sometimes sense an enemy in a man, I now felt a suspicion that he was going to harm me; that his kindness was only a trick. His eyes! I remembered them now. Gray-green sort of eyes, that had lingered on me!

**W**H Y had he locked me in?

"Because he aims to harm you. Nan," whispered an inner voice that strangely enough sounded like Seth's. At this invisible warning I struck

and kicked the door, screaming at the top of my voice. A few seconds later there was a sound of heavy steps in the hall.

"What the hell's going on?" boomed a voice that did not belong to the man named Jim.

"Let me out of here. I'm locked in this room," I stormed.

The door was flung open and I found myself facing a man whose face was almost as mean looking as Trigger Finger Simmons'. He caught me by the shoulders and shook me roughly.

"The boss won't stand for any racket from you. Keep still," he warned.

[Turn to page 92]



With Seth Spurlock bending over me like one of our Big Bend pines, the truth of everything burst through my lips.

"Come on. We'll go in this place and get something to eat. Then I'll find you a place to stay," he said, his eyes roving all over me.

I tried to eat. Hungry and weak as I felt, the food was not welcome; but somehow I forced a few forkfuls and some coffee down. I would have fainted again if I hadn't.

The stranger said his name was Jim. That's all he told me about himself, and he asked no more questions about me or my past. He paid the bill and led me out into the street again.

"Now, I'll take you to a place where you can put up," he said.



He was "specializing" for the first time since his return to Hinkston

# *This is How* I Balanced My Books

*I Couldn't  
Find It In  
Me To Go  
Through Life  
Knowing I  
Hadn't  
Played Fair.*

ALLEN McDOWELL was hunting somebody. A gentleman farmer, young, handsome, and a bachelor, Allen naturally was an object of interest and speculation. In addition to that, he was possessed of a peculiar restlessness.

We at first blamed this restlessness on the war. Allen had rollicked with death in France, but had come back without getting a single whiff of gas or a scratch. Then, after a time, we believed he wandered because he had no real home life. He lived alone in the big McDowell home-stead, a mile from Hinkston. A cluttering of family negroes occupied the old slave cabins and a black mammy cooked his meals, mended his clothes, and kept in order the few rooms he used. Allen never talked about his personal affairs, and only by being his banker and a second cousin by marriage did I learn his secret.

One noon Bob Jennings, our assistant bookkeeper, came over to my desk and laid two canceled checks before me.

"Who is your Cousin Allen trailing?" he asked in an

undertone. "Twelve hundred dollars to the Forbes Detective Agency and a thousand to the People's Information Bureau. He's after somebody, sure."

Surprised, I examined the checks closely. Both were for "Services Rendered To Date," written and signed in Allen's clear, strong script.

"Has anything like these come through before?" I inquired, puzzled. I was cashier of the Hinkston National Bank.

"Yes," replied Bob, thoughtfully. "I remember that about a year ago I charged him with a check made to the Forbes Detective Agency. Can't recall the amount. I probably wouldn't have noticed these," he added, "if they hadn't come in together."

Nobody in Hinkston, I realized, knew so very much of Allen McDowell's private history. He was born in the big country home where he now resided, but had spent most of his young manhood in New England. John McDowell, his father, was a highly bred but violent man; domineering, exacting, given to making strong friends

and bitter enemies. Allen had just enough of his mettle to bring them into frequent conflict and enough of his mother's sensitive gentleness to make such an existence with his father unendurable after her death. He then went to live with an uncle who had taken his knowledge of tobacco culture to the Connecticut Valley, and returned home for only a few weeks each summer.

**D**URING these brief visits home Allen impressed us as a typical Kentucky young blood, but one whose fiery Southern spirit was being remolded and disciplined by Northern urban and college life. He loved his father and his father loved him, despite their differences. Old John was quite beside himself with conflicting pride and anxiety when Allen enlisted at the very beginning of the war.

"Went in as a private," he thundered, pacing the bank lobby when he received Allen's telegram. "Why, the young fool ought to know that I could have got him a commission through Washington. But — but — confound him! — he didn't consult me at all. Just went and did it — and now I'm betting my last steer that he comes out a major-general."

Allen did. He returned a sergeant-major instead of a major-general, and just in time to be with his father a few months before John McDowell succumbed to a paralytic stroke. Allen inherited everything, of course, and immediately set about to give his blue grass acres the benefit of his scientific agricultural training.

"Six feet of perfectly good man going to waste," lamented wife Louise, after he had been back almost a year. "Why, he won't even glance at a girl seriously. Ethel Shirley is crazy about him and Virginia Dale gave her last dance just to have him near her for an evening. But that good-looking dummy, he simply won't specialize."

Allen did go around with girls, but in the plural sense, not the singular. He never made a date to call. If he picked up one girl in his car, he was very sure to waylay two or three more and pile them in with her. At dances and other social affairs he chose his partners impartially, seeming to enjoy gray-haired matrons as much as he did their flapper daughters. He was generous at Christmas and Easter, but showed no favorites in sending gifts. He never attempted even the mildest forms of petting with girls, treated them all with equal courtesy, and avoided every trap which they and the matchmakers set for him.

"Boy, isn't it rather dull for you, living out home alone?" I inquired one late afternoon, as he and I loafed in the Hinkston National lobby after banking hours. "I was just thinking: Louise and I have plenty of room, and we'd be glad to have you stay with us this winter."

"That's mighty good of you, Holman," he said gratefully. "But after I get my tobacco stripped and enough feed in for my cattle, I'm going away on a little trip. May be gone all December and January. Sam can look after the stock and the place in general. He did last

winter." He stopped talking, just as I expected more.

Allen's smooth lips broadened with a smile, but his keen brown eyes were grave. He was gazing through the plate-glass front to the street.

"Oh, my Connecticut winters hardened me to the cold," he said, "and I'm Southern enough to stand a little raw sunshine. I don't travel to dodge the seasons."

His tilted chair suddenly snapped to the floor and he leaned forward, staring across the street to the City Pharmacy.

"Holman, who's that woman?" he demanded sharply.

A fluffy haired, pretty faced girl, dressed in strikingly up-to-date style, was coming out of the drug store.

"She's Miss Ruie Byrd," I answered. "Opened an account with us yesterday with a deposit check drawn on a Louisville bank. Louisville is her home, I reckon. She's come here to start a gift shop, in the Johnson Building on West Main Street."

"A gift shop ought to pay here," commented Allen,

but his interest in the girl subsided as quickly as it was aroused. A fleeting, almost unconscious, expression of disappointment shadowed his features—and was gone.

"Tell Louise I'll be up for Sunday chow as usual tomorrow," he said on leaving the bank, some minutes later.

He netted several thousand dollars every year—but within the twelvemonth, as I came to notice, his account was checked to the limit. He had made no investments, had no personal extravagances, and yet his surplus was spent.

"Bob, let me look over Allen McDowell's canceled checks each month before they're sent to him," I instructed young Jennings. "His business isn't my business, but I want to learn what's troubling him and help him if I can."

That was, of course, after I knew of the payments to the two detective agencies and after Allen had taken a fourth meaningless midwinter trip. He never told us where he was

going and I was able to trace his whereabouts only by noting the endorsements on his checks.

A year passed after our conversation in the bank lobby, when Allen had questioned me about the strange girl, and by the end of that year certain things had happened to her. During an idle hour at my home one Sunday afternoon, I recalled Ruie Byrd to him and retailed some gossip.

**M**AYBE you met her at a dinner-party or dance last winter," I said. "No? Well, she was invited around a bit. A strange girl in a small town doesn't need any social credentials if she's pretty, dresses well, and is decently bred. Louise and her set took her up, showed her attention, and patronized her shop."


"The girl made money for several months. I saw it on our books. Her stock was neat and novel, and she's naturally an amiable little thing. People liked her."

"But somehow she didn't attract the right sort of men. Her being in business and living in a two-room apartment may have helped to account for that. Anyway,

## The Funniest Story

*We have been publishing the Funniest Stories that famous movie stars could tell. Next we asked some telephone operators, and waiters. But I have a hunch that SMART SET readers can give us some wonderful laughs, and we want you to do it.*

*We will pay \$3 for every joke published under the heading, "The Funniest Story I Know." Those found unavailable will not be returned.*



*... where a full moon shone  
and apple blossoms scented the  
dewy air.*

*"Honey, I'm going to give  
them a reception when they  
come home," she declared.  
"Whoever snubs them, snubs  
us, too."*





As Louise said, no mortal woman could resist Allen McDowell

she's got in with Clyde Carter and his bunch, isn't being invited to the best homes any more, and she's losing trade accordingly.

"He's a professional woman-hunter," I explained; "the kind to whom a girl who's lonely and without any family protection is easy prey. There's a sinister charm about the fellow, and weak women just naturally fall for him. You haven't lived here long enough to know his breed."

"The breed's universal. I do know them." Allen's tone was heated and he sat upright with clenched fists. "Fooling with women is a great game, Holman, but poor sport."

I was surprised at his vehemence. His face was actually flushed and there was bitter fire in his eyes. He leaned toward me from his chair.

**H**OLMAN," he snapped, "you find out the truth about Clyde Carter and that girl, and tell me. That won't be gossip; it's the most serious information in the world."

I never had seen Allen so interested in any woman. He was clean beyond reproach, untouched by even the legitimate suspicions that usually attach to a young bachelor. This was a mystery to other men and his best recommendation to the parents of Hinkston's marriageable daughters. I supposed that he would merely pity Ruie Byrd and dismiss her case with a preachment. But he had not.

By simply listening I soon learned that the girl already had stepped beyond the pale of self-righteous society. Backed by a family and money, she might have survived. One person among tens of thousands in a city, her slip would not have been noticed. But in Hinkston, where practically everybody knew everybody else, she hadn't a chance.

Once condemned, never forgiven—that is the small-town law for women.

**T**HE poor girl should close up her business and move away," declared Louise, who at heart was no Pharisee. "She's an object of comment every time she appears on the streets and, of course, none of us go to her shop any more. Even Clyde Carter and his bunch don't dare be seen in public with her now."

I passed this on to Allen, but at the time I was more concerned with something else.

His account showed that for two years he had been paying considerable money to newspapers all over the country. "For Advertising," read such of his current checks. I ordered back-copies of the Boston and San Francisco papers he patronized. Displayed prominently in their reward columns was the same ad. [Turn to page 108]



*Here Are*  
*What*  
*Broadway*  
*WAITERS*  
*Call the*



## "Funniest Story I Know"

**Y**OUR story of the two smart-alecs who requested me to tell the orchestra to play "March of the Wooden Soldiers" while they tried to carry on with their steak, reminds me of the boob who wouldn't send the impossible steak back just because he had already bent it."

"Yes, yes. Go on."

\* \* \* \*

**A**T AN Atlantic City hotel where I worked for some time, there was a young couple who had been married about a month. She came down to breakfast one morning, looking very gloomy. Every time her husband made an inquiry she came back with a short answer. I stuck around pretty close to see what the outcome would be, and after he had time and again asked her the trouble she finally broke into tears and cried:

"Charles, if ever I dream again that you have kissed another woman, I'll never speak to you as long as I live. So, there!"

\* \* \* \*

**T**HEY were giving a big dinner, and the gardener had come in to help wait on the table. Already a good many had suffered from his lack of experience, and in serving peas he approached a very deaf old lady and asked:

"Peas, ma'm?"

No answer, so he spoke louder.

"Peas, ma'm?"

When the old lady saw that someone was speaking to her, she lifted her ear trumpet to the speaker. The gardener, noticing the large end of the trumpet directed toward him, thought:

"Well, it must be a new way o' takin' 'em, but I s'pose she likes 'em that way."

And down the trumpet went the peas.

**W**E HAVE, at the swell family hotel where I work, a woman and her husband who are the joke of the whole dining room. This is a sample of their conversation, any night:

"I think I'll have steak, tonight."

"But, Laura, I have the heart-burn."

"Waiter, is the steak good? Well, then I want some."

"Laura, you know the doctor says red meat is bad for me."

"Waiter, I will have the steak."

\* \* \* \*

**A**MONG my regulars on Broadway are two actors who are always blowing about their successes. One is an Englishman.

"Oho, old top!" he said one day, "when I played young 'Othello' the audience took fifteen minutes to leave the theatre."

The other actor glanced at him.

"Was he lame?" he asked.

\* \* \* \*

**T**HE matron at the high-class, bachelor hotel was saying to a new arrival:

"No, I'm sorry, but we can't possibly accommodate you. We only take in single gentlemen."

"Good-night, woman!" said the man; "what do you think I am? Twins?"

\* \* \* \*

**O**NE of the waiters where I work had a customer who stopped him with, "And—listen—waiter, I want two eggs, please. Boil them five minutes."

To which he answered: "Yes, I understand. They'll be ready in half a second, sir."

*This  
PROBLEM  
Story  
Should  
Make  
Other  
Girls  
Feel  
Fortunate.*



## A "Funny Looking" Man

I HAVE heard people say that sorrows are easier to bear if one can only tell them to someone else. So with the hope of some relief, and spurred by a request to submit my problem for SMART SET, here is my story.

I never knew the meaning of the word tragedy until about two weeks ago. At one time I felt that my heart was broken, but I was younger then and my wounds were soon healed. The only sorrow I had ever known was the loss of my husband during the war. For months my heart seemed dead and I thought life was not worth living, but soon I found that sacrificing for others would help me to forget my loss.

Now I have a different problem. When I think of what has now come to me, my mind refuses to function. I do not know in whom I can confide; but I feel that I have been a good wife and mother, having worked and cared for the ones whom I love.

I was born at a small army post in the Southwest, and spent my entire life among army people. My father, an officer for twenty years, was transferred from one post to another. I grew up on horse-back and was an expert at target practice. I can never remember when I was not surrounded with officers and men of the various forts and posts.

During the early part of 1916 my father was sent to another location. I was sixteen at that time, tall and well-developed for my age. I had very large, grey eyes, and black hair, which my mother always kept cut in Buster Brown fashion. Had it not been for that, I

would have had the appearance of a grown woman.

It was with straightforward comradeship that I met all the men with whom I naturally came in contact. There were many of them whom I loved, and still do, as a sister loves a brother.

Shortly after moving to Fort —, I met a young officer from another post. He was sent there to report for duty.

We were introduced at a dance one evening. When he took my hand, an electric thrill went through me. My heart stopped beating for a moment. His large, dark eyes seemed to look into my mind and read my thoughts. We stood there for only a moment, but it seemed hours to me.

LATER in the evening we danced together, and again that unexplainable something entered: then for the first time I felt really embarrassed and self-conscious in the presence of a man.

My heart thumped madly the entire evening. When he asked me to ride with him, I could hardly control myself in the pride and joy that it gave me.

Together we went to my father and asked permission. And on our promise to ride within a few miles of the post, he consented to my going.

The next day we rode to town and back. Many times after that we rode together. We would race out over the plain and set up target on some tree or fence post, then shoot at it for hours.

I had never lived in the city. [Turn to page 106]



# Your complexion needed the one thing you could not give it!

*"Pore Control" was lacking—  
but now Princess Pat Twin  
Creams supply the need*



NEW factor in gaining complexion beauty has been discovered—a fault remedied. Science discloses this weakness in present methods—that after cleansing or nourishing, all known creams have so far left the pores wide open! Now a five year search by Princess Pat chemists finds the way to retain the benefits of creams and add pore control! Princess Pat Twin Creams, alone of all complexion methods, leave the skin with pores normally contracted at all times.

Pore control advances complexion care to an exact science—in accord with Nature. For all time it puts an end to coarse pores. It banishes the menace to your skin of dust and dirt and infectious air germs.

Pore control is no new fad. It simply abandons outworn ideas—as does nearly every important discovery. Princess Pat chemists were free to think independently. They did not have to defend old fashioned creams established by custom, but unsupported by merit. They could be merciless in disclosing faults—and they were. But let the facts speak for themselves—first about disappearing creams.

## **The "Rubbed-in" Powder Foundation and What It Does**

If open pores are a danger—as admittedly they are—what about the pores distended, pores forced open and held open for hours? Almost, the question answers itself. But Princess Pat chemists experimented for months and made the answer conclusive. Women were induced to make tests lasting days, using scores of disappearing creams. These creams vanished right enough from the skin surface, but the magnifying glass disclosed pores choked and gorged. Day by day, such pores weakened. Finally they lost power to contract normally. The inevitable result was coarse pores.

So much for disappearing creams. Princess Pat chemists discarded them—sought for and found a base for powder which not only leaves the pores closed but nourished throughout all the hours powder is used.

## **Why the Usual Creams So Often Disappoint**

Next, all the familiar creams that cleanse and nourish were classified, analyzed and studied to discover virtues and faults. Practically all had merit—but only up to a certain point. They contained cleansing, soothing and nourishing oils which benefitted. But without exception such creams had to open the pores to do their work—and



left them open. Consequently whatever touched the skin thereafter easily entered the pores and found lodgment. Princess Pat chemists considered this a grievous fault, of incompleteness. To it they logically traced complexion ills mysterious and unexplained. Such creams were not condemned—far from it. For countless complexions—at least temporarily—reap the benefits and escape the dangers of old fashioned complexion care. But what a wonderful achievement for science if the pores could be closed and there be no dangers to escape; always positive benefits instead!

## **Pore Control Solved by Princess Pat Twin Creams**

Almost at once the chemists were faced with a problem which seemed insurmountable. The indispensable oils for nourishing and vitalizing the skin relaxed and opened the pores. And every ingredient that could be added to close the pores acted first, offsetting the cleansing and nourishing. Then came enlightenment: the double effect could not be secured in one cream. It would take two, each formulated separately but planned to combine on the skin!

Thus Princess Pat Twin Creams came into being, bringing beauty possibilities beyond the fondest dreams of women, or scientists. And the use of these two creams that give pore control is so simple—and delightful. One is called Princess Pat Cream—the other, Princess Pat Ice Astringent. Princess Pat Cream is applied first and left on temporarily! Right over it, you apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent. With the application of this second cream, there comes a most delightful sensation of coolness and freshness. The

pores at once contract and become normally invisible! They are controlled, closed against dirt, dust and germs.

That is the whole treatment! You then wipe all cream from your face—and find the skin as soft and pliant and clear as that of a child. You have not rubbed or massaged, because that is unnecessary. You have spent not to exceed two or three minutes. A remarkable feature of pore control is the fact that the nourishing action continues throughout the day. Closing the pores does not arrest it. So your skin never ceases to benefit during the entire twenty-four hours of day and night. The result is marvelously rapid—and permanent—complexion beauty.

As for powdering—you are ready without further preparation. For the exquisite softness and naturalness of the skin itself is the best base for powder ever discovered.

# FREE!

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Twin Creams (Princess Pat Cream—and Princess Pat Ice Astringent), to meet all calls, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a 10 days' supply without charge. Use coupon promptly.



PRINCESS PAT Ltd.  
2701 S. Wells St., Dept. 245, Chicago  
Entirely FREE, please forward me  
postpaid, a 10 days' supply of the new  
Princess Pat Twin Creams.

Name (Print) .....

Street .....

City and State .....

# Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Cream—Ice Astringent—Princess Pat Tint—Lip Stick—Powder—Princess Pat Perfume



### Taught by Visual Instruction

THE most progressive step in the teaching of beauty culture ever made was when Emily Lloyd, the world's greatest beauty authority introduced in every Marinello School her new, simplified way of teaching by visual instruction combined with the regular courses of theory and actual practice. This new easy way of teaching by illustrated films—projected on a screen enables you to see the actual operation. Each successive step of instruction in every branch, as well as your study of anatomy is made so plain, so easily understood that a neglected education is no handicap.

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### Scientific Creams for Home Use

When you buy creams for home use—buy only Marinello scientific creams, the kind used in all of our schools and the best beauty shops. Cost no more—their merit is proven. Sold at any department store, drug store or beauty shop.

Marinello Beauty Aids Used  
All Over the World



## We're Still Looking for SMART SET GIRLS

LAST month we announced our decision to pick a SMART SET girl for the cover of every issue of our magazine. Judging by the heavy mail which has been coming to the Art Editor, the idea has met your approval.

Some of you no doubt overlooked the announcement, so I am going to tell you once more just what we want.

The SMART SET audience contains the prettiest girls in America. The American girls are the prettiest in the world. Therefore, if we choose our covers from among our own readers we will have the most beautiful covers in the world.

The first of this series will appear on the September issue, on sale August 1st.

Are you a SMART SET girl and not over eighteen years of age? Have you a sister, or sweetheart, or daughter of that age? If so, send the best photograph you have to the ART EDITOR of SMART SET, together with the answers to the following questions:

### Questionnaire

Name

Street (or P. O. Box)

Town or City

State

When were you born?

Where?

Are you a typical American type?

Spanish?

French?

Other?

Please give: (a) Height (without shoes)

(b) Weight (lightly dressed)

(c) Color of eyes

(d) Color of hair

Bobbed?

(e) Complexion (Dark or Light)

Will your parents (or guardian) give their permission for SMART SET to use your picture if you are chosen by the artist?

Are you willing to cooperate with us to make this plan succeed?



Before retiring, apply this remarkable new bleaching creme to face, arms and neck with the English Beauty Brush. In the morning use the Finishing Creme. In a few days your skin will take on new clearness and beauty that will simply amaze you.



## Marvelous New Treatment

# Will Whiten and Beautify your Skin In 5 days - - - - or money back

Now every girl can have the clear, milk-white complexion that all men admire.

Don't be discouraged if freckles, blackheads, sallow skin, pimples and other blemishes are keeping you from the beauty that is rightfully yours. Now a remarkable new discovery quickly routs these enemies of beauty and leaves the skin fresh, clear and glowing with health.

With this new treatment results are so quick and positive that you can hardly believe your eyes. You'll simply be amazed to see how quickly sallow, "muddy" skin begins to clear and take on that fresh peach-blow tint that is the delight of masculine eyes.

We are not guessing or theorizing about this; results are positively guaranteed. Your mirror is the only judge. If you are not simply delighted with results the entire treatment will not cost you a cent.

### Try this new way to beauty

Every girl knows that a clear white skin is the most important requisite to beauty. Regardless of how handsome and regular your features may be, you can't have the matchless beauty that all men admire if your skin is dark, sallow or blemished. The most beautiful women of history have all had lovely, white, transparent skins the kind you can have in just a few days if you carry out this new treatment faithfully.

Regardless of how many so-called bleaches and skin beautifiers you may have tried; no matter how many remedies, tonics and cremes you may have used to no avail, this new discovery—McGowan's Presto-White—will positively bring you the beauty we promise. It works on an entirely different principle from any skin bleach you've ever tried and will simply transform your skin in a few nights.

### The reward for years of research

The ordinary skin bleach is simple enough a compound. Any chemist can make one. There are dozens on the market that give fairly

good results, but none to compare with this new scientific product. For years we have been experimenting and searching for just such a beauty aid as Presto-White—a safe, sure bleaching creme that will bring out the beauty of the clear, transparent skin without the harmful effects that so often follow the use of ordinary bleaching agents.

Hundreds of preparations were tried and discarded before we finally hit upon the ideal formula, that would not only bleach and beautify the skin, but soothe and benefit it while so doing. That's the thing that distinguishes Presto-White from the ordinary skin bleach—all the difference between night and day.

This remarkable new skin beautifying treatment not only includes a generous sized jar of McGowan's Presto-White, but also a jar of Finishing Creme to apply mornings. Presto-White bleaches the skin and removes freckles, pimples, blackheads and other blemishes—the Finishing Creme soothes the skin and offers a splendid base for powder.

If you could see what wonderful transformations this remarkable treatment is effecting every day, you'd expect us to ask at least \$5 to \$10 for it. We would be justified in doing so, for it is easily worth that much and more to any girl or woman. But we know that after all the best advertisement is the satisfied user and we are anxious to get thousands of "boosters" helping us sell this remarkable new discovery. So we are going to offer the first 10,000 treatments at just enough to cover the actual cost of making, advertising and selling, which we have figured down to \$1.87.

### Send no money—just sign and mail the coupon

You don't even have to pay for this treatment in advance. Simply sign and mail the coupon. Then when the postman brings your Beauty Outfit, just pay him \$1.87, plus a few cents postage. Remember, you don't take any risk. Your mirror is the sole judge. If you are not perfectly delighted with results, simply return the Outfit after five days' trial and we



will refund your money without a question. Don't put it off another minute. Mail the coupon today. If you want the beauty that is rightfully yours; if you want to clear up your skin, and do away with sallow, "muddy" complexion forever; if you want to remove freckles, blackheads and other blemishes that rob your beauty, sit right down and fill in the coupon.

McGOWAN LABORATORIES,  
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

### COUPON

McGOWAN LABORATORIES,  
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 43, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove at your own risk that your new treatment—Presto-White—will remove freckles, blackheads, pimples, and other blemishes, whiten my skin and leave it soft, beautiful and glowing. After five days' trial, if I am not delighted with results I will return the package and you are to refund my money in full.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

(Note: If you are apt to be out when the postman calls, you can remit \$2.00 and the Treatment will be sent postpaid.)



*"A Lovely*

Filled with Loose Powder  
But Cannot Spill!

*Norida*  
*Vanitie*  
for LOOSE POWDER

**At All  
Toilet  
Goods  
Counters**

**Size of  
Vanity  
Two  
Inches**

**So Easy  
to Refill**



**So Easy  
to Refill**

*Here is the Other Side of a Story We  
Have Read Over and Over.*

I recognized the voices. It was a group of men employed by the Hiram Company.

[illegible]

Nat' and I had quickly "gone wicked." I only think it is funny. I really said this

**FREE: 5 DAY TRIAL!**  
Send no money.  
Simply clip coupon below.

*Now  
marcel your hair  
beautifully*

**-in 5 minutes-at home!**

**An alluring wave guaranteed, bobbed or unbobbed  
And the cost is but half-a-penny!  
Coupon offers free 5-day trial**

**T**HE loveliness of softly waved hair—chic, alluring!—may always be yours, now. No more times, between waves, when the curl has gone—when hair is not as pretty as it might be—when it is hard to arrange.

For now you can do as thousands of other attractive girls and women do—whether your hair is bobbed or long. Every day, if you wish, have a fresh marcel. Right at home—in five minutes! And the cost is actually about half a cent. It is a new method, approved by hair specialists.

The coupon below offers you an oppor-

tunity to try it, without cost, for 5 days. Send no money—simply clip the coupon.

#### **An exquisite wave**

This new way to keep your hair beautifully dressed was perfected to do two things: First, to give you a really professional wave in a very few minutes at home; and second, to reduce the cost.

You use the YVETTE Marcel Waver to do it. Specially designed to impart an exquisitely soft, but very distinct wave.

Simply attach it to an ordinary electric light socket, as you would an old-style "curling iron." But the YVETTE does what no "curling iron" could ever do.

First of all, it uses less heat. So cannot possibly burn or injure the life and lustre of your hair in any way. And this heat is applied by a new principle, to **all parts of all hair.**

So it does not matter whether your hair is dry and brittle, or whether it is very oily. The YVETTE Marcel Waver gives a perfectly charming wave to **any** hair. Not a round curl, but a **real, professional-looking Marcel wave!**

In five minutes your hair is beautifully waved. How much longer this helps, for instance, when going to the theatre some evening—with little time to get ready. What a comfort not having to bother with hair-dressers' appointments and waiting!



#### **Buy several \$20 hats with what it saves!**

In twelve months The YVETTE Marcel Waver will actually save you from \$40 to \$50 over and above its slight cost! And it will last for a lifetime. We guarantee it against defective workmanship or material, you know. Remember, too, that you take no risk at all in testing it for five days.

Then, too, it saves you a great deal of money! More than ten times enough to pay for itself, in twelve months. The cost for electric current, each time you use it, is less than **half of a penny.**

#### **A remarkable offer**

This unusual, new waver will delight you as it has thousands of others. It was originally made to sell at \$10—which is really a low price, when you consider the time and money to be saved. But we have determined to **reduce** the price—and, by selling still greater numbers, have just as large a business as ever. So we make this amazingly generous offer.

Simply clip, fill in and mail the coupon below. Don't send any money, unless you particularly wish to. We will immediately send you a YVETTE Waver. When the postman delivers it to your door, give him \$4.97, plus a few pennies postage, the new, reduced price. But—note this:

Keep and use the Waver for five days. Test it in any way you see fit. Then, if you are not entirely and completely delighted with what it does for your hair, with the saving in time and money, just send it back to us. Immediately, and without the slightest questioning, we will mail back your \$4.97. Isn't that fair?

Just think what a pleasure it's going to be, having your hair freshly and beautifully waved **all** the time! And with enough money saved to pay for several very lovely hats, a new suit, or frock! Clip your coupon now. Mail it today, sure.



**YVETTE  
MARCEL WAVER**  
pronounced EE-VET'

#### **Send No Money—5 Days' Trial**

Distributing Division,  
YVETTE et Cie., Dept. 18,  
27 E. Huron St., Chicago.

Please send YVETTE Marcel Waver. I will deposit \$4.97 with postman when he brings it. You are to return me \$4.97 to me, after 5-day trial, I do not care to keep the Waver.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....



You, too, May Instantly  
Beautify Your Eyes with

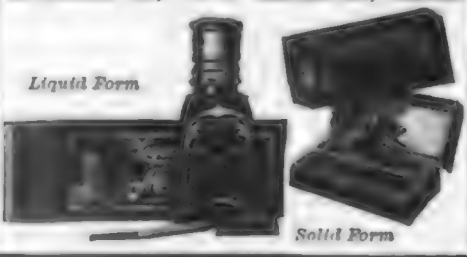
**Maybelline**

More than all else, well-defined eyebrows and luxuriant lashes create the beauty and expression of your face. The slight darkening, the accentuation of line and shadow, is the secret.

"MAYBELLINE" makes scant eyebrows and lashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. The improvement will delight you.

Maybelline may now be had in either solid form or waterproof liquid form. Both forms are absolutely harmless, being used regularly by beautiful women in all parts of the world. Either form may be had in Black or Brown. 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Tear this out now as a reminder.

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Like This**

—Sergei Marinoff

My wonderful new method makes Classic Dancing easy and fascinating to learn at home. Simple charts and photographs illustrate each lesson; clear, simple text and phonograph records teach the essentials of technique.

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With your lessons, I send everything necessary to equip a complete dancing studio in your own home. Phonograph records, practice costume, slippers, and dancing bar. Send at once for full information about my unique home instruction method. No obligation. Write today!

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1124 Sunnyside Avenue, Studio 20-65 Chicago, Ill.

**10 DAYS TRIAL**

**\$2** Brings You this Genuine **DIAMOND**

A few cents a day will pay for this handsome ring. Simply send \$2 to us today. Wear ring for 10 days trial.

**Guarantee**  
Absolute satisfaction; if you don't agree this ring is an amazing bargain, we will refund your money. If satisfied, pay balance in 10 equal monthly payments.

Lady's wide top solitaire. Latest Style 18 K. white gold hand engraved and pierced ring gives the blue white, perfect cut diamond extra brilliance and large appearance. Regular price \$85—special bargain price only **\$62.50**

**Free** Catalog showing bargains in Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry from \$10 to \$1000. Cash or liberal credit terms. Smaller full values.

**BAER BROS. Co.**  
6 MAIDEN LANE - NEW YORK

Write Dept. 345

for Bob's benefit, but he didn't appreciate it. Finally the party broke up. The two men whom I had overheard came to say good-night. "It's been such a wonderful evening, Mrs. Thorpe," said one, "that I have been wondering if Bob might not have birthdays several times a year."

"Thank you, Bob only gets them once a year. But I don't have them even that often."

"Why, Mrs. Thorpe," said the other, "from appearances you haven't had one for years and years. Well, Bob doesn't look it either."

"No," I said; "birthdays have no effect on him."

"That's right. Bob doesn't grow any older."

"Why," I said, "he doesn't even grow up. He's a bigger baby than ever."

"Well," said one, "that's the right way. A fellow mustn't take life too seriously."

"Bob's wise. And he's one of the greatest fellows in the world." And this all on top of what these two had been saying before.

Of course the door was open, and just then there was the sound of a crash out in the garage. Everybody jumped. Naturally, having a new car, Bob's bright idea was to drive some of his friends home, which would have been fine if he had been perfectly sober. I hurried out, grabbing my coat. I found Bob examining the damage to the right rear fender, which he had jammed in backing out. I quickly got into the driver's seat.

"Just a moment, June," said Bob.

"Bob," I said, "you're not going to drive this new car when you're drunk?"

"Who said I'm drunk?"

"You did, yourself. Actions speak louder than words. I'll drive your friends home."

The whole thing was characteristic. Bob's failure to be a real candidate for Bill Pond's job was just like him. I brought the matter up the day after the party, not because Bob would have any chance, but to remind him where his childish and carefree kind of life was leading him. Bob is one of those men with lots of natural talent, who never make the most of it. Some others with only a part of their ability, but with more ambition and sticktoitiveness, climb up right over their heads.

BOB started wrong in school. He might have gone to college and taken an engineering course. But he thought that school was one grand long circus, and he played the "cut-up" until he was expelled from school, in his second year of high. But he didn't care. After we were married I tried to get him interested in some University Extension courses, but not a chance, against movies and vaudeville and friends and parties. Finally he admitted that he had made a mistake in not having taken the engineering course and gone through college, and he agreed to take up a correspondence course in mechanical engineering. He now realized that, natural mechanic though he was, he needed a background of technical knowledge, to be of more value to the company. But do you suppose he stuck to his studies in the correspondence course? Well, you ought to know Bob. Anyway, on this occasion I mentioned the reason why he missed a chance at Bill Pond's job. I wanted Bob to take up the correspondence course again. He only made light of it.

"Anyone who gets Bill's job is welcome," he said. "And probably won't live any longer than Bill. Say, that man was on the job day and night."

"And that wouldn't suit you at all, Bob?" "You bet it wouldn't. Bill was always worrying; never had time to live. All the responsibility. Anything went wrong—

he had to take the blame, and straighten it out—"

"Things didn't go wrong much, did they?"

"No, but it made a slave out of Bill."

So there you are. My Peter Pan only wants to have fun. He does work, because he needs some money in order to have fun. But how he can spend the money! Every once in a while I try to have a serious talk about saving money. He agrees that we should, but after he earns a bigger income. I cannot get him to settle down to any plan. His ideas are always ahead of our purse—the "champagne appetite with the beer income." It was so when he first bought the car.

WHEN he was promoted to his present job two years ago, with a raise, we really should have been in a position to have a car if only we had not spent so much in other living expenses. In the first place Bob has fancy ideas about clothes, always ordering new clothes. The Prince of Wales has nothing on Bob. I don't really try to keep up with him, but he sets a pace, and in order for me to be presentable, on his standard, and in his company, our combined clothing expense runs up too high. And besides, we must dress the two children. Then, we are paying too much rent. We needed a suburban house instead of a flat, on account of the children, but not such a big house. Bob picked it out and signed a lease before I saw it. Of course it is nice, and a dandy place in which to entertain—and that costs money. We really ought to buy a small home, instead of renting this one. And then, as the children grow, they are costing more.

As it is, we ought to have a modest sort of car, but Bob picked out one costing a couple thousand dollars, something that he could show off in, and paying for it kept us in hot water for a year. This past year I have been trying to pay off some of the debts that ran up while we were paying for the car. And now recently, just when I thought that perhaps we could get clear and start a sensible budget and begin to save money, Bob trades in the old car for a new one, costing even more money and putting us under another load of seventeen hundred dollars in the way of payments to be made during a period of ten months. So now we have another year of scratching ahead of us, with debts accumulating in spite of everything. But Bob doesn't care. When he gets behind the wheel of that beautiful car he feels like a millionaire, anyway.

It is not as though the money would go for something else, if it didn't go into the car. For Bob spends the "something else" money irrespective, and more of it, because he can so easily get to places to spend it. It is billiards and bowling, golf and ball games, and ever so often poker. All these cost money.

Bob laughs at the idea that poker is gambling; says it is only amusement; that they all put their money into the game, and then it belongs rightfully to whoever wins it. When I say we cannot afford it, and ask him to figure out the losses in a year, he replies in his careless way that that is the right way to look at it—by the year; that the law of averages works out in poker, same as in everything else; that sometimes he wins, sometimes he loses; but that if one takes it on the basis of a year the losses and the winnings just about balance each other perfectly. I don't believe it, but I cannot pin him down to keep an account.

When I tell Bob that it is time for him to settle down and take life more seriously for the children's sake as well as for his own future, he only says that I nag him too much. Says he is "not understood."

[Turn to page 99]





YOUR OWN INITIAL IN 4 COLORS ON EVERY PIECE!

This superb 110-piece set, with your own initial on every piece, decorated in blue and 18-carat coin gold, with gold covered handles, consists of:

- |  |                                     |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 12 Dinner Plates, 9 1/4 in.              | 1 Covered Vegetable Dish (2 pieces) |
| 12 Breakfast Plates, 7 1/4 in.           | 1 Baker, 8 1/4 inches               |
| 12 Soup Coupes, 7 1/2 inches             | 1 Nappie, 8 1/4 inches              |
| 12 Cereal Dishes, 5 1/4 inches           | 1 Sauce Boat                        |
| 12 Bread and Butter Plates, 6 1/4 inches | 1 Sauce Boat Stand                  |
| 12 Fruit Dishes, 5 1/4 inches            | 1 Bowl                              |
| 12 Cups                                  | 1 Covered Sugar Bowl (2 pcs.)       |
| 12 Saucers                               | 1 Creamer                           |
| 1 Platter, 11 1/4 inches                 | 1 Pickle Dish                       |
| 1 Platter, 18 1/4 inches                 | 1 Butter Dish, 6 1/4 inches         |

# NO MONEY DOWN!

No C. O. D.—Nothing to pay for This 110-Piece 18-Carat Coin Gold Decorated Dinner Set

Not a penny now. Just mail coupon and Hartman, the largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will send you this complete 110-piece 18-carat coin gold decorated Dinner Set with your own initial in beautiful harmonizing colors on every piece.

Read the sensational offer, then send for this marvelous set while special bargain price holds good, and receive with it, absolutely FREE, the beautiful 26-piece Silverware Set, made exclusively for Hartman's by WM. A. ROGERS, Limited, initialed to match dinnerware. Each dish is stamped genuine "18-Carat Coin Gold." It's easy to get this set from Hartman. Nothing to pay for goods on arrival—except small transportation charge. No C. O. D. Use both sets 30 days on Free Trial, and if not satisfied send them back and we will pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, pay only for the Dinner Set—a little each month.

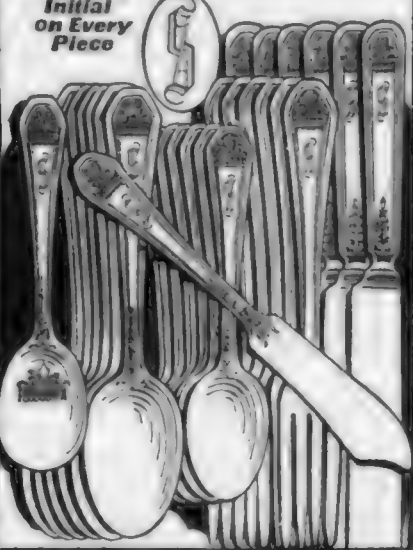
## Very Important

Hartman guarantees that every piece in this set is absolutely first quality—no "seconds." The 18-carat coin gold decoration is guaranteed not to wash or wear off—unlike the common gold decoration used by others on dinnerware. This is a standard or "open" pattern. Replacement pieces may be had of us for three years. Excellent packing to prevent breakage.

## FREE 26-Piece Initialed Silverware Set

Exclusive WM. A. ROGERS, Limited, design. Set includes: 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 teaspoons, 6 tablespoons, 1 sugar shell, 1 butter knife. Each piece has your own initial to match dinnerware.

Your Own Initial on Every Piece



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Blue and 18-Carat Coin Gold Richly Decorated

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Book explains how you get Glassware, Silverware, Jewelry, Table Linens, etc., Free with purchases.  
"Let Hartman Feather YOUR Nest"

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**Both Sets Have Your Own Initial on Every Piece**  
Not only will you be charmed beyond measure with the beauty of this exquisite ware itself, but you will be delighted to have your own initial on every piece in beautiful colors and design, surrounded by gorgeously colored decorations. All handles are covered with genuine 18-carat coin gold and each piece also has an 18-carat coin gold border and rich blue follow band. This is a set your family will be proud of and your friends will envy.

## Free—Initialed Silverware Set to Match

Made by WM. A. ROGERS, Limited

We will ship the Dinner Set complete and with it, FREE, the 26-piece initialed Silverware Set, made exclusively for Hartman's by WM. A. ROGERS, Limited, with initial to match the initial on dinnerware. If not satisfied, after 30 days' trial, return both sets and we will pay transportation charges both ways. Otherwise, take nearly a year to pay for 110-piece set only—a little every month. Pay nothing at any time for Silverware. Be sure to give initial wanted.

Order by No. 322GMA19. Price 110-Piece Dinner Set, \$39.98. No Money Down. \$4.00 Monthly. Silverware Set is FREE.

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110-Piece 18-Carat Coin Gold Decorated Dinner Set No. 322GMA19, Price \$39.98

and with it the 26-piece Silverware Set absolutely FREE. I am to pay nothing for goods on arrival—only the small freight charges. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If satisfied, I will send you \$4.00 monthly until full price of Dinner Set, \$39.98, is paid. Will pay nothing at any time for the 26-piece Silverware Set. Title remains with you until paid in full. If not satisfied after 30 days' free trial, I will ship both sets back and you will pay transportation charges both ways.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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Print Initial You Want Here



## My Hands

Ever Soft and Young

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I am a stage star. I wash my hands 20 times a day in all sorts of water. You can wash dishes, clothes, etc., don't attack the skin as I do.

Yet my hands are soft and smooth. They are pinkish hands. They have one of the most attractive faces.

I spent 25 years to find a lotion which could do that. I tried numberless kinds—almost everything that experts submitted—but I have only lately found my ideal.

Now I offer it to all women, as I do with every great help I have found. I supply it to all druggists and toilet counters under the name Edna Wallace Hopper's Youth Hand Lotion. It is made in the laboratory which evolved it, exactly as I use it.

I ask you to try it. Apply it at night and see what a change comes by morning. Apply it whenever your hands touch water which may harden or dry or chap them. Use it to keep your hands looking as young and soft and tender as your face.

I will mail you a sample of my Youth Hand Lotion free if you will send this coupon. Do that for your own sake. Learn the best that I have found in many years of searching. Clip coupon now.

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### Youth-Ami Skin Peel

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which painlessly and harmlessly replaces the old skin with a new and removes all Surface Blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Tan, Eczema, Acne, Large Pores, etc. A non-sold, invisible liquid. Produces a healthy new skin beautiful as a baby's. Results astounding. Booklet "The Magic of a New Skin" free in plain sealed envelope.

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The bargain, easy payments on the new Underwoods, Royals, L. Smiths, Remingtons, etc.—perfect machines expertly remanufactured by the "Young Typewriter Co." guaranteed like new for five years. Shipped direct from our factory at big savings.



Young Typewriter Co. Dept. 1625 654 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

## The Story My Mother Told Me

(Continued from page 70)

would be happy and finally understand." I nodded and took Mother's hand and held it tight against my cheek.

Then the next summer during vacation time she met a boy. His name was Danny. She soon learned to call him Danny. He had blonde hair and blue eyes and the tenderest, most wistful smile in the world. He wasn't the brilliant, clever kind—just the wholesome, good sort. He was only twenty-four and in his last year at law school. His father was providing the money, and he was doing his best to take advantage of the opportunity provided from the scant savings of a lifetime.

THEY met one morning when she was in the backyard talking to a neighbor over the fence. Her reddish brown hair was caught up under a towel that she had wound about her head. The neighbor's son and Danny came into the backyard and they were introduced. The minute she looked into Danny's eyes she knew that her wondering about where her Prince Charming would come from was over. It was almost a tragedy for her, meeting him as she had. Instead of waiting for her Prince to carry her off, she fled into the house to take the ridiculous towel from off her head. When she came out again he had gone. But he came back. The neighbor's son couldn't understand at first why Danny began to call on him so frequently. He never had before.

Before the summer was over he used to run over to her house every time he called on his friend. And after a while he got the habit of dropping in to see Helen. He would talk with her father for awhile about politics, his blonde hair all mussed and his blue eyes shining.

Then he and Helen would go for a walk up over the road that led over a hill behind their house, and from where they could look down on the town with its thousand different lights twinkling in the blackness of the night like human souls coming in and going out of the world.

"One night she stumbled in the darkness. When he grasped her hand to steady her, he kept it. Her heart was pounding so loudly she was sure he could hear it, and the only utterances were soft little sounds that came from her.

"Just before they reached the bottom of the hill he suddenly stopped and drew her close to him, and in another second her warm, eager lips were seeking his. She lay there in his arms while they both trembled at the ecstasy of their love.

"I'll love you forever and ever, Ellen, my sweetheart," he said.

"She couldn't answer. Her heart was too full to speak. And he tenderly asked, 'Can you love me, don't you, dearest?'

"Yes, Danny," she answered. That was all. They went on down the hill, their hearts singing with the glory and goodness of life.

Before Danny went back to school in the fall he had talked to Ellen's father about their plans and hopes. Her father looked bewildered and lost at first. Such a thing as Ellen leaving him had never entered his mind. Dazed and uncertain, he said, "This is when we need your mother, child."

"They all decided that Danny must finish his law course and get started in his practice. Then it would be time enough to get married. But the thought of another year in school and possibly two years in the office of some firm in town was disheartening.

The leaves dropped from the trees. Winter came. Ellen longed for just the touch of Danny's hand. At Christmas time

he came home, and there followed the happiest ten days of Ellen's life. The spirit of Christmas seeped deep into each of their souls and linked the tie between them even closer than before.

"On New Year's Eve they attended a gay, rollicking party, but came home before twelve to find her father sitting in his old rocker before the fire, his chin sunk forward on his chest. They roused him. He went down into the cellar and brought up an old bottle of wine, and they toasted the New Year together at the stroke of twelve.

"After awhile Ellen's father trudged up the stairs to bed, leaving them to sit on the couch and plan beautiful dreams. Danny stayed there beside her until the night began to creep away into the west and the morning light began to peep over the hills. 'Nothing will ever matter but our love, my dearest,' he said, as he left to prepare for his return to college."

Mother's voice stopped again. I looked up to find her eyes closed and her head bent forward as though in prayer. Then I looked away into the fire, and in a moment she began again.

While Danny was back at college Ellen went about her tasks with a new light-heartedness. Every morning when she awoke, her first thought was of Danny. She would see his tender eyes, and then cuddle her face down in the pillow, a happy little smile framing her lips.

"In February of that year, the Maine was blown up in Havana Harbor. The country talked and thought of war, but Ellen thought only of Danny—for Danny belonged to her now, and nothing could ever keep them apart. Sometimes she was afraid. Then she would remember what Danny had said as he left her that night: 'Nothing will ever matter but our love, my dearest,' and she trusted Danny with a childlike devotion.

"She didn't tell him what had happened, because she knew how hard he was studying and that it would worry him. She intended to tell him when he came home at Easter time. The day he came home they walked up over the hill and sat close beside each other, saying not a word, and yet so happy.

"Danny was strangely silent. After a while she said, 'Danny boy, why are you so quiet tonight? What is bothering you, dear?'

"I was just thinking, dear," he said.

"About what, Danny boy?"

"The war, dear. I—"

"Danny," she said sharply, a little note of fear in her voice. Everyone was talking about war, but she hadn't paid much attention. It all seemed too remote, too far away to affect her.

"You—you won't have to—to help, will you, dear?" she asked, a tired note coming in her voice.

"I—I enlisted yesterday, my dearest. I've got to go back tonight."

"Ellen gazed at him for a moment. Then her eyes became deep pools of anguish. Her hands dropped to her sides as her eyes slowly shut, her little head drooping forward. Danny put his arm about her and held her close.

"Then Ellen's hand flew to her mouth to stifle a scream, and she said, 'But Danny, you can't, you can't—I—I—' But she couldn't go on. And Danny went back that night not knowing, for he had said, 'We've both got to be good soldiers, Ellen, my dearest,' and she was being a good soldier.

"Again she went back to her father and little brother and sister, and prayed for Danny. Each day she would run madly at the postman's whistle, and nearly every



day at first he gave her a letter full of cheer and love. They were her staff of life.

"Then they stopped, abruptly as though cut off by some unseen hand. Her smile disappeared and her feet dragged about the dreary house.

"She didn't doubt Danny—not for a moment. Even though she had, it wouldn't have made any difference in her love for him, for she knew that Danny was hers for all time. Just so long as he was mortal he belonged to her—was *her man*. God had given him to her, and not even of his own will could he ever belong to anyone else.

"But she never thought of doubting him. She knew he was ill or dead or lost, and prayed to God to let her know in some manner what had happened to him. The weeks stretched into months. Still no word came. At first she had been frantic. She thought it would be easier to lock herself in a room, turn on the gas and take her secret with her. But she didn't. Danny's tender, wistful smile haunted her and gave her strength through the long days when she had to carry the burden of drudgery at home.

**N**IGHTS she would go to her room so tired that she could scarcely drag one foot after another. And each night she would bring out Danny's letters—all of them—and read the frayed worn pages over and over.

"After awhile her breath became short, she tired easily; she would have to rest after she had worked for a half hour; but she kept on, with her secret locked in her heart, for there was no one in all the world who would understand.

"At night alone in her room she used to think and think until sometimes it seemed her mind would go. Then some new peace would seem to settle over her. Sometimes she could hear her mother's voice, when she was in a half doze, and it would tell her that she had done nothing wrong, for she loved Danny; that everything would be all right; that God knew that in her heart she was good and true and not wicked.

"As the time drew nearer, her smile came back. She didn't know what her father would do or what would happen to her, but she knew that everything would be all right. Danny had told her that, and she loved Danny.

"One day she packed a bag full of her things and Danny's picture and his letters, and went to a city forty miles away. There was no fear in her heart—just sorrow, because her father and her friends wouldn't understand and would say that she had been bad.

"A grey-haired, motherly nurse, kindly and wise, stayed at her bedside almost constantly for two days and continually reassured her that Danny would come back; that he must be on the way; that nothing could have happened to him.

"She knew the nurse didn't and couldn't know, but it helped while she lingered between life and death. When they gave her a little soft, warm bundle of nothingness with wondrous blue eyes and funny little hands and feet, it didn't matter. That was Danny.

"She had only money enough to stay there a week. It was all she had managed to save. She didn't know where she was going when she left the hospital. She had just left a note telling her father she was tired and was going away for awhile.

"But it didn't matter. Only the little soft thing by her side that cooed and wrapped its little fingers about her hands and heart mattered.

"Then the day before she was to leave, the motherly nurse came in the room. Her face was pale and she couldn't speak plainly

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at first she was so excited, and she had seen terrible tragedies for twenty years! She came over beside Ellen and dropped on her knees beside the bed and just said, "Finally, I'm almost as glad as you are, my dear."

Then the door opened and in walked Danny. He said to the nurse "I couldn't stay out there any longer."

His face was thin and drawn, he needed a shave, and his clothes were shabby. The nurse went silently out of the room. He dropped on his knees beside the bed where she had been, and cried great sobs while Ellen held his head so close to her that when he turned his lips to hers she dropped back on the pillow exhausted.

MOTHER stopped for a moment to dab at her eyes with her handkerchief, and I turned my face away to look into the fireplace. She leaned over and stirred the fire for a moment. Then she put her arm about my shoulders and held me tightly against her. After a moment I stopped my sobbing and asked, "What did they do, Mother, and where had he been?"

"Oh, he had gone to Florida with his company and had been taken with the fever. He escaped from the infirmary, where he had been sent while he was delirious, and ran away. For months his mind was a blank, while he worked on the docks in New Orleans. Then it all came back to him and he hurried home. He nearly went mad in the three days he searched for Ellen. But he traced her to the city and to the hospital. Common sense did that for him."

"They went back together. At first, her father refused to let Danny in the house."

"Danny had to forget about law and go to work in a mercantile house to make enough money to support them. His father gave them enough to get started."

"They stayed right there in their own town, fought their battle, looking every person in the eye, and proved to the world that love will always win. After awhile people began to forget, and when the child was fifteen no one remembered."

Mother was crying softly as I rose to my feet and went to the window. I remembered how dearly my mother had loved my father and how devoted and happy they had always been. And I remembered that father often complained of the fever that had got into his blood during the Spanish War.

I closed my eyes and prayed a little prayer; then I went over to Mother and sat on the edge of her chair while the dying embers of the fire threw weird shadows across the room and finally smoldered to ashes. We sat there, not saying a word until I kissed her good-night. She held me tight and said, "We all have to be good soldiers in the battle of life, dear. And when we break the regulations, we have to take our punishment with a strong heart. You see, dear?"

I nodded my head and pressed her hand and made my way to my room, content and happy with whatever God has in store for me—and now Teddy is planning for our wedding. I wonder if Mother could have told him Ellen's story?

## The Honky-Tonk Kid

[Continued from page 45]

Fatty had kept mighty mum to me about this. Why hadn't he given her money and chalked it up against me? Then and there I decided he would have to be hunting a new pianist before the night show. I ordered another drink and the blonde rambled on.

Fay had then looked up a former friend called Ace, but he had given her the razz, so she returned to the shack no richer than when she left. Of course, girls like to help one another if possible, but money is scarce in Hop Alley and—

I interrupted the whining voice. Could she tell me where Fay was living now? The woman stared resentfully. Sure! In the house at the end of the street! A few days after she had looked for the piano player, a hack drove up and a man took her with her belongings to this other place. I rose.

"Much obliged, Sister. I'll beat it now."

Surprise held her silent a moment, then realizing that there was no more coin to be obtained from me, she broke loose.

"Well, I hope you ain't going to see her? That sickly, little bum!" I nodded, and her eyes spat fire.

"Well, maybe you don't know, so I'll tell you. The man she went away with was a nigger!"

Sick at heart, I brushed past her to the street and bumped into a fat Chinaman, who was loitering about. The hag's voice pursued me.

"Runnin' after a girl kept by a nigger!"

I climbed into the hack, then glanced back in time to see the Chink slipping through her doorway.

The house I sought stood back from the street a few yards, and as I opened the gate I could see someone peeping out from behind shades that covered the windows. I knocked on the door and it was opened by a slovenly negress, who regarded me sullenly.

"Does Miss Fay live here?"

"Jes' a minute." She slammed the door in my face and I heard the low murmur of voices. Then the door opened again and a huge, black man peered down at me, distrustfully.

"Who is you?"

I explained that I was an old friend who desired to help the girl who, I understood, was sick.

"Miss Fay don' want no charity—" he began, but a weak voice called out:

"It's Curly, isn't it? Let him in." The man drew back and I entered. The room was filled with flowers. Tin cans and beer bottles holding waxen blooms stood about on tables and chairs, while the odor of magnolias filled the air. In the clean, white bed lay Fay, a mere wisp of a girl. Thin to emaciation, with skin the color of the magnolia petals; dark circles beneath her bright eyes, and lips red as—well, too red!

"I'm dying, Curly." She smiled—a pitiful little smile. "The doctor says I can't get well."

A fit of coughing seized her. Before I could move, the big black had lifted her by the shoulders with his long, ape-like arms and pillowed her head against his breast. He motioned sternly for me to leave, and as I stumbled from the room I heard him crooning a lullaby.

FROM the negress I learned the name of Fay's physician: I drove immediately to his office. He confirmed her statement.

"It's a marvel to me that she isn't dead by now. She's been kept alive only by that nigger's care and devotion."

I offered to pay his bill, but he shook his head.

"I've been paid at the time of each visit. I go there once, often twice a day." With the words, the telephone rang and he answered it, then turned to me.

"He's sent for me now. This is probably the end."

Hastily, we drove down to Hop Alley. The house was strangely quiet when we entered, and by the bed sat the negro, crying without a sound, the tears running unchecked over his black cheeks.

Fay was dead!

After the doctor had left, the undertaker arrived and took away the poor, thin body that had contained the joy loving spirit of Fay. Then the negro drew me respectfully to one side.

"Befoh she died, Mistah Curly, she said to tell you that she knew you was allus her frien'. Now, me an' my wife—" he pointed to the woman who was folding up the bedclothes. I was stupefied.

"Your wife?" I repeated vacantly.

**YASSUH.** I married her the day I brung Miss Fay heah. You see," his voice was very meek, some of these white trash aroun' heah mought say bad things 'bout Miss Fay, but by marryin' this wench I put a stop to that." I refrained from telling him his sacrifice had been in vain, because I was so rattled that I could not talk.

"You see, Mistah Curly, when the lettah came for my mammy back in Vajinny, I opened it kase my mammy died las' mont'. When I read it, I got what money I had and come down heah. You see, I allus thought a pow'ful lot of Miss Fay. When she was away at college, the doctah tol' her she had lung trouble an' mus' go to a dry climate. She didn' want the missus to know it, 'cause the missus was pow'ful po'ly, so she wrote her she was ma'ied an' livin' with her husban' in Arizona."

Light dawned on me at last. Now I could see her when she was a hopeful lass, back in the hills of Virginia.

"You're the darky named after a Greek!" I gasped. He smiled wistfully.

"Yassuh. My name's Homah. Homah Jones."

My relief at finding that affairs were so different from what I had imagined, filled me with peace. I told him that I would see the undertaker and pay for the burial arrangements. He shook his head.

"I done paid the man, Mistah Curly, when he came. Paid him for everything. You see," he added humbly, "my grandfather was a slave in the Reynolds fambly befoh the wah, so I'm lak one of the fambly, so to speak." He drew himself erect. "The Reynolds was fine folks, Mistah Curly, and nebber accepted charity."

The next day I attended the simple services held in the chapel at the undertaker's. A few curiosity seekers dropped in, but when we went outside to where three or four vacant carriages stood behind the hearse, I knew that only the negro and I would follow the body to the grave.

Homer stepped into the second carriage and I started to follow, but the driver touched me on the arm and said:

"First carriage, please, sir!"

"Why not this?" I questioned. He looked horrified.

"You ain't goin' to ride with a nigger, are you?"

Now, I'm no lover of the Blacks and I believe in the Jim Crow laws, but I caught the hurt, patient look on Homer's face, and in a second I was beside him with one arm across his shoulders.

"I'm damned proud to ride with him, if he'll allow me," I snapped. "Hop up there and drive!"

And now for some reason I've told this story. I'm not much on style and maybe the suspense isn't placed just right, but it's the only love story I ever *could* tell and I'm proud of it! Maybe you'll think it's funny when I say I write a letter to Homer Jones sometimes just because he loved Fay, and proved to be a gentleman.

## Who will tell her what to do?

**S**HE stands wide-eyed, the brave little bride; and happy she is, as every bride should be. Yet she is thinking, too—

There are her relatives-in-law, who have been kindness itself; and yet she knows that her happiness through the long, long future depends on her own thoughtfulness of them and on her knowledge of their little whims—their human, innocent weaknesses.

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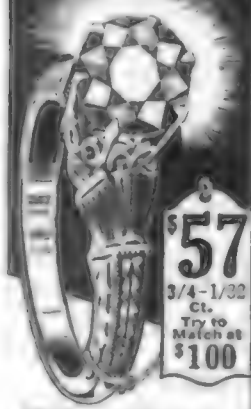
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## Nan of the Big Bend

(Continued from page 74)

"What's the excitement, Smith?" called a voice from downstairs. It was the man Jim Footsteps on the stairway followed his question, indicating that he was coming up. I waited, determined to make him let me go. I no longer wanted his sort of kindness.

"You locked me in. I want to go away from here," I began.

"Let her go, Smith. She won't need force to keep her still after I get through talking to her. Look at her, girl. Go back in there. I've got something to say. Hear it, Smith," he said, as he took my arm.

"You're not a friendly sort of kid, are you?" Cold as ice 'cause a man gave you the air? Well, let me tell you: if you've got no folks, no place to stay, no money much, and no job, you'll have to change your tune. You've got to eat and sleep, you know. Where the devil did you come from, anyhow? You don't look like a city girl with all those classy duds?" he demanded.

**I** CAME from way up in the Saint Marys River country," I said.

"Humph! Long ways from home." He came closer and put his arms around me, and I was too afraid to fight him off. "He's a little friendly to me, kid, and you'll have nothing to worry about. I'm the boss of this place. And it ain't no Sunday School joint, understand? We do a nice little bootleg business. If you figure you can be friendly to me," he said, looking at me in a way that froze the blood in my veins and forcing an understanding upon me. "You can keep the room. I'll feed you. And—I'll show you a way tonight when we're open for business to make some dough. We need a good looking jane downstairs to help loosen up the stingy drinkers that blow in. You'll get a rake-off on all the liquor you make 'em buy for you—but, mind you, girl, no getting friendly with 'em outside of business hours. I'm the one for that," he ended, kissing me before I knew it.

His words did not put me in a daze as you may think they should have. They suddenly opened my eyes and my mind to certain bitterly true facts. Although I wanted to die; I was quite alive; no amount of wishing would end my life. I had only the ten dollars Seth had given me; no place to stay; no way of knowing how to go about making money. I couldn't bear the thought of going back to Dad and Seth after what had happened. They'd know everything by looking at me.

"Bob's never coming back. If he were, it would be different. But he's not, and the world thinks I'm bad just like the landlady does," I told myself. Still, I could not make up my mind to do what the man Jim had suggested.

"Let me think," I begged.

"Take an hour, girl. But don't forget you've got no place to go, and I ain't the worst man in the world. Anyhow, I ain't trying to trick you like the other man must've done," I heard him say as he swaggered out of the room.

Bob Bradd's letter had brought me agony such as few girls know in a lifetime; but during that hour I battled with myself, while torture twisted my heart beyond all description. Was it the good or the bad of my soul, which hated to admit that I had loved Bob too much, fighting against the circumstances that surrounded me?

"Always I will want to remember my happiness with him, even if it hurts; but I can't remember if I stay here and—"

"You can't go back home. There's nothing else to do," said another voice from within.

The door opened and Jim walked in, a

smile of triumph on his lips. I guess he was sure he had won. I got up from the bed and stared at him, my heart about to burst with uncertainty.

"I came to get your answer, Nan," he said.

My eyes dropped before his leering smile. As if by magnetism, they fell upon the yellow ring that was still gleaming on my left hand. Something like a great force surged through me at the sight of the gold ring.

"I—can't do as you want me to: I'm going back home," I heard myself saying as everything began to swim before my eyes.

"You poor little fool," he said, and left me swaying there in the dark room.

All the way back to I—on the train. Bob Bradd sat beside me like a vision. Time and time again I started to speak to him; I reached out my hand to touch him only to realize the bitter truth. He had brought me away from the Big Bend in reality. But I was taking him back only in my achine heart, and in the little cheap suitcase that held all the things he had bought for me. "Perhaps," I had told myself upon packing them away, "I'll never be able to wear them again; anyhow, I'll keep them. They're the closest I'll ever get to the happiness they once gave me."

I spent that night in I—. Fortunately, I took the Hildegarde next afternoon when she started upriver on her weekly run. For a long time I sat on the deck with my eyes shut. It hurt too much to see the sights that made me remember the thrill of my downriver trip.

"I've just got to go back and play a game of pretense. I've got to make Dad and Seth think I found everything just like I dreamed I would! Seth! Seth!" I thought, almost calling his name aloud. "Oh! Now I know how it must have hurt you when I went away and left you. I know what misery it is to want someone and not have him!"

When the sun went down, turning the water to blood-red color, I shut my eyes again, for it made me go back to that first day in the woods with Bob Bradd: that first and only day when we had watched the shadows deepen in the pines and he had promised to take me beyond the Big Bend. At first I was glad when the darkness shut out the woods and river. But, when the Hildegarde's whistle commenced to sound through the night for the tiny settlements along the Saint Marys, I had to put my fingers in my ears to keep from suffering more than I could bear.

That whistle! Truly it was a sword in my heart.

**W**ITH the spreading of the first grey light of morning, the steamer blew for Wildcat Landing. My limbs trembled at sight of the little dock, half-shrouded in the lingering night shadows; at sight of the woods brooding westward into the forbidden Big Bend country. The last and hardest trail was ahead of me—the three mile hike through our pines.

Would my legs last that long? I looked down at the silk stockings that I had taken in exchange for cotton ones. Just then I caught sight of a tall, wide-shouldered man in the blue shirt and overalls of a Florida cracker. The man was no other than Seth Spurlock, waiting on the dock.

"Nan—Nan," he shouted, upon seeing me. His voice was gladness itself. His face was a picture of happiness. And then it was I knew that my pathetic little game of pretense must commence.



"How did you know I was coming back today, Seth?" I asked.

"I—I didn't know for sure, Nan. I only knowed you had to come back someday. I—I've met every boat since you went away, gal," he said, his young lips quivering above me.

"You've met every steamer, Seth?" I repeated, forgetful of the folks standing around watching us.

"Every one, Nan." He answered as if that alone told the story of his life since I had gone away. And to me it did: it told the story of a big, true love that had not faltered—a love that I had left behind me only to find it stronger and sweeter than ever in his boy-man's heart.

"Let's go back home," I suggested.

"Nan, I got to tell you this afore we start. When you went away I figgered you was the prettiest thing in all the world. You—you're prettier than that now, in them fine silks. You—you must've had a wonderful time down there. It's a wonder you ever came back to the Big Bend and—me," he finished.

My eyes fell to the ground at these words. I could not let him see the look of pain he had brought to their depths.

"Yes, Seth, it was beautiful down there," was all I dared answer. We walked away, Seth holding my arm with one hand and carrying the cheap little suitcase with the other.

We walked along in a strange silence after this, while the sun came up in the east like a ball of yellow fire and lighted the piney tangles of the Big Bend. But to me, walking back home with Seth Spurlock, there wasn't any sunlight in the woods. Shadows that Seth couldn't see hung over everything, coming between us like a streak of night. Out of the corner of my eyes I studied Seth to see if he realized something had come between us since my going away; something that terrified me when I saw the happy light in the young giant's eyes.

Seth didn't, of course, realize that the shadow walked with us. If he had, the boy wouldn't have had such a glad light in his blue eyes. His silence wasn't to be blamed on such a suspicion. Seth just stood a little in awe of me now, because I had been out in the world; because I had come back in pretty clothes. That was why he kept still.

"Seth wouldn't dream in a thousand years of what I've gone through just to be wearing these things. He wouldn't believe me if I told him," I thought. I wished that he would speak, because the silence was eating into my heart.

"What did Pa and the folks say when they found out I had run away, Seth?" I asked a little while later when the Big Bend cabins came into view.

"Everybody was all het up, Nan. It'll take a long time to tell you everything. You've got to have something to eat, first. But I'll say one thing now. You needn't ever fear Trigger'll dare touch you again. He knows I'd have choked him dead that night if you hadn't stopped me. He knows I'll do it next time. So there ain't going to be no next time. I'm—I'm boss of the Big Bend now, Nan," he ended, his voice betraying the boyish pride he felt in telling me such a thing.

I LOOKED at him and remembered how he had fought the big bully for me, and again that tenderness which the sight of Seth often aroused swept over me like a hot wind. I reached out and touched his arm, while a feeling of guilt and shame went through me.

"I told you once that you would be the strongest man up here, Seth."

Just then we reached the clearing. "I'm scared of what Pa's going to say and do, Seth." Now our cabin was in sight.

The boy gave me a swift look. His eyes seemed to have suddenly caught some shadows. His hands began to tremble. Then it was that in glancing away from him in troubled wonderment I saw that the windows and doors of our cabin were all shut tight: there was no breakfast smoke curling up out of the rough chimney. The impulse to rush to the cabin and call for Daddy suddenly died down. Seized by a fit of trembling, I turned to Seth, feeling that he was going to tell me something that would thrust another knife into my heart.

"Seth, why's the cabin all shut up? Why isn't Daddy around? Tell me, Seth—the truth?"

But Seth, his lips working tortuously, said nothing in answer. He just stood there—his eyes running away from mine, his feet shifting on the ground.

"Seth—Seth, what's happened. I know something's happened. For God's sake, Seth, tell me."

A SOUND came from him. I leaned forward to hear what he was going to say, the same kind of weakness sweeping over me as I had experienced when the landlady gave me Bob's letter.

"Your pa—oh, Nan, he's—he's dead, gal!" he blurted.

I reached out and caught myself against Seth, sobbing into his encircling arms. My father dead! Somehow I knew that I had killed him by my going away; killed my father as Bob Bradd had killed my dreams and happiness.

"He was taken sudden-like four days after you went away, Nan. He wouldn't eat, or talk to folks. He just kept walking down into the woods by himself. He got thinner than a saplin'. Then one night me and Ma went over to him, and he was lying here on the front porch. Said for us not to bother about him; said his heart'd always been weak, and—well, Nan, I guess your poor Pa didn't see no use staying with you gone away. He died while I was fetching him some water."

"Oh, Seth, I've killed my own father," I sobbed, knowing now that guilt was upon my soul in another way.

"He never said a mean thing 'bout you afore he went, Nan. He just called your name to himself lots, and kept looking off to space with something in his eyes that made me think he saw you. You can't figger that you killed him, Nan. He—he was getting long in years. He wasn't rugged, neither. He—"

"Where did they put him, Seth?" I asked.

"Over yonder in the pines. Me and Ma and Henry Williams put him away," he answered.

"Take me there, Seth: I want to go see where Pa's laid."

"You'd better come to the cabin and let Ma give you some victuals first, Nan. You're tired and worn out, gal." But there was no stopping me. I had to see where my father was lying. I had to see his grave. It was the nearest thing to him that I would ever get, now.

Just beyond the first fringe of young trees, I saw the sad mound. For a long time I looked at it, my eyes dry and my tongue chained. Then I broke away from Seth and threw myself on the grave, begging Daddy to forgive me; begging him to listen; begging him to come back to me.

"You were always kind and good to me, Daddy. God's punishing me for my awful sins by keeping you down there in the earth. Oh, God! please send him back to me," I sobbed.

"You ain't got no awful sins, Nan. You're—you're just like an angel. It was just time for your poor Pa to go." Seth lifted me up and led me away, little dreaming of the sins that I knew were written against me in the name of love.



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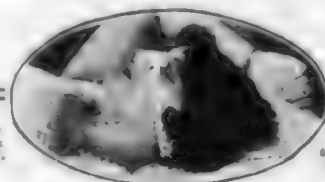
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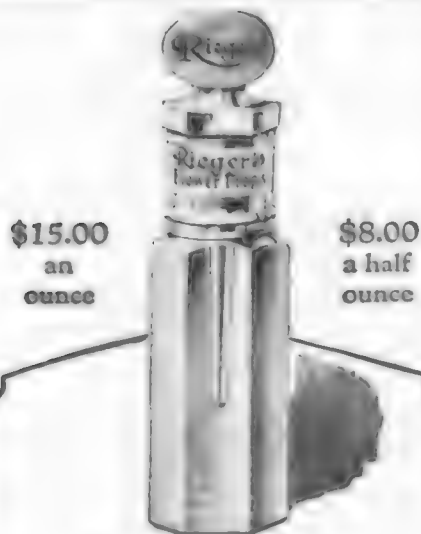
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All during breakfast while Ma Spurlock watched my silk clothes, my heart grew heavier under the new burden of hurt that Life had heaped upon me. Seth sat there, too, watching me out of the corner of his eyes, the desire to be tender and sweet to me written in everything he said and did.

"You'll stay with us here in the cabin now, won't you, Nan?" he asked when we were through. It was plain to see that Seth figured my coming home meant such a thing.

"Maybe I will later. But till I get myself together, Seth, I think I'd better open the cabin and stay there."

His voice was like a wounded sound when he answered me. His eyes filled with a hurt look that I shall never forget. I guess all his hopes and dreams had tumbled down again. Oh, if I could only make him happy! But there was the shadow lying between me and such a thing—the shadow that Seth could neither see nor feel.

Every night Seth came to sit on my porch in the full of the early summer's moon. We never said much, because Seth and I couldn't talk about the real things that were in our hearts. I couldn't tell him how in the long hours I wandered through the woods with my heart breaking for Bob; how I went to Daddy's grave with wild flowers and a prayer for forgiveness every day. I couldn't tell him that when he went away at night I took out my city clothes that I no longer dared to wear.

"Nan—I've been figgering day in and out since you came back, trying to know what's the matter. I guess you ain't caring for me no more. I guess going away and seeing other folks and things made you know how no 'count I am. When I saw you on the Hildegard that morning last week, I felt like you'd come back to me. But you was only coming back to home and your Pa. You wasn't coming back to me, Nan—"

"Oh, Seth, you mustn't say such a thing. I—I just can't explain why I'm—I'm like I am these last few days—"

"I know, gal. I understand," he replied, twisting his big hands. "Everything was so pretty down there," pointing down the silver river, "till y' can't get used to the Big Bend again. You can't get used to me; to the idea of living here. You ain't satisfied. Going to the city like you did made you tired of all this," he said, looking up at the red ribbon in my hair. "Gosh, Nan! that's a pretty colored string in your hair. I guess everything outside the Big Bend's pretty like that string. I—I don't blame you much, Nan; I'm just sorry, that's all."

I did not answer Seth. I was afraid to trust my voice. He got up, towering in the moonlight like a bowed young tree. Seth said he was going home to bed because he had to be up at daybreak and start running sap in the piney woods. When he left I got up and ran into the house, no longer able to hold my tears back.

**T**HAT night I told myself I couldn't go on torturing Seth. It was wrong for me to keep that hurt look in his eyes. He loved me more than ever. I had given him the right to love me once. I couldn't tell him that I had forfeited the right to his love. Such a thing would have killed him. I thought. But I could go to him and give him his happiness without telling him the truth in my heart.

"You'll never come back, Bob; you've gone away forever. I can never love Seth like I loved you. I gave you that love that I haven't got to give again. But Seth's got a right to his happiness." I cried into the little black bit of lace and silk that I had worn the night when love

came to me in all fullness.

Next morning the Hildegard's whistle waked me from a dream of Bob Bradd's arms. I reached out into the gray dimness, my arms aching with yearning as the echoes drifted through the woods. All my life it would be the same. I would hear the Hildegard and remember everything—the bitter and the sweet.

Standing in the cabin door a little later I saw Seth leave home, his axe and shotgun over his shoulder. He waved, and I waved back.

The sun climbed up and the day wore on; supper time passed; darkness brought Ma Spurlock to the door. There was a look of dumb agony on her old face. Her brown hands, worn and wrinkled with care, twisted just as her son's did when he was being tortured by his feelings for me.

"What's the matter, Ma?"

"Hit's Seth. He ain't come home, gal. I—I got a feeling he ain't comin', Nan. Hit's right here," she said, tapping her breast. "Hit's like something I can't drive away. My boy's out in the woods or—"

**O**h, MA, surely Seth'll be home directly. He's been deep in the woods. There's nothing bad happened to him," I said.

But Ma Spurlock was sure of her fear. So was I; I had that strange feeling that makes a woman know when something is wrong. I went back to the cabin with her and we waited until all the candles in the other cabins had been put out and the Big Bend was sleeping. There was no sign of Seth.

"I'm going into the woods and whoop for Seth," I said at last.

Deep down in the pines where the moonlight couldn't find its way I put trembling hands to my lips and set the whooping call of the Big Bend ringing through the night: "W-h-o-pee . . . W-h-a-r-pee . . .!" I whooped, calling Seth's name each time.

But only the mockery of my own voice answered me.

It was red dawn when poor Ma Spurlock fell asleep in her big chair. I made her as comfortable as I could. Then I crumpled across the bed and everything went dark . . .

I brought my things to Ma's late that afternoon. She said she was scared to stay alone. She kept seeing Seth walk around the cabin, or his face at the windows; she knew he was dead somewhere in the woods. Big Bend men looked for him all the next few days. But there wasn't any trace of him. Still, I couldn't believe Seth Spurlock was dead.

"Nan—Nan," shrilled Ma Spurlock. "Look! Listen!"

I waked up with a start to hear the Hildegard blowing as if she might be right in the room with us. Excitement pounding in my heart, I jumped up from the bed and ran to the door.

"Ma—Ma!" I cried, "the Hildegard's come right up into the Big Bend! Look! she's right at the bluff!"

Seth's mother acted like she was seeing a ghost when she caught sight of the steamboat. It was the first time in six years that the boat had dared come up above Wilkeat Landing. Ma was shaking like an old withered leaf when she said: "Hit's the sheriffs, Nan. They've come to the Big Bend again! Maybe they're going to put us all in the calaboose—"

"Ma, there's Seth on the boat. Look, Ma!" I screamed.

The old woman looked only once. Her face suddenly lost its hard and heavy years. The pain went out of her eyes. She threw her arms around me.

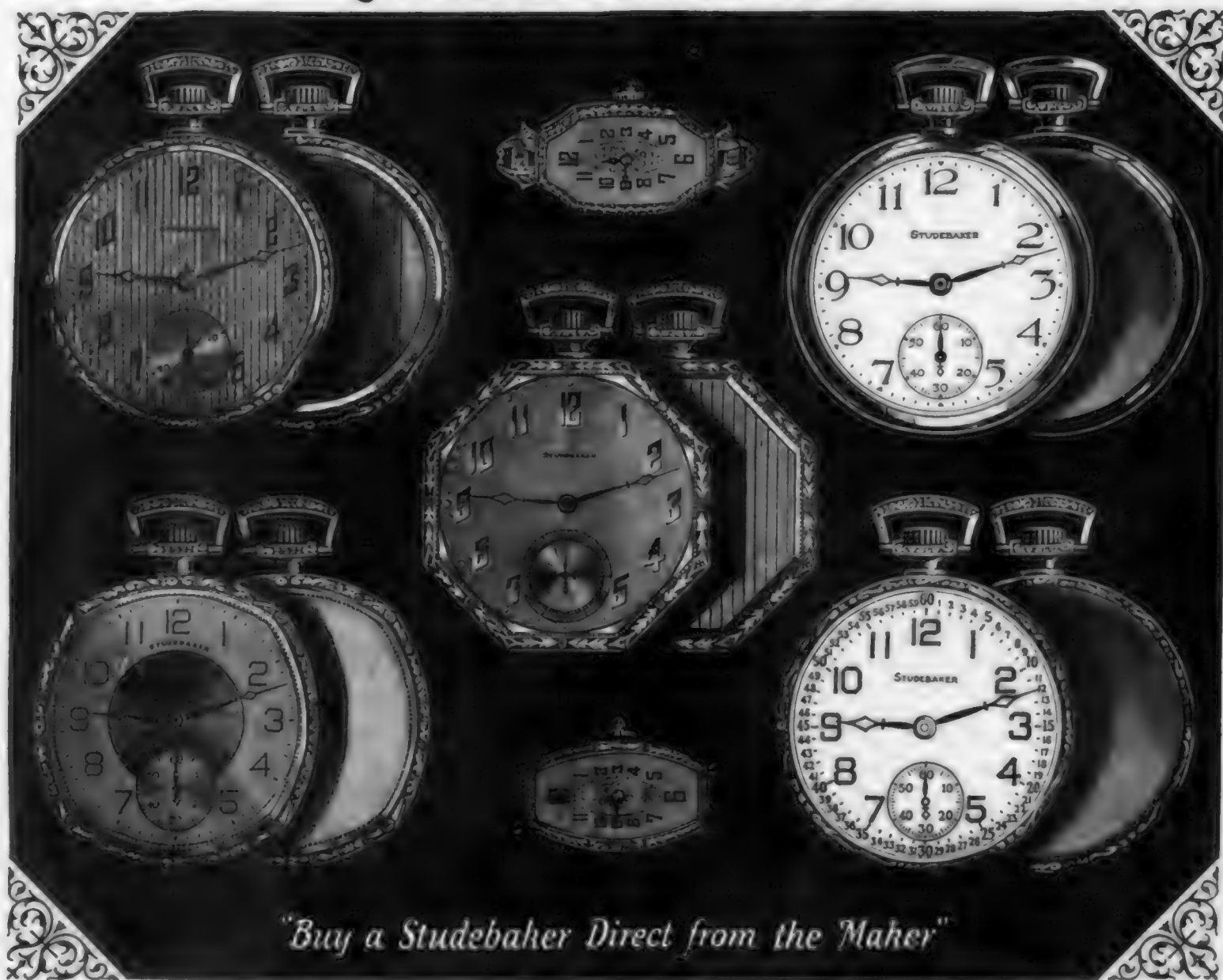
"My boy, Seth. He's come home to the Big Bend. He's come back from the dead," she cried.

We pulled on our gingham dresses and



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rushed through the clearing where Big Bend folks were standing around looking and pointing at the Hildegard, their hands itching to pull shotgun triggers. But Seth was standing on the boat with his own gun and nobody dared do a thing.

"Nan! Ma!" he yelled, seeing us, "I've brung the city to the Big Bend! Look," and he pointed behind him to a lot of boxes and packages.

I understood in a flash. Seth, figuring that I was unhappy and dissatisfied with the Big Bend, had gone to the city and brought back the things he thought would make me happy. Ah! If he only knew!

Such things as Seth brought back! He was holding a big spool of bright red ribbon when he came ashore. "You'll always have aplenty of red string for that pretty hair of yours now, gal. You won't have to go out the Big Bend for it."

THERE was a big ten-pound bucket of gum drops and another one of chocolate; there was a phonograph that Seth started up the minute he got it on the bluff; there was a brass bed, and any number of pictures all full of red, blue, green, and other pretty colors; there were pink window curtains, red figured matting for the floor, clothes for me, lamps, and some new bone-handled knives and forks!

"I got a silk dress and slick stockings for Ma, too," he declared, giving his mother a package that she dropped to the ground in excitement.

He played the phonograph all day long while the whole Big Bend stood outside the cabin and listened. Trigger Finger Simmons was in the crowd, too. Lots of the men began jiggling to the music after they'd swallowed some of the Big Bend shine.

"When you and Nan goin' to hitch up, Seth?" called Amber Jones, winking slyly at the crowd.

Instead of answering Amber back, Seth turned to me as if asking me to tell Amber and the others what he himself didn't know. A wistful little smile played on his lips as he looked up to me in that moment. It was my time to give Seth Spurlock his happiness. I reached out my hands to him.

"Tell them we'll declare for each other in—in three days, Seth," I told him, drowning out the voices that were clamoring down in my torn soul.

A whoop burst from Seth and the whole clearing rang with the backwoods cry of Amber and the others.

\* \* \* \* \*

The day before Seth and I were going to declare, a numb sort of pain gnawed at my heart—at least I thought it was in my heart. But it got sharper and began to spread through my sides. It even went to my head, making my temples throb. A feeling of weakness swept over me. Then everything became dark.

All that forenoon after I came to, the pain came and went. I'd never had anything like it before. I explained the way I felt to Ma Spurlock. She looked at me for a long time before she said anything.

"You and Seth ain't been keeping nothin' from us, have you, Nan?" she asked at last.

Her question baffled me. What did she mean?

"I mean you all ain't declared to each other afore now? You ain't been—?"

"Oh!" I cried, my knees giving way as a terrible knowledge flashed through my heart, a knowledge that was sharper than the pain in my breast. Ma caught me as I swayed toward the floor, crushed down by the knowledge that I was going to have a baby and that Seth was not to have his happiness, for now I could never go to him with Bob Bradd's child coming to me. The wish to die was born inside of me then

and there. I did not want to live through the agony of seeing Seth Spurlock's face when he learned the truth.

"Don't say a word to Seth, Ma," I begged; "I'll surprise him later," she not dreaming of course that the surprise would be a broken heart over my death. I had decided not to live.

Night came and the wish to die gathered courage.

But how was death coming to me in the Big Bend? I hated the sight of shotguns. I didn't have the nerve for that. There was the river! Could I throw myself in?

I stole out of the cabin and into the warm night, my feet hurrying me towards the river. Half-way across the clearing I stopped stock still in my tracks, arrested by a cry sounding through the brooding pines.

I leaned forward, tensed by the spell cast by that cry which was followed by another, and another. It was the cry of a wildcat, filling the pine woods with sounds of sadness—the lonely wail of a wild, dumb beast for one of her kind. It was the cry of my own heart for Bob Bradd!

Time and time again I had listened to the cries of wildcats wandering deep in the woods. Always they had made me feel sad, even as I had shivered with human fear of the green-eyed beasts.

But now, strangely enough, the cries of this cat brought gladness to me; brought no sensation of fear. Instead, there was the belief that she had been sent to me in the name of the death I craved.

Answering each one of her cries, I worked deeper into the black fringe of woods. It was a backwoods' trick to trap a cat. Death from sharp teeth and merciless claws would be sweet compared to life and breaking Seth's heart with the truth!

Now I could hear her padded feet as she thrashed through the underbrush. Soon I would see the gleam of her green eyes. Soon I would hear the snarl of her voice, enraged to find herself fooled.

I threw myself in a huddled heap upon the ground, sending a last cat-like plea sobbing through the night. The stealthy tread of animal feet seemed to be suddenly padding in my very ears. My muscles tautened as I braced myself against a pine stump, scenting the nearness of the wild thing.

Bushes parted a few yards in front of me, and green eyes flashed. There was a snarl, a swift intake of savage breath, then a chilling, moany sound. The cat, seeing and sensing me, humped her back for a few seconds. Without further warning her green eyes moved backwards. It was the way of the wildcat. She was rearing back on her haunches, getting ready to spring!

Bang!

A shotgun pumped the night full of spraying buckshot. There was a blood-curdling cry of rage and pain, and the thud of a furred body against the earth. I dared to take my hands away from my face and eyes. The wildcat lay writhing and kicking on the ground a few feet from me, life swiftly oozing out of her from a great red gapping hole in her neck.

NAN! My Gawd, gal; the varmint almost got you! I heard you calling her from the cabin. I knowed it was you, but, Nan, tell me why—why'd you call her, Nan?" he begged, holding me in his arms.

With Seth Spurlock bending over me like one of our Big Bend pines, the truth of everything burst through my lips. Stumbling over words, and sobbing over parts of my story I told him all there was to tell. When I finished I waited for him to curse me, or even strike me. I wanted him to hit me; I wanted to see anger in his eyes, not that hurt look which would

haunt me in eternity. Why didn't he speak? But there wasn't any curse. There wasn't any anger in his eyes. My heart leaped towards my throat when a glad happy light flamed up in his eyes.

"You going to have a—baby—Nan," he was saying. "You loved another fellow while you was down there! Nan, all this ain't nothing to stop me from loving and wanting you. You come back to the Big Bend, didn't you? You—Nan, I'm just all breaking up inside for you. I want you, gal. Won't you stand up tomorrow like we planned? Won't you be my little gal, Nan?" he begged, the brave line love of his heart and soul burning its way into his voice and eyes like something holy and beautiful.

"You're sure you still want me, Seth?"  
"More than anything, Nan."

THE END.

## Getting Closer

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*Your letters asked for adventure stories now and then—so we got them for you and hope you liked them.*

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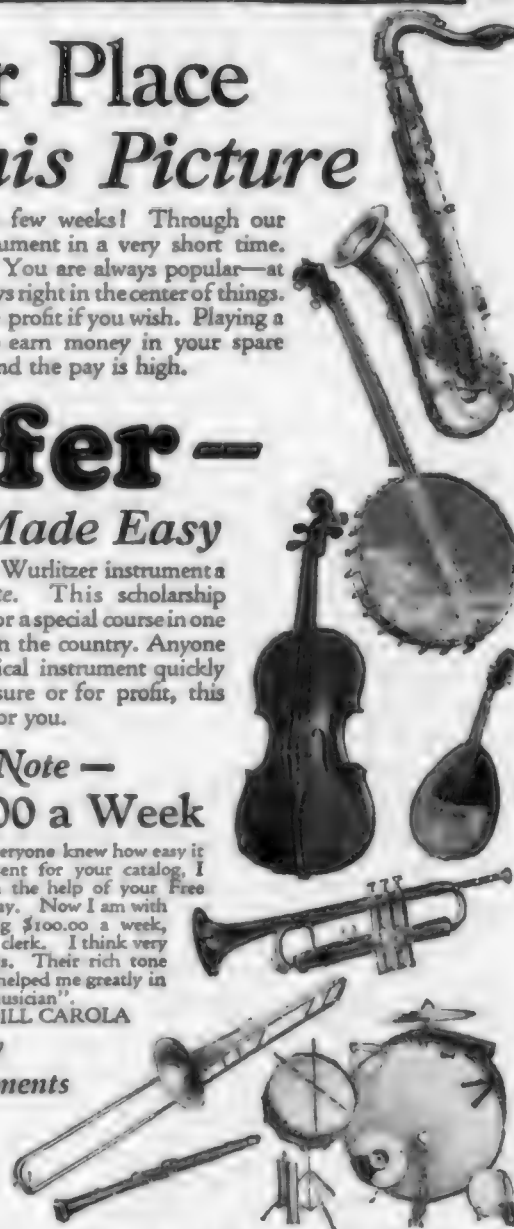
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## Losing 39 lbs. In 6 Weeks Was Easy

Had Mrs. Betty Clarkson been told that in less than 6 weeks she could lose 39 lbs., she would have smiled incredulously, and then pointed to her 162 pounds as a pretty good reason for her doubt. She had tried about everything. To stand just 5 ft. 2 in. and weigh 162 lbs. made Mrs. Clarkson, as she puts it, "the despair of friends and dressmakers." Her story is interesting, for there are thousands today who have the same problem she has so happily solved, and who now have the same opportunity for free proof.

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## A Model of Virtue

(Continued from page 51)

answered, "Fritz Carlson, of course!" Reputation was right—but what a rep! It probably had given him a big kick to insert that phrase.

Noel Arnold must have told him that I had left his studio, and, finding that I had moved, Fritz got on my trail through the want-ads.

I answered the ad as soon as I reached my "walk-a-flight-and-save-ten-dollars" room. I was perfectly aware of what modeling for Fritz meant, but that one line, "Must be willing to leave city," was what got me. If I stayed in New York, sooner or later I would see Noel again, and I couldn't bear the thought of that. Fritz had a summer studio up in Maine, and that was where he would go. I would have been willing to go to Timbuctoo if I could get away from memories of Noel.

The next day brought a request for me to appear at the Paramount Placement Service for an interview at 10 A.M. the day following.

THE name told me it was an exclusive employment bureau. I was sure now that it was Fritz. If he didn't find me among the applicants, there would be other possibilities waiting in line for him.

One more day of freedom!

Then it was Fritz, and what he had to offer. Well, I wore no man's collar—yet. If I didn't like it, I'd walk out on him.

I started out to celebrate my last day by going to a movie, and at Broadway and Forty-second I met Maizie.

"Did you hear about Noel?" was the first thing she asked. My heart turned over in my breast.

"What is it?" I asked.

"None of the bunch can figure it out," Maizie went on. "He's dropped out of sight, and no one has seen him for weeks!"

"Maizie, that sort of life he's been living must have got him. The pace is too hard. Aren't you tired of it all?" On the eve of my surrender I was preaching morals!

Maizie's eyes lost the look that had been in them ever since she left Rasmussen's candy counter. Now they were tired eyes, and a bit frightened.

"I wish to goodness we were both back in the shop," she whispered fiercely, "where we started from!" Then her lips tightened, and the old, hard glance came back.

"But it's all in a lifetime, Corrine. Come up and see me, dearie. I'm moving into the Malteze next week. So long!"

I thought she was gone, but the next moment she was back at my side, tears in her eyes. "Oh, it's got me going, too, Corrine," she said. "I'm sick of it. Maybe you'll never see me again, kid. But listen and take it from me: if you ever get a chance to tie someone down with the 'I will and I do' stunt, take it—if it's only a truck driver!"

Then she was gone, lost in the confetti of humanity that blew aimlessly up and down Broadway; a bit of colored hat and gay coat, drifting with the wind.

The Paramount Placement Service was a deep-carpeted, tapestry-upholstered affair on the third floor. When I gave the clerk the slip of paper that had been addressed to me, she was all smiles.

"Right this way, please," she said. I followed her into a long room, where she invited me to be seated. She went out, shutting the door after her.

A door at the end of that interminable room opened, and Noel, tall, dark, and sad of face, came toward me. I stood rooted to the spot. Would he never reach me—would my knees give way before he came and touched my hand? Dumb-bell! I wasn't going to faint again, and let him laugh at me!

The thought made me brace up, and gave me back my voice.

"Why, how do you do, Noel?" I called.

"Corrine!" his voice was husky.

"Corrine, I'm not fit to look at you, after what—I thought you—" he floundered hopelessly. Noel, cynical, indifferent Noel Arnold! I couldn't believe my eyes.

I gave him no encouragement to go on. Presently he spoke again, humbly.

"I thought you were like all the rest, until the night of my party, Corrine," he whispered. "Maizie told me then—when it was too late. She said you were just a green kid, not used to that sort of thing, and she felt sorry for you. You, Corrine, only girl in the world I could care for! I wanted to die, then, for being such a blind idiot."

He faltered again, his head bowed before me. I put out my hand to stroke his dark hair—and caught myself in time.

"I tried desperately to find you," he said, raising his eyes. "Then I thought of finding you through the papers. I knew you wouldn't answer if you thought it was I."

I spoke then, for the first time.

"The only reason I answered it was because it offered me a chance to leave the city you were in, Noel. I wanted to get away and clean the soot out of my lungs and out of my brain."

I turned away, afraid that Noel would reach out his hands and I would fall into them—into something I could never climb out of. If he had taken me in his arms then, I know I would have given in to him, in spite of Maizie's last words of warning; in spite of her cry from the depths that only marriage can bring happiness. But artists don't marry!

"Can't you love me again, Corrine?" Noel pleaded. "You did once, you know. I can't give you up now that I've found you again; I love you so."

BETTER to marry a truck-driver," I was inwardly saying over and over. I wanted to say, "I love you, too, Noel," but I kept silent.

Noel was reaching for his inside coat pocket with trembling fingers.

He brought out the sheet of newspaper carrying his want-ad.

"See," he said; "I want to show you—"

My eyes were on a long white paper that had fluttered to the floor when Noel brought out the newspaper. I picked it up.

"Why," I interrupted him, "it's a marriage license!"

"Of course," Noel almost shouted, pointing to the newspaper. "That's what I meant by 'long time contract and all expenses paid!'"

And for the second time I answered the ad Noel had put in the paper for a slender, blond model.

## As a Favor to Me

I wish you would tell me how you like our illustrations. Somehow, it will make me feel better if I have about a thousand different opinions on the subject. Where can they be improved?—The Editor.



[Continued from page 86]

Says I do not appreciate the fact of his being good-natured.

"You ought to be married to a grouch," he says. "You ought to be married to some old cross-path who would bite your head off every time he opened his mouth. You ought to marry a grizzly bear, and then you'd seel!" Well, a woman might at least have some respect for a grizzly bear who knew how to buckle down and take hold of important work and earn big money.

However, one certainly gets very, very tired of a self-appointed comedian, especially when she has seen him "do his stuff" so often. Bob himself thinks that the stage lost a great actor when he went into business.

There is, or rather there was, another phase of Bob's "playfulness" which at one time threatened to become serious. It was not the story of the moth and the flame—just the story of a couple of butterflies. But even that was just like Bob. And perhaps that fact also saved the situation.

With his flair for popularity Bob just naturally flattered the ladies, not only because they were women, but because he revelled in any company. Perhaps some of them took more seriously than they should the pretty things he said. At least I think one of them did. That was Belle Stacey. Her husband, George Stacey, otherwise considered a hard-boiled proposition, thought it smart the way she spent his money. It advertised him. Of course Bob once went to school with Belle. Then one morning—this was some time before we had a car of our own—Belle was driving to the city in one of her fancy new roadsters, for she was always having a new one, and passing Bob on the street she called out, "Hello," and then stopped, asking him if he didn't want a lift? Bob jumped at it, though he was not far from the station, and the train would have taken him to the city sooner. So they renewed their acquaintance. Of course, I have only a sketchy knowledge of the affair, but to make a long story short, she picked him up again two or three days later. Perhaps it was accidental, if one wants to be charitable, but I have my own ideas about that. Anyway, it happened quite a number of times.

SHE even undertook the job of teaching my husband to drive a car. What would you think of that? He was curious, and being naturally mechanical he got the idea quickly, as she explained the works to him. So he watched her handling of the car, and then one day she let him try it, on a stretch of good open road. Possibly there was room for two hands on the gear-shift lever, one guiding the other. Anyway, it must have been a lot of fun—for both. She playfully called him her "pupil," and he was flattered to death by it. It seems that they even drove home together in the evening, once or twice. Anyway, it went on long enough for him to learn to drive and until people began to talk about it, so that finally it came to my ears. Of course he had said nothing.

When I asked Bob about his reported joy-riding with Belle Stacey he never even blushed, but admitted in the most matter-of-fact manner that she had picked him up—why, she was an old school-mate. As if there was nothing to it! When I suggested that if they ever had a smash-up it would produce a very awkward situation for all concerned, as well as spicy stuff for the newspapers, and pointed out that it was not quite the proper way for a man to learn to drive a car, especially since people were talking about it, he simply said that it never occurred to him in that light, and, all right, if I felt that way about it, he would cut it out. But just the same he

# Twins Once, Now Only Sisters!

*The amazing story of the plain Crawford twins and how one of them made herself beautiful.*

"ALIKE as two peas,"

Everyone used to say of the Crawford girls who lived in one of the progressive little cities of Michigan's upper peninsula. "I'm never quite positive whether it's Marie or Meta I'm speaking to," their father would often say. "There's no telling them apart," declared the neighbors when the twins were of pinafore age. And when Meta passed triumphantly in Algebra—a study in which her high school chums freely predicted her failure—there were some who wondered if it really had been Meta who took that examination.

Both girls had friends aplenty. But credit for this must be given their dispositions—for they were far from beautiful. Indeed, they were frankly homely. Then—in an incredibly short time—came the greatest changes.

Meta remained the same likable, but severely plain girl. But Marie seemed suddenly to blossom forth. Her entire countenance and complexion took on new aspect. Soon people identified Marie as "the pretty Crawford twin." And so great was the transformation she fully merited the designation "pretty."

What caused these sisters to grow so far apart in personal appearance was not neglect on the part of one, nor even strenuous cultivation of an attractive face and figure by the other twin. In fact, both girls used to try anything and everything which either heard or read about. They accepted well-meant advice of friends. But their efforts had all been hit-or-miss. Both had become discouraged, vowing never to try again.

Then, something happened; Marie Crawford learned of a remarkable woman who had made a twenty-year study of beauty. This woman had gone to the very bottom of the skin structure; her way of clearing complexions and removing blemishes had already made her famous. She had studied facial contour and the tissues of face and neck; she was able to remove the ugly wrinkles, even of years' standing. One hair-health secret which she had uncovered, accomplished all that scalp specialists had been seeking to do for years.

"I wonder what this remarkable woman's methods could do for me?" thought Marie. She decided to write her, and



Meta and Marie Crawford When Their Resemblance to Each Other Made the Twins "Alike as Two Peas"

this simple act proved a turning point in her whole appearance. She was told things and given things to do that seemed almost to work magic.

What surprised her was the utter simplicity of it all, and the suddenness with which results were brought about.

The rapid improvements soon proved the new, scientific treatments to be right, and showed her why the old-fashioned things which she and her sister had been doing were wrong. Before long her facial blemishes were gone—all of them. Her skin and color were amazingly benefited. Pores of ugly size were almost invisible now—blackheads banished. Two particularly ugly lines from nose to mouth had left. The flesh at the point of her chin had been virtually remodelled. An unsightly hollow of the neck was rounded out. In time she had brought eyebrows and eyelashes to silken shapely beauty.



Marie. Today

and "extras." Back of her laughing denials of being "altogether too popular" was a deep joy, clouded only when she caught sight of sister Meta—alone!

Marie had not wilfully withheld from her sister the secret of her new beauty. But she remembered early experiences with beautifying methods, and feared ridicule should this latest effort fail. Now, there remained scarcely a facial resemblance between them. Meta and she could scarcely be taken for sisters now—never for twins.

These Methods will work the same wonders for you. The woman who has learned how to bring any type of human skin to practical perfection, rejuvenate the sagging tissues and so remarkably enhance one's looks in every way is Lucille Young, and her offices are in Chicago. Her book on beauty contains facts furnished by the problems of over 100,000 women. It tells you principles anyone can apply with the same swift results. It is called "Making Beauty Yours." If you want a copy FREE just fill out coupon.

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was glad to know how to drive, as it was his chief interest in the affair. Naturally I could not know how innocent he was, or how innocent he felt.

Some days later, when the tailor called for Bob's clothes for cleaning and pressing, and I ran through the pockets to make sure they were empty, I found a perfumed little note, from her—not incriminating, just something about "her pupil" doing so well that she might give him a job as her chauffeur, or some silly thing like that, and that she would be driving down on Friday morning.

**O**F COURSE, no one knows how far a thing like this might go, but for my part it had gone far enough. That night Bob went with a couple of his friends to a vaudeville show, to hear some famous jazz band, and he got home about twelve. He sat down on the bed to tell me all about it.

"I want to talk to you about something else, Bob," I said quietly. I knew he would watch me when I said that, and I went to the dresser and took his revolver out of the top drawer and laid it on the dresser, hiding it directly with my body, but knowing that he could get a flash of it in the mirror. Then I covered it up with a silk chemise, as if to hide it, and turned to face him, with the pink letter in my hand. Bob had turned pale, and was staring at the dresser.

"Now, Bob," I said, trying to be calm. "What's the matter, June?" he asked, but his voice was thin and weak and nervous. Almost scared to death, I thought.

"You know well enough what's the matter," I cried, which was not at all what I had intended to say. And though I had promised myself to be calm, my lips were twitching and I began to flutter, kind of hysterical. "You know well enough what's the matter!" I suppose it was really a good thing that I had previously taken the cartridges out of that gun.

"Just a moment, June," said Bob, very quiet, as he came over to me, snatched the chemise off the dresser and exposed the gun. "You needn't hide it, I saw it. What are you going to do with it?" But still he left it lying there. And I didn't quite know what to say.

"Don't be foolish, June."

"Foolish? How about you?"

"I know it, June. I've been foolish, but it didn't mean anything; though I admit I've made a fool of myself."

And so he pulled my teeth. What can

you do with a man who admits being in the wrong?

"How do I know that it doesn't mean anything?" I said. "People are talking. How do they know it doesn't mean anything? Does old 'Hard-boiled' Stacey know it doesn't mean anything?"

"I see the point, June, but it doesn't."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"After you forgive me, June, we'll figure that out."

"Oh, Bob," I cried, and then he had me in his arms, the two of us crying like a couple of babies, while he told me that it couldn't really mean anything, because he loved me.

The next morning, Friday, Belle Stacey was surprised to meet both Bob and myself, not where she usually picked him up, but as she drove through Depot Square, the heart of the village, where many people had the opportunity of seeing her pick up, in the most friendly manner, both her pupil and his wife. I thought that would discount any talk. Belle was surprised, but accepted the situation quickly.

"Bob has been telling me about his driving lessons," I said, without a least suggestion of jealousy, and as if we were completely in each other's confidence always. "We'll be getting a car one of these days—" and so on. And because I was nice to her, she quite warmed up to me. She does not know that I ever took the matter seriously, and perhaps she does not even think that she herself took it seriously. I think now that neither of them did; they were just amusing themselves. The "affair" just vanished into thin air. I think—I hope—Bob's cured of that kind of play.

But what am I going to do with my butterfly husband? That's quite a question. I suppose all I can do is to make the best of it. If a man cares enough for a butterfly woman to give her his name, he must protect and cherish her. And if I thought enough of a frivolous man to marry him, then I must take him for better or worse.

And yet, although this is the philosophy of the matter, when I come back to hard everyday life I have to face this eternal problem—he is only a butterfly. I wish that he were something more, something bigger and stronger. I wish I could make something better of him. Maybe I should be glad he is no worse. Maybe I ought to be satisfied with him. But I am not. Would you be satisfied? What would you do with a butterfly husband? I don't believe you could ever change him. For, as they said, "Bob is just Bob!"

# I Am a Cripple

*Here is a Problem Story which in itself alone justifies the magazine's existence. Read it carefully and tell me what to tell this man.—THE EDITOR.*

**F**OR the past two years I have worried over the One Big Problem of my life, until I am getting so I hardly think of anything else. I will tell it to you and see what you think of it, or what you would do it in the same boat.

I am crippled. For twenty-five years I have been handicapped through the loss of the power and use of my left limb. When only three years old I had the misfortune to fall, injuring my spine so badly that I shall be compelled to go through life on crutches. Doctors after doctors who have

examined me and studied my case have pronounced it as being hopeless, there being absolutely no chance of my ever being able to walk without the aid of crutches.

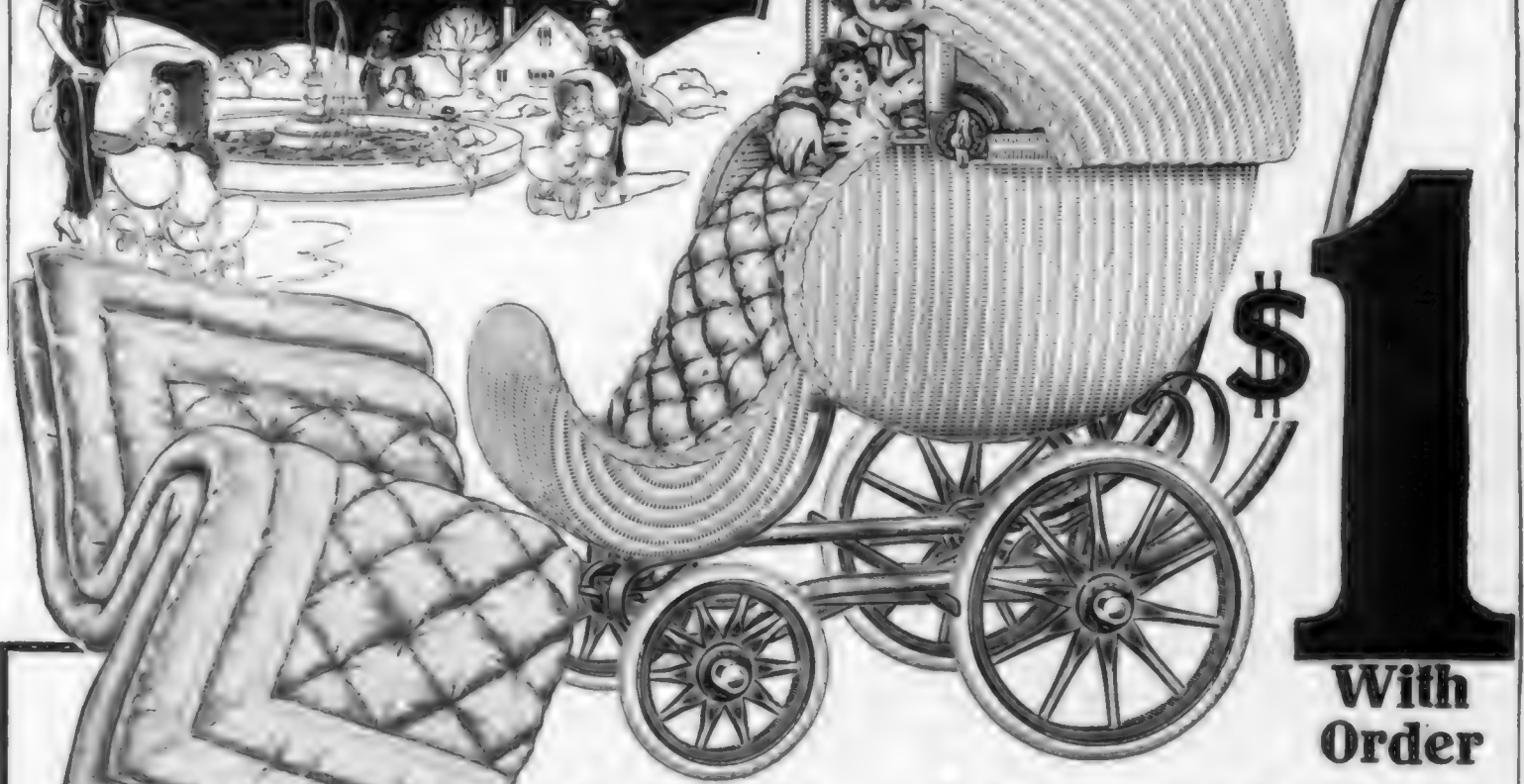
My parents, good, hard-working souls, did everything in their power to make up to me for my condition. They put me through high school, but were unable to go further and send me to a college, as their limited means would not allow it. Consequently, I had to make my own way, with hardly enough education for a person like me to combat the world.



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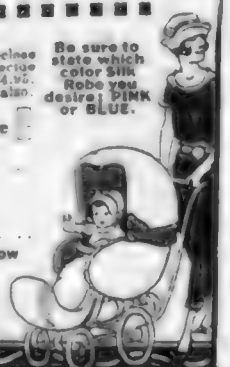
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But after finishing school, I set out to fight my way through life. As I was able to get around on my crutches, nearly as well as other people, I secured a position in a movie theatre as an assistant operator. Eventually I worked myself to operator, and at last house-manager.

After becoming manager, I foolishly decided I was fixed for life, and started in to have a good time. Previous to this time I had been pretty steady, attending strictly to business and putting in all my spare time in studying the show game.

But now that I had reached my goal, as I thought, I made up my mind that I was going to enjoy life and forget my physical condition, and have just as much fun as other young men had. Having a good time or fun, as I thought, was all I could think about.

**B**ECAUSE I was the only child, my dear mother, yes, and Dad too, had always tried to satisfy my every whim. Whatever I wanted and wherever I wanted to go, they always raised the money so I might not be disappointed.

And so, instead of paying them back, or saving my money for a rainy day, I spent every cent I could lay my hands on, in having what I imagined was a swell time.

I bought myself a car, which I was able to run, after I had a mechanic do a little alteration to the clutch and brake, and started out.

As I made good money, was a good spender, and the owner of a car, I had no trouble in finding lots of boys and girls who were anxious to help me keep up the joyful pace.

I went the limit. The only evil habit I was not guilty of, was drinking. Somehow or other, I always had an aversion to drink. It may have been because my father had been a heavy drinker when I was small, and my mother had impressed so strongly on my mind the evils incurred from the use of whiskey, that I was afraid of it.

But aside from that, I did everything women, stayed out all night on wild parties, and saw life in all its phases.

I intended to forget my physical condition and what a handicap I was under. This I succeeded in doing. I never had a thought of the future or what I should be doing to fortify myself for the struggle I would have to undergo when I grew older.

But at last, and I am afraid too late, I realized what a fool I was. And it took the sweetest girl in the world to make me come to my senses.

One night after the last performance was over, I came out of my office and into the lobby just as the people were leaving the theatre. Having a supper engagement, I was in a rush, and hurrying towards the doors, I accidentally put one of my crutches on someone's foot.

Looking up with an apology on my lips, I gazed into the deepest pair of brown eyes, and the prettiest pink and white face I ever saw. The cherry red lips were puckered up with pain and vexation.

I was struck dumb. For what seemed to me hours, but was really only a couple of seconds, all I could do was stand and stare.

I was brought back to earth by a slap on the back, and looked around to see my friend, Bert, grinning at me.

"Come out of it," he laughed. "Just because you try to walk over my sister and me in your hurry is no reason you should go off in a trance."

He then presented Mabel, who had been away to school and was home for her holidays.

By this time I had regained control of my mind and tongue and was able to apologize for my carelessness.

As my car was standing out front, I offered to give them a lift, which they accepted. I took them home and, after saying good-night, drove away, deciding that I had met the one and only girl.

I had been out with all kinds of girls, good girls, bad girls, and indifferent girls, but had never met any that stirred me as Mabel had at my first glimpse of her.

I had made love to girls and had them make love to me, but never before had I ever thought of wanting one of them as a wife. I was hit and hit hard. I did not enjoy a minute of the big dinner I attended, and I had looked forward to it for a week.

Every time I looked at any of the girls present, I saw Mabel's smiling, dimpled face. I was kidded several times by members of the party over my abstracted manner. At last I told them I was not feeling well and, excusing myself, went home.

My dreams that night were the rosiest and sweetest I had had for many a day. They were filled up with Mabel and me as sweethearts.

The next day I made up my mind to cultivate Bert's friendship. I had known him for three or four years, not as a friend but merely as a speaking acquaintance. But because of Mabel's going to school away from home I did not know he had a sister.

As he worked in one of our local banks, I knew he had Saturday afternoons free. These he usually spent playing tennis. And so, after the Saturday matinee, I made it my business to drive past the courts, about the time the games would be breaking up.

Stopping my car, I asked him if he were going home. His answer was in the affirmative, so I invited him to get in.

On the way home we talked on different subjects. I kept looking for an opportunity to start a conversation regarding his sister.

But the Goddess of Luck was still smiling on me. When he was getting out of the car at his door, he thanked me for the ride and said I was a lucky devil to be able to afford a car of my own. He said he wished he could afford one so he could take his sister and sweetheart out.

That was the cue I was looking for, and so I suggested a ride next day, Sunday, to a beach about fifty miles away. I proposed taking his sister and sweetheart along. He seemed pleased at the idea and said he would ask the girls and phone me that night.

This he did, saying the girls were delighted at the prospect, and we decided to leave early the next morning and make a day of it.

I will never forget that Sunday as long as I live. It was the turning point in my life.

**W**E STARTED early and, as we had the day before us, drove slowly, thoroughly enjoying the ride.

Mabel, who was sitting in front with me, kept up a rapid fire of banter, between Bert and Hazel in the back seat and myself, for the first few miles. But she finally confined her conversation to me, leaving the others to themselves.

We at first talked at random on different subjects, but at last drifted into a personal channel, and we talked about ourselves—our likes and dislikes, hopes and plans.

But the sweetest thing I heard her say all day was that there was no fellow that she really cared for. She did not tell me in those few words, but one thing after another gave me to understand there was no other man in the case. Believe me, my spirits soared at the news.

We spent an enjoyable day and started home late in the evening. After dropping Bert and Hazel at her home, I drove on to Mabel's house, two blocks away, and we sat in the car and talked.

I suggested to her, when she started in the house, that she let me help make her holidays pleasant by taking her out riding. This she said would be a pleasure, and thanked me for what she said had been the most pleasant day she had ever spent. Thus, my first real love affair began.

After going out with her three or four times, I began to realize that I was crazy about her. Yes, stark, raving mad over her! I thought of her morning, noon, and night. And her actions, when with me, and how pleased her voice sounded when I would call her on the phone, made me think that she liked me considerably. It made no difference what previous engagements she might have, she was always ready and willing to break them in order to go out with me when I asked her.

Realizing how deeply I loved her and what she was beginning to mean to me, I paused and took stock of myself.

Here I was, twenty-eight years old, crippled and walking on crutches, with nothing but a fairly good position and a car to offer her. No money in the bank, nothing to show for my work but my car. Not a very brilliant prospect for any girl.

Then, besides, was I fit, morally, to make love to a pure, innocent girl like her—a man who had gone the pace that I had, lived the life I had lived? Even if I were not crippled, would it be right for me to offer myself as her companion for life?

Oh, but how I suffered! How I repented my wrongdoings! How I wished I were like other men, who were under no handicap and could work and fight for their mate.

Was this the way in which I was going to pay for my sins?

Nobody knows what suffering I went through. When I was with her, it was worse than torture to sit by her and smile and talk of everyday happenings. It was all I could do to restrain myself from taking her in my arms and pouring out my soul to her.

I gave up my old companions. I had gradually drifted away from them after last meeting her.

THE time I did not spend with her I devoted to my work, or stayed home to read or to take my mother and father out riding. My darling mother was as happy as she could be over the change in me. I started in to save, and became virtually a miser.

But I could never make up my mind to speak to Mabel. Time after time I decided it was best and right for me to give her up. But the thought alone was torture. I had never wanted for anything in the world like I longed to have her.

If I had an independent income that was life-long, it would not have seemed so bad; but I didn't.

I had come to the conclusion that if she really cared for me, she would forgive me for the wild life I had led—if she knew I really repented.

Night after night, I left her and drove home with tears in my eyes. Night after night, I knelt down on my knees and prayed for forgiveness and asked that I might see the right thing to do. If I should give her up, I begged to be given strength enough to endure the agony and pain. Death would have been a pleasant and welcome relief from my suffering.

And thus matters have gone on for two years. Mabel is now teaching school, in a small country place near home, and I am still torturing myself to death, longing for her.

She knows, and has known right along, that I love her, but that there is something keeping me silent. She seems to be satisfied just to have me, knowing I love her, and wait until I see my way

[Turn to page 125]



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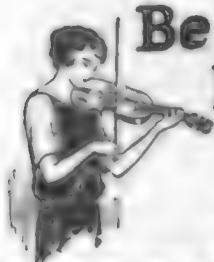
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## A Gorgeous Fling

[Continued from page 60]

Washington headquarters. Mary is so frank that she it was who would tell me. "I saw Stan a few minutes ago," she said, and I am sure she thought nothing of it, "with Laurel Dunton."

"Laurel Dunton?" I questioned her.

With that the Virginia delegation spoke as a unit. "Don't you know her?"

"She comes from a sleepy old bay of the Rappahannock, from a house full of traditions—nothing else but," laughed Mary's guest from Richmond.

**S**HE'S first family, and, believe me, they're a racy lot," confided a woman from Fairfax County.

The Baltimore boat goes by there twice a week, and that's their only excitement," a girl from Norfolk added.

"I'm afraid that Washington has gone to her head," Mary Willoughby closed the subject with finality.

So that was it. A girl from the Rappahannock, low-voiced, delicately appealing, sweetly dependent, ardent—and young. I knew that she told Stan about the dogwood, and the Judas trees in blossom in the springtime, and the moonlight, and magnolias, and the river gleaming as it widened to the Chesapeake. There was sure to be sentiment, but I wondered where the "raciness" would crop out.

It came. Twice they were in disasters that missed the front pages by some strange fortune. Some weeks ago Stan had crashed into a Ford sedan on their way home from the races at Laurel. He bought his way out of the trouble. Last week his boat struck a sandbar on the Potomac below Gunston Hall, and she had to go ashore and telephone for help because everyone down the river would recognize him. The evidence was worse than conclusive. It was damning.

Judge Pendleton and I sat on a long bench in a far corner of the Pan-American ball room and watched her as I told him these things I knew. I didn't want sympathy from Pendie—he knows me too long and too well for that—but I valued his friendship beyond all others, and I longed for once to shift the burden.

"It won't last," he assured me. "She's too sad."

"Perhaps that is her trump card."

"She'll overplay it, then," Pendie sighed. "It's a strange brief against a man that an affair runs as long as he keeps his sense of freedom. If a tragic note is inserted, he runs like a rabbit. Laurel is throwing her whole personality into this experience. She won't be able to keep her head above water. Love and its processes are new to her, and if Stan cannot guarantee matrimony, she is going to sink. Her type has been raised with one idea, unconditional surrender, but her generosity may appall Stan."

"He's mad about her."

"Then he'll leave her. Stan would rather enjoy a painful past than a—"

I interrupted by telling him that I didn't believe his philosophy, but I was glad he had been with me that night. Adele Ewing and young MacLaren came over to talk with us with deGroot, who is a charge d'affaires now. The background of lurid drama seemed very unreal in this glamorous setting, for there is nothing more beautiful than the Pan-American and its gardens in May. The Marine Band, the uniforms of foreign consuls, the gleam of lights, the shrieks from the bright-winged birds in the patio gave impression of light comedy.

Like a frigate, Madame Dunton sailed past us. "You're not leaving?" Judge Pendleton asked her. "The ambassadors haven't gone yet." "They are younger than

I am," she told him with the arrogance of a tidewater colonist. Laurel followed her, bowing slightly to me in passing.

Pendie drove me home. There was no sign of light except the lantern at the doorway. Tommie had been in bed since dusk, and I had not heard from Stan since morning. The silence of the house as I entered seemed ominous. I shook off my feeling of disaster with the reassurance that I at least knew where Laurel was. Hadn't I been within sight and sound of her all evening? Hadn't I seen her less than forty minutes ago?

I went to bed and read awhile, but over and over went the premonition, "Something is going to happen." There hadn't been a night in two weeks, however, that I hadn't this same feeling of impending danger, so I finally blamed the vision on jumpy nerves, and tried to sleep.

Just after 2 o'clock the phone rang. I knew before I reached Stan's room that the climax had come. I wasn't afraid to answer. It would be a relief to know. I really expected to hear the voice of a policeman, and I was surprised when young MacLaren shouted into the transmitter, "Is Stan there?"

"What is it?" I demanded. "He isn't here, and I don't know when he will be in. Where are you?"

"At the Windmill roadhouse, out on the Fairfax Pike. Adele and deGroot and I drove out here after we left you." His voice focused into active agitation again. "My God, Corinna, I've got to get Stan!"

"What has happened?"

"Oh, Corinna," he cried, "I hate to tell you. Lord, this is dreadful. Laurel Dunton tried to kill herself a few minutes ago."

"Was she with you?"

"Well—no! She and Stan were together here when we happened in. I guess she lost her grandmother, and met him some time ago. They were having all sorts of a free-for-all, regular down-and-out fight, but Adele walked right into it. Stan started to take Laurel home, but she raised the devil. Said she'd rather stay with us. She was all right for a little while after he left, but when no one was looking she walked off with the proprietor's gun, and, oh, my God, Corinna, this is a mess!"

"Did she shoot herself?"

"No, she aimed wild, but she's fainted twice since then, and Stan has to do something. deGroot has taken Adele home, but I don't want to be blamed for this riot if the police arrive. Stan started this trouble, and he has to finish it. I've got to get him!"

**I** TOLD him to call me back in ten minutes, and in the meantime I'd try to find Stan. I knew that it was hopeless to search for him. By now he was no doubt driving in emotional frenzy on the road toward Washington. So I called Judge Pendleton. There was no man in town who could suppress any attendant scandal as well as he. He left his club for the roadhouse at once. Then I sat in the darkness to wait for what news the hours might bring.

As the first grey fog of dawn came over the square, I saw Pendie drive up. Stan was with him. The two men came into the house, their voices low as in confession. Then Stan came up the stairs and into his room. I did not go to him. That was not the time for explanation. I wanted to know how this affair was to affect me—not how it had reacted upon my husband. I hurried to talk to Pendie before he left the house. "Is she all right?" I whispered as he met me at the foot of the stairs.





# Saints or Sinners

When the Emperor Theophilus jestingly said to one of the beauties of his court, *Woman is the source of evil in the world!* she quickly replied, *Woman is also the cause of much good!* Both were right; Joan of Arc and many other saintly, noble, and able women come to mind at once as typical of "earth's noblest thing, a woman," who have been the cause of much good. In contrast we have "the deadly fascination and the painted ill" of the daughters of Aphrodite, such as the capricious Venus Victrix whose remarkable beauty once loved a ruler of proud Carthage and whose power over him was so great that sycophant courtiers who attended this favorite at her bath drank of its waters in token of adulation. The stories of these two women, remarkable as they are, however, are no more unusual than those of thousands of other saints and sinners who have uplifted or degraded men throughout the ages since the day of Eve. These stories are told in a series of copyrighted volumes by ten talented contemporary authors in



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"Yes." His face looked ghastly in the dim light. "She's all right, Corinna. Didn't I tell you it would work out this way? Day dreams cannot last forever. She's going back to the Rappahannock tomorrow."

"Will there be any publicity?"

"I think not. Adele doesn't want to be involved, and it would mean MacLaren's job, for they were all drinking pretty heavily. Roadhouses tell no tales unless there's actual murder committed."

"But what had he said to her—why did she do it?"

**W**ELL, I don't think it was as brutal as the termination of most entanglements. Stan tells me that he told her there was no hope of divorce from you, and that she grew rather insistent. You see, Corinna, they'd both been drinking. He was going to take her home when the others came in. Laurel was really ugly, insisting that she'd stay with them, and Stan was glad to have an alibi for escape."

"Did she threaten to take her life while she was with him?"

"No, he tells me; not at all. After he left she hit the high spots. First she danced with MacLaren and then with deGroot while the nickel piano banged out music for them. Then she drank some more and Mac says she was fearfully reckless. He says that she began to get maudlin when the old piano started grinding out some Southern songs. Hartley, the proprietor, tells me that the shot came while the nickelodeon was raggin' 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginia.' I suppose, in her sentimental state, it was too much carry-me-back-to-where-I-was-born stuff."

For the first time I realized what the town had done to Laurel Dunton. Backgrounded by generations of Cavaliers, by an immediate family full of years and detachment, by a soul-stirring beauty of setting in that forgotten land on the river, she had come to Washington with high hope of romantic adventure and of satisfying love as it is expected by the very young. Suddenly I remembered what I had been at her age, wild with young longings, mad with young love.

"How much of priceless life were spent With men that every virtue decks. Ere we dared wander, nights like this, Through wind and rain and watch the Seine!"

came back to me. I said it softly to Pendie. "It's been years since I've thought of Browning," I told him. "Can you remember when I felt that way, Pendie?" He nodded. "It's been years since I've thought

of Ned Benedict, too." I said, looking down. "The cycle swings 'round, doesn't it?"

I laughed a little. "You've been such a good sport. Any other man who had known about Ned would have called this whole affair a just punishment. Another man would comment on 'the mills of the gods.' But our affair never ended in a fiasco like this. Ned's wife never knew about it."

"Did Stan?"

"No, and he never will. The only reason that Stan and I am destined to endure each other is because of our complete freedom of spirit. He's a rubber ball, and I've learned to be elastic, too. He'll come out of this. I think you're right, Pendie. Let tragedy show its awful mask and the beauty-loving male retreats. Ned did."

He turned at the door. "I suppose you no longer believe in the permanency of love's young dream?"

"It's a pretty thought," I told him, "but not a lasting relationship. Life's a compromise, and you have to face the facts with laughter, not with a shotgun."

"Perhaps you're right," he said. "I suppose you and Stan will be happy, as folks go, and the girl will find some nice young chap down in the tidewater country; but somehow—"

"Yes," I answered the vague protest in his voice. "I could divorce Stan, and let them marry, but I won't. I'm going to save them, Pendie, as you once saved me, and no one will know."

"Some one should know," he said. "Washington's full of girls like that girl. You were like her once, Corinna. The story should be told."

"It may be," I countered. "Tomorrow morning's papers may be full of it."

"If they aren't—"

"Perhaps sometime—"

**F**OR days I dreaded the telephone lest some reporter call about the story; but no story came. There was plenty of gossip, but rumor, like the Virginia buzzards, hovers over everybody in Washington.

Laurel Dunton went home, and Stan went back with a vengeance to the House upon the hill. Fate had written finis upon their passion, but theirs had been a gorgeous fling. They may think now that they have lost the summit of life, but I, remembering an older love than Stan, know that they stood upon it for a little while. That is all that anyone is given; but when I see the grey line of the Virginia hills, or when I walk alone in the soft fragrance of the Washington night, I wish that I, like the girl on the Rappahannock, were twenty-one again.

## A "Funny Looking" Man

[Continued from page 80]

having always been with my parents at the post or my grandparents on the farm. I knew nothing of social conventions, nor was I even acquainted with some of the simplest facts of life, but instinctively I knew that I loved Jay. I prayed that he might be made to love me.

One day while riding alone on the plains, miles from home, a terrible storm came up. My father was away on the rifle range and my mother was visiting an officer's wife who was ill in a hospital in a nearby city.

Not until my horse became so frightened that I lost control of him did I lose my courage. I had no idea where I was; I was soaking wet, cold and hungry, having eaten only a light breakfast that morning. As darkness came on, I grew more frightened every moment. Across the plain I saw a cabin. When I arrived there, I

found it deserted, the doors and windows gone. There was only an old stove and a table. I preferred to stay outdoors rather than go into the dilapidated shack.

I took the saddle and bridle off my horse and hobbled him. The saddle blanket I put about my shoulders, then huddled down against the shack, where the rain could not strike me.

I must have fallen asleep at once for it seemed hours before I awoke. Someone was holding me in his arms and saying over and over, "Little girl, I thought something had happened to you."

At first I thought it was my father, but peering into his face, with the help of the moonlight, I recognized Jay.

"I love you, little darling," he kept repeating while he kissed me tenderly. He had found me by following the whinnying of my horse, who had wandered some dis-



tance from the shack, even though hobbled. When Jay saw that the horse was hobbled, he knew I was not hurt and was not very far away.

I put my arms around his neck and returned the first kisses I had ever received from a man other than my father.

I can still see the old shack, the sagebrush on the prairie, the horses munching the blades of grass. Far away a coyote was answering the call of its mate.

Jay held me in his arms, kissed me and told me that fate was playing in that storm to make us realize how much we cared for each other. My love seemed to burst from my heart. He said that he could never let me go; that I was the only one he ever really loved. He held me so tight that it seemed he would crush me; his ardent kisses seemed to take my breath away. I was lost in his love.

WHEN my father returned to the post, we went hand in hand and told him everything that had happened. He was very angry. He called Jay everything he could think of; he threatened to have him court-martialed; he swore he would kill him. "To think my only child would come to this! My God, I cannot believe you would betray my trust in you, Captain W—"

Jay pleaded with my father and begged him for his consent to our marriage.

Mother overheard the conversation and pleaded with him. "Think," she said to him, "what it means to Pat if she loves Captain W—, and is not allowed to marry him. He has been a man to come and explain. Now he is asking for your consent to do what he thinks best." Walking close to my father, Mother put her little hands on his shoulders and whispered, "Have you forgotten your own youth? Has our romance and our love been forgotten?"

My father bowed his head and tenderly kissed my little mother. Then he came to my side, took my hands in his, and asked, "Do you love Captain W—? Do you know what this means to marry a man and live with him always? Think, my child; you are but a baby yet."

I assured him that I understood and that it would make me very happy to be Jay's wife. Holding my hand in his, he led me to where Jay stood. He grasped Jay's hand and held it a moment. Then he put my hand in Jay's and said, "Be good to her, Captain. Do not be hasty in your judgment of her, for she's only a child."

We were married a few weeks after, on the eighth of June. Our life together was one happy dream. I adored him, and he, though twice my age, seemed to worship me.

That winter he was transferred, and for the first time I was separated from my parents. Jay made up for this in a thousand ways, and I was content. In April, my baby was born—a fine brown-eyed, black-headed boy. Before I was able to leave the hospital Jay was called away to a camp where they were massing troops for oversea duty. Never shall I forget his tender good-by, his adoration of the baby, and the high hopes he held of soon returning to us.

But this was not to be. I went back to my father, who had been assigned to an ordnance post at a great arsenal where the ammunition plants were guarded by soldiers. There I remained with my parents, only to live for my baby and to hear from Jay.

I received many letters from him: then for two months I did not hear a word from him. Still I had hopes. Finally, just after Christmas, I received a telegram from the War department. It started with, "I regret to inform you—" and told in what battle my husband had been wounded and that he later died from the

effects of the wounds. For months I seemed to live in a sort of trance: even my baby failed to arouse much interest in me. My parents were worried over my condition and suggested that I go to work, thinking that this would help me to forget. Fortunately, I secured a position in one of the plants of the arsenal. It was not a difficult job, my only duty being to check the parts of rifles as they came from the inspectors.

After a few months I went around with some of the girls I met at work, and through them I became acquainted with many of the soldiers stationed as guards at the arsenal. We had parties at the Y. M. C. A.; we had dances and all kinds of entertainments in the city.

After the Armistice was signed, we had a farewell dance for several companies of soldiers. It was here that I met and danced with an attractive young sergeant. He asked if he might write to me after he went back at home. I consented, and thus a very lively correspondence sprang up.

During the following year he came back to the city two or three times to visit me at my father's home. He fell in love with my little boy and won my father's confidence. At Christmas time he came to see me again and asked me to marry him. After my parents urged me, we were married on the first of January. I did not love him, but respected and admired him for his clean and upright manners. My heart, I knew, was buried in a lonely grave in France.

We have been very happy in this city. Now we have a little brother a year old who, like little Jay, is the image of his father. Little Jay has black hair and eyes, while the baby has golden hair and big blue eyes. I love them both, and Jay is not jealous of the baby brother.

I started Jay to school last year, cautioning him not to stop and talk to strangers on his way to school. Three nights in succession he came home and told me that a man had spoken to him. "He's a funny looking man, Mother," Jay told me.

Next evening with the baby on the seat beside me, I drove to the school to meet Jay. I stepped from the car to attract his attention when I saw him. As I did this, I noticed a man coming up the street. He walked with a cane; his right arm was gone entirely; his face was horribly scarred and there was a great red welt across his forehead. He glanced up as he passed me, and then stopped still. For a moment my breath left me. I caught the side of the car for support. I could not take my eyes from his, for I was looking into the eyes of my first husband.

"JAY! Jay!" I gasped. He stooped and picked up the cane that he had dropped. His hand was trembling. He turned and said, "No, lady, that is not my name." He then walked on, leaning heavily on his cane, but with his head held proudly.

Since then I have been unable to locate him, or find anyone who knows about him.

Does he know that I was misinformed about his death, or did he purposely cause it to be that way after his injury?

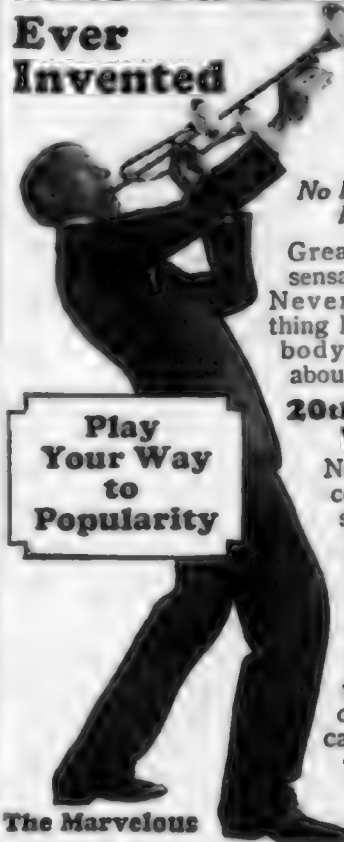
Little does my big smiling husband dream of the torture through which I am passing. Sometimes I hope that I may wake up and find it only a dream. No one can tell my feelings when I think about it and know that the man I have loved all these years is still living and I am bound for all time to another.

Scars and the loss of an arm can make no difference to me. But have I the right to break this home and spoil two lives, the innocent ones in my family?

The only thing I can do is to hope and pray that Jay may read this and in some way let me know why it happened that I learned of his death.

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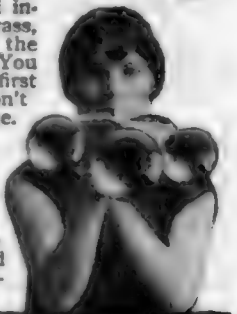
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## I Balanced My Books

(Continued from page 78)

concluding with: WIRE COLLECT, ALLEN McDOWELL, HINKSTON, KY.

That autumn Judge Wallace, who lived a block beyond us, called me out on the veranda late one evening as he was going home. The venerable jurist was excited.

"Always thought Allen was tame as a milk-fed gosling," he said, chuckling; "but, sir, I tell you he's a fighter. Just like his father in that respect, sir. John McDowell could whip his weight in rattlesnakes and then beat the brush for more. I wish the old man could have seen what I saw to-night. Wish you could have seen it too, Holman."

This was what happened

CLYDE CARTER, Lucian Scobee, and a few other young bloods were standing in front of the City Pharmacy. Allen was just inside making a purchase. Along the opposite side of the street, by the bank, came Ruie Byrd, alone. Clyde saw her and, grinning, stepped before his companions in the attitude of a cheer-leader.

"Altogether, boys," he shouted. "One—two—three!"

Then, in a hushed but audible chorus—

"Ruie—some Byrd!"

The girl hurried on, her head lowered. Several bystanders snickered. Almost immediately, however, those snickers were smothered to astonished gasps. Allen had come out of the drug store and he did his work quickly.

"Old John's temper, I tell you, sir," declared Judge Wallace, describing the scene, "and old John's fists too. Why, that boy crumpled Clyde into the gutter with a single blow. His next knocked Lucian Scobee against the drug store front and made the windows rattle. He got just two more of the crowd, for by then the others were a dozen blocks away."

"Holman, damn me, sir, those years of living up North didn't ruin Allen at all!"

Allen came into the bank early the following morning and beckoned me into the directors' room. He shut and locked the door himself. His face was haggard, his eyes bloodshot, and his lips twitched nervously.

"Holman, I reckon you've heard what I did last night."

"Yes," I nodded with a forced smile; "it's all over town. The people are ready to elect you unanimously to any office you want."

He dropped into a chair, sank his chin into his hands, and stared at the floor.

"I've just come from apologizing to Clyde, Lucian, and the other two boys," he said. "They're rotters and ought to be hung, and I told them so. But—and I told them this, too—it isn't for me to judge them."

"Why not?" I lit a cigar to order my thoughts and leaned against a table opposite him.

"Holman—" his shoulders drooped lower—"I know that you and maybe others think I'm hiding something. I am. You're my banker and I'm no fool. Certain checks that you probably see must arouse your suspicions."

"I'm hunting somebody," he said. "My books are out of balance: there's a debit against me. I'm trying to square my account with life—and I can't."

He was silent a full minute. Then he withdrew his hands from his face, straightened, and looked me steadily in the eyes.

Youth is the gambling season of the soul," he continued. "But when a man matures and finds himself, his conscience makes him recognize his I. O. U.'s. In an effort to pay mine I've hired detectives, exhausted the resources of every large

social agency, kept countless police departments busy, offered rewards, advertised in the metropolitan papers, and searched miles of streets in most of the cities of the United States, myself. I'm always looking, watching, scrutinizing each strange woman's face I see, hoping it may be hers. Yet not one trace have I found."

He paused. I waited.

"I loved her, Holman; really I did. Eleanor was the purest, sweetest girl in all our part of the Connecticut Valley. But you know, love makes masters of men and slaves of women. In my love I demanded too much. She gave too much, trusting me. Then I got tired."

"That was in 1916. I felt relief more than anything when she disappeared. There was no child and she told her people she had a position in New York. In the spring of 1917 I enlisted. During the next two years I aged a century in human knowledge and then I realized what I had done. I've been hunting her ever since."

"You want to marry her?"

He laughed harshly. "Of course, you fool! I want to drag her soul from the hell to which I started it—if she's still alive."

He laughed again, a cruel, mocking laugh at himself.

"And I thrashed those rotters last night with hands that are black as theirs. God forgive me!"

It was useless for me to philosophize or console, and I didn't attempt it. Allen was hopelessly deep in his problem. It molded his life, dwarfed his future, and was killing his self-respect. Any help he received, short of finding the girl Eleanor, must come from within himself.

I didn't repeat his story even to my wife and, from a sense of delicacy, stopped examining his checks. Bob Jennings could be trusted never to mention what he knew.

Allen did not go away that winter. By the first of December, however, we who were most interested in him wished that he had. He had become acquainted with Ruie Byrd and was going about with her regularly.

"Holman, you simply must talk to him," insisted Louise in alarm. "Allen is so innocent and clean-minded that he doesn't realize what he's doing. Ruie Byrd of all persons, when the nicest girls in Hinkston are crazy about him! Why, it's becoming a public scandal!"

"I won't say a thing to him," I answered. "He's a man and knows the world. The most that we can do is to let him manage his own affairs."

"However," I added to reassure her, "Miss Byrd won't be in Hinkston much longer. She's making very few deposits these days. Her account is checked close and she hasn't been able to pay the last several drafts we've presented to her. The commissioner in bankruptcy will soon have charge of her business."

JUST when that seemed immediate, Allen came into the bank and over to my desk, and handed me a four-figured check.

"Place this to Miss Byrd's credit, please," he said crisply. "And advise any of her creditors who query you that she's financially sound and able to pay all the debts she contracts."

Of course I did as he instructed. Allen's tone and the grimness of his expression closed the doors to hesitation or intimate questioning.

But the change in him troubled me even more than it did Louise, for I knew things about him which she did not. He was "specializing" for the first time since his return to Hinkston. I wouldn't have

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## That Kind!

[Continued from page 55]

curls that clung to my fingers just as Neil's used to do in those days when I loved to play with his hair! A certain little set to her head and a twist in her baby smile were so much like him. All those long months before she was born I had prayed that she might resemble him to such an extent that her paternity could not be doubted. Now that my prayers were answered, sometimes I could hardly bear it. Evart had loved Doralee tenderly; but now, as she grew more and more like Neil each day, he seemed to dislike her. He was never unkind to her. It was just that he didn't want to see her about.

"Why don't I have a daddy, Mother?" she asked me one day. "Mary does, and Kitty."

"But you do have a daddy, darling. He has gone to work."

"No, Mother; he's just Evart. I mean a real daddy, like Kitty's. He plays with her and brings her things in his pockets."

Doralee never spoke of Evart as "Daddy." Perhaps it was because I never could bring myself to call him that in speaking of him to her. He was always "Evart." I don't believe he wanted her to call him anything else.

A marriage, such as ours, could not last. But it was two years before I asked him to let me go. I tried my best and he tried his best, but it was no use. I couldn't love him in the way he wanted to be loved. And he would have fits of insane jealousy, which would be followed by deep remorse. Then it would all happen over again.

IT WASN'T his fault that he wasn't quite big enough to stand the test. Few men are, when it comes to that, or women either. It is only in stories that we find ideality. Real life doesn't develop much of it. And at that, he is the best man I have ever known. Our separation left us the same good friends we had always been, although I have not seen him for years.

Mother was not very well when I went back to her, much as I dreaded living in Carrsville again. I thought it would start the gossip all over again, but everybody was kind. I had been home only a short time when she had a real nervous breakdown and was ill for nearly a year. During this time, Evart secured a divorce. I understand he has married again and is very happy.

Life in Carrsville was much the same as it always had been. I found that Neil had not made use of his freedom as I had been led to expect he would. He had let me believe he wanted to marry the woman he had been running around with; but he did not marry her. He had settled down, was working hard, and no longer dissipated.

As I expected, Doralee's resemblance to him created a sensation. She had been about a year old when we left Carrsville. Now, at three, she was a complete defense of what gossip had made doubtful. I saw Neil frequently but we never talked. More than once on the street, I saw his eyes following Doralee. She was a beautiful child, and not in the least shy with strangers. Once, when I left her alone in a neighbor's car while I did some shopping, I saw him hesitate, then go out to her and start a conversation. She showed him her doll, displayed a small scratch on her knee and chattered as gaily as she did with me. I watched her until he left her and went on down the street. At church he would watch her and occasionally find an opportunity to talk to her.

Almost a year passed and I knew that my love for him would be a part of me always. When I saw how he had changed,

and noted the interest he showed in Doralee, I even began to wonder if perhaps the baby, who had been the unconscious means of separating us, might not be the magnet to draw us together once more. I never put the thought into words; indeed, I was scarcely conscious of it, but I know now that it was there all the time.

Neil was more like his old self in appearance: clean-cut, handsome and immaculate. All traces of dissipation were gone; but the old irresponsible boyishness was gone, too. He almost never went out socially. I heard that he was studying in his spare time.

One day, in searching through an old trunk, I came upon the orchid dress. A bitter pang shot through me, then I had an idea. Without stopping to think, lest my courage fail me, I went straight down town and, as near as possible, duplicated the material. Allowing for the changes in style and in my age, I made a dress that was very like the one I had worn years before. I even fashioned a yellow bandeau. Mother was able to be about by this time, and we had been invited to attend a reception in honor of a visiting celebrity. All the time I was getting ready for the occasion I was praying that Neil would be there.

The high school girl who sometimes stayed with Doralee failed to come at the last minute. Rather than stay at home, I took her with me. It was past her bedtime when we left home, so I put her on a couch in the dressing room, covering her with my cloak. Mother said she would go in and see about her once in awhile. She sat with a friend or two after the opening formalities, while I accepted an invitation to dance.

It was a joy to be dancing again. I had always loved it. I was half afraid of my reception and was prepared to slip out quietly, but I need not have worried. The situation was pretty well understood. The dancers were mostly young people I had grown up with and I guess they felt, by this time, that I had been wronged more than I had done wrong, and that I had lived down my mistake. At any rate, I was made to feel very much at home and had plenty of partners.

But my evening was spoiled because Neil was not there. Then I saw him standing in the doorway, watching. As I neared the door with my partner, he saw me and started in surprise. Then my heart beat fast as I saw the old flame in his eyes. I felt him watching me but did not look up as I passed him again.

To my intense disappointment, he did not dance but remained in the doorway, watching. Then he disappeared, without a move to seek me out, and despair gripped me with icy fingers. What an utter fool I was to throw myself in the way of a man who had cast me aside; had used me for his purpose and then thrown me away with no more compunction that he would feel in discarding a worn-out garment.

OF COURSE, I was mistaken in thinking I saw interest in his eyes. He was probably laughing at me. The infinite care with which I had dressed for the occasion would have been ludicrous had it not been tragedy—a shroud for a dead hope. I could have torn the silly frock from me and trampled it under my feet.

Then, in the midst of a circle two-step, I saw him dancing directly across from me. I was conscious only of a bitter longing to slip out of the circle before I would be compelled to meet him and touch his hand in passing. But as he neared me, the change was called. Adroitly, he stepped

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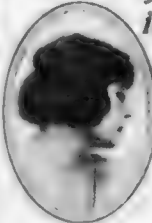
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in front of the man who should have been my partner

"You're too slow, Bennie," he said as he caught me in his arms and we danced away together. It was done so quickly that I do not think anyone else saw it. Neil waved his free hand to Bennie, who grinned and turned to find the extra lady left partnerless by Neil's action.

Neither of us said a word as we danced twice around the room. Then as the call to circle was once more given, I was whisked through a French window and out into the grounds. "Leah, I couldn't help it," he whispered. "I know how you must feel about me, but I just had to have a word with you."

I could not trust myself to speak. We walked on in silence to a stone bench where I sat down, trying to still the tumult within me.

"Leah," he began once more, then the old name dropped naturally from his lips as he burst out. "Oh, Vi! What can I say to you? I don't know how to begin!"

"What is it you want to say?" My own voice surprised me, it was so quiet.

The night was brilliant with moonlight. A night for dreams—and lovers. In the brightness I could see his face working strangely, his mouth twisted and hard.

"I want to tell you how sorry I am for everything. I want you to know that I have loved you all this time, even when I was behaving so vilely to you. I want—oh God, Vi! There aren't any words to tell you what I want you to know."

His hands were clenched with his effort at self-control as he took a short turn back and forth, then faced me again.

"Words are such useless things. How can I expect, in the face of all I have done to you, to come before you and say, 'I am sorry. Will you forgive?' That is what I am trying to do, and to beg for another chance. But how can mere words mean anything to you?"

Once more he stopped, then burst out desperately:

"Leah, I've never stopped loving you. God knows why I acted as I did. That day we were married I longed to keep you always, but I turned from your pleadings. Your face, as it looked that night, has haunted me ever since. I wanted you all the time I was urging you to get a divorce. When you married Graham, I could have killed him. It was the happiest day I have known in years when you came back to Carrsville and I learned that you were free. All this time I have worked, and waited and prayed for the time when I might come to you, tell you all this, and entreat you to give me another chance. Now that the time has come, it seems so futile."

I COULD see his hands trembling as he held a match to his cigarette. It went out twice before he succeeded in accomplishing the simple task.

"But, Neil, I don't understand—"

"How can I expect you to understand when I don't understand myself," he broke in roughly. "That is just what makes all attempts to explain so worthless. I only know that I have never ceased loving you. You can only loathe me now, but you did love me once and so I thought that you might for—for the baby's sake, let me try to make up to you for the suffering I have caused you. I am in a position to make a home for you both now, and I've been foolish enough to hope that I might, sometime, win back at least a part of the love I threw away."

He ceased speaking and leaned his elbows on the pillar at the end of the seat, hiding his face in his hands. I sat motionless, silently trying to take it all in. He was right. Words are futile things. Here he had just told me what I would have given my soul to hear; it sounded so simple, yet



I could not grasp it. Instead of the wild feeling of gladness I should have felt, there was only the bitterness of those wasted years.

"You are asking me to marry you, Neil?"

He nodded, without raising his head. When I did not speak again, he looked up.

"But I'm not asking for your love, Leah. Not yet. All I want is a chance to take care of you, to have you near me. A chance to prove the sincerity of my love, in the hope that, someday, I may win you again."

"I don't know," I said stupidly. "You see, you can't win what is yours already."

"Do you mean—" he began in a strangled voice. I nodded dumbly.

He took a step toward me and then the break came. Dropping to his knees beside the bench, he buried his face in his arms, while long shuddering sobs shook him—sobs that tore through me too, as I watched his suffering.

It wasn't because I was hard that I let him wait. At first, I couldn't move. There is something terrifying about a man's grief. Then I grasped his shoulders.

"Neil, Neil. Don't do that," I cried, but I might as well have spoken to the wind. So I waited until the tempest began to subside.

"Neil, you must not. I can't bear it."

At that, he leaned back and looked at me, his face ravaged by the storm of emotion.

"Vi, that was a caddish thing to do, on top of everything else. As if you hadn't had enough—I am unutterably ashamed."

Fearfully, lest my joy slip from me before I could grasp it, I put out my hand and wiped the tears from his eyes with my finger-tips, saying brokenly:

"Don't be ashamed. They are honest tears, and perhaps they told me some of the things you couldn't find words for."

His face was transfigured.

"I didn't misunderstand you, did I? You love me even yet, after everything that has happened?"

"No, dear. You did not misunderstand. I think I shall never stop loving you." In an instant his arms were around my waist and his head on my breast. Later, I wanted to raise him to the seat beside me but he shook his head.

"Here is where I shall be until the end of my days, on my knees before you. When will you marry me, Vi?"

"I don't know. There is one thing to be settled first. Neil, when did you first know that Doralee was yours? Was it when I brought her back, a few months ago, and you found your own self looking at you in her little face?"

LEANING back, he looked me straight in the eyes and answered with a groan.

"No, Leah. I knew it when you first told me she was coming."

"Very well. Now what of your mother, if we marry again?"

He rose to his feet, was silent a moment, then spoke thoughtfully.

"Perhaps you don't know that I have been working to fit myself for something bigger than I have ever done before. Today I received an offer that will take me to Oregon if I accept it. That is why I sought you tonight. As for my mother, there is little I can say. Her home is paid for and she has a little income. I have very little money saved, but the salary offered me is sufficient to take care of you, your mother, and—our baby, if you will go with me. We will have to live carefully but there is a good future in it if I accept at once. Will you marry me tomorrow?"

When I did not answer, he continued slowly, as if he had thought it all out. "Don't you think it would be wise to take the little one away from Carrsville? People

are kind, but some thoughtless rumor may reach her as she grows up. Don't keep me waiting, Vi. Let me begin to try to make good what I owe you."

He drew me up into his arms and kissed me again and again. Oh, it was sweet to be close to him again. Moments later, the music from the ball room warned us that the last dance of the evening was beginning. I drew back.

"I must go to Doralee. She may be awake and frightened. I've been out here so long."

"Is she here? Where did you leave her?"

"I didn't have anyone to leave her with. She is asleep in the dressing room."

HE HELD me close for one more kiss before going in.

"My own Violet," he murmured. "Take me with you up to her, will you, Leah?"

We slipped upstairs without meeting anyone. The dressing room was empty. Everyone was in the ball room for the last dance. Something in Neil's eyes as he looked down at Doralee, asleep on the couch, made my throat ache. The long, wasted years!

"Would she be afraid if you woke her up, Vi? There is something I must do."

"Wake up, darling," I lifted her in my arms. "Mother wants you." She opened her eyes and rubbed them.

"Is the party over, Mother? Are we going home now? Oh, hello!" she smiled sleepily over her shoulder at Neil.

"Will you come to me, and let me carry you downstairs, little girl?" he asked coaxingly. She went to him without hesitation, then looked back at me. "Mother will come, too," he added. Neil held her tenderly, his eyes closed, his cheek resting against hers, and his roughened hair mingling with her curls until you could not tell which was hers and which was his. Then he did the bravest thing I ever saw anyone do. He walked swiftly down the stairs, carrying Doralee in his arms. The dance ended as he reached the ball floor. He stepped upon the platform by the piano and his voice rang through the room.

"Wait a minute, folks. I have something to say to you!"

A gasp of astonishment was audible throughout the room. Then, in the intense stillness, I heard him say:

"I want to take this occasion to make an effort to right a wrong I deliberately did to a girl four years ago. You all know that this child is mine. Thank God, her resemblance to me is such that no words of mine are needed to prove it. I denied her repeatedly because I was too cowardly to assume my responsibilities. Now, I want to admit that I knew she was mine, even while I was denying her. The wrong I did her mother will be righted, in so far as it lies within my power. We are to be married tomorrow. Most of you have been my friends, in spite of the contempt you have felt for my cowardice. It was your friendship that roused in me the determination to live it down. So I want to thank you all tonight, while we are together for perhaps the last time."

Only the fact that practically everyone in the room knew both Neil and me, saved it from being melodramatic. But I don't think anyone thought about it. They recognized it as the act of a brave man, to acknowledge himself wrong at such a time and under such circumstances. After the first moment of surprise, our friends were quick to respond.

When it was over, Neil and I walked home, with Doralee on his shoulder. Mother had gone on with friends in their car. As we reached our door, Neil bent his head to kiss me good-night. Baby had understood enough to set her thinking, because she watched us gravely from her perch; then

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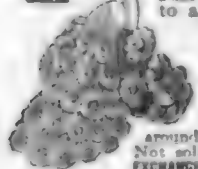
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she patted his cheek softly as she turned to me and said:

"Mother, I do got a daddy, don't I?"

We were married the next day. I will try to pass lightly over an unpleasant incident that occurred just before the ceremony. Mother and I were waiting for Neil to come with the minister when I answered a rap at the door and faced Mrs. Farady.

"I came to see," she began harshly, "if the rumors I hear are correct. Neil did not come home last night. Are you duping my son a second time?"

I did not know how to answer her but Mother did.

"Your son has decided to make a home for his child."

"My son has no child," said Mrs. Farady, stubbornly.

Mother looked at her steadily and left the room, returning at once with Doralee in her arms. At that moment Neil entered. He sized up the situation at once and, taking baby from Mother's arms, faced his mother. My mother spoke softly.

"Can you look upon these two and not know that they are father and child?"

A dull flush crept over Mrs. Farady's face as she looked, first at Neil and then at Doralee. Without a word she turned to the door. Neil sprang after her but she waved him back and went out closing the door behind her.

\* \* \* \* \*

That was seven years ago. We left Carrsville within a few days and I have never been back. Neil goes occasionally to see his mother. We are very happy. He has done well in his work. Doralee has a little sister, and the shadow in my mother's eyes is almost gone.

THE END

## My Short Cut to Love

(Continued from page 41)

not being interested in shows, dances, and night life. He wanted a home with a wife to run it for him. The girls passed him up quickly. I was amused and then interested.

That night I got a copy of the magazine and took it to my room. After I had prepared my supper I studied the letters of men and women seeking new friendships and mates.

One was pathetic, that of a widower with three children whose mother died a year ago. The writer described himself as a chauffeur with a good salary.

There was, of course, the sailor lad just looking for a good time. Several were from girls seeking adventures with a new dance partner and a good spender.

And then came the letter that held me and made my heart beat fast. It read:

Dear Editor:

If you have any eligible ladies on your list that would care to write to a forty-year old bachelor, please tell them about me.

I am medium in height and weight and have clear gray eyes.

For several years I have had my own business in Baltimore. I have a good income and a comfortable apartment. I have everything I could wish for except the companionship of a congenial and sweet woman.

I am a graduate of Harvard, so it is only natural that I should seek a woman of the better class. Can you help me out?

Sincere,

It was plain that "Sincere" was not looking for a frivolous young woman, a flapper or gad-about. To me it was enough that he was a college graduate. I immediately pictured him in my imagination as a man of soft voice and careful manners, well dressed, and considerate of others. He did not have to be handsome to meet my humble requirements, and he did not seem to be seeking a beautiful woman. He wanted a "congenial and sweet woman." I would be congenial enough; I would not dispute with him or quarrel with him. How could I? His word would be law. God only knew how hard I would try to be a "sweet woman."

Perhaps he was shy and did not make friends easily. If so, we were then in the same boat and this get-together page of letters might prove a genuine means of happiness to us both.

**I** SLEPT little that night and was up at daybreak to read his letter again and then, finally, write to him. I told him simply that I was thirty and lonesome; that I read a great deal; that I worked for a living; that I would like to meet him. I gave him my lodging-house address.

For the rest of the week I was in a haze. If he insisted on coming to New York to see me, where would I receive him? Our lodging-house boasted no parlor or reception room, and I could not take him to my little corner. Even if he did come and we fell in love with each other, where could we find a place for love-making? In the dark of a cheap movie house, or in the vestibule of the lodging-house?

Perhaps, I thought, for I had gone silly over the prospect of meeting my college man, I could show him the Brooklyn Bridge some Saturday afternoon, find Lovers' Stairway, and as we descended to William Street he would see his chance and take me in his arms.

At last came the letter from Baltimore. Every night and morning I had looked for it on the little table in the hall. And here it was, addressed in the handwriting of an intelligent, educated person. How I studied every stroke of the pen! I hurriedly read it, tucked it in my bosom, and went to work. I would not look at it again until I got back to my room. It was a generous letter. The girls under me wondered what had brought the roses to my cheeks. None of them knew of the step I had taken in the hope of breaking my bonds as a prisoner of the city.

That night, frightened and delighted, I read the letter:

My dear Miss D—:

Your letter has been forwarded to me. I am not so very far away from you.

I am forty years young, weigh 165 pounds, am five feet and eight inches, have a college education, own a public accountancy business of the very best clients, and have an apartment at this address. Am a native of Cleveland, born and raised there, have lived four years in New York, all the time at the same hotel. Have been in Baltimore for the past four years but do not like the city and so intend to dispose of my business and move to the West.

I have traveled a great deal, have been all over the United States, parts of Canada, and through five European countries. And here am I anchored for the time being.

Your letter interests me deeply. It spells "class" to me. You have a good mind and a broad mind—a wholesome mind and that is what I seek.

To my published letters I have received seventy-five replies. I have

been swamped with them. I never dreamed there were so many really fine women, as they call themselves. They are mostly business women, school teachers, stenographers, bookkeepers, clerks.

I wonder if I really am of a type that would interest you? Suppose we begin comparing notes right now and see if we cannot arrive at a balance sheet. I like Bohemian ways of living and the companionship of broad-minded women, women with brains and some experience of the world. The woman I seek must not be necessarily pretty but she must be loyal. Your own meagre description assures me that you are the sort I am looking for.

Please write me fully as to your age, color of hair, height, weight, habits, forms of amusement, etc. Be real sincere and perfectly frank. I'll understand, for I believe you to be a real woman. If you do not care to tell me in words, send me a picture of yourself. Call me on the long distance any evening after ten o'clock, or, better still, get on a train and come to Baltimore and find out for yourself about me. I don't think you will regret it. I am a virile man, a business man and a gentleman.

Sincerely your friend,

The letter thrilled me. Here was the man I wanted and had always wanted. Here was the man who would make me happy. My ideal!

I wrote to him immediately, telling him everything about myself, about my hopes, my long loneliness, my craving for affection and friendship. In the morning I read his letter and mine again and then mailed my reply.

That evening I treated myself to a movie. Hour by hour I was getting deeper in love with a man I had never seen. Starting back to the room I remembered his suggestion of calling him on long distance after 10 o'clock.

I went to a public station and got his number. It was about 10.30 o'clock. A pleasant voice, easy and highly refined, answered. He knew in a minute who it was and asked if I had answered his letter. I told him that I had; that he should get it in the morning mail. He said that he would take the next train to New York if I wanted him to. In short, he made me feel that I had known him a long time. I had never met anyone of his type before, but soon realized that it was perhaps his education, his travel, and his friends that gave him such wonderful poise. I was enchanted. We said good-night.

**T**WO days went by and then his second letter came. It was on his office stationery which showed that his business was his own. He even carried his residence telephone number on the engraved bill-head. He wrote:

My dearest:

Thanks, my dear, for your letter and the telephone call. I appreciate your frankness and will hold it sacred. I feel as I could hurry out after an airplane and fly to you this moment. You have indeed thrilled me. I shall count the days, hours, and moments until we are together. I think it would be best for me to come to New York to see you, although I know you would like my bachelor abode. How about my coming next Saturday night, or Friday night, if you want me to? You did not tell me whether you had an apartment of your own, but from the address I know you live in a nice part of the city. I shall do just what you wish. Write me and telephone me, too. Just have Long Distance reverse

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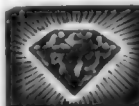
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the changes when you call me here.

I feel that you and I will have so much in common, such a human understanding. But it will only be for a few hours if I go to New York as I must stay at the helm of my business.

I am going to be perfectly frank with you, dearest. I am a man who must have sunshine continually, the companionship of a real loving woman. I have met many women of every kind and more than once I came very near marrying. I could tell you so much of the really true things in life but will defer that until I can tell you in person.

I am attracted to you like a magnet, you inspire because you radiate that charm which is so rare in women and so hard to find. I am temperamentally a dreamer but you seemed to be a realist. I feel you will react with every essence of your soul. Truly our love will be true.

Love you I live my own life and care not for the opinions and criticisms of others.

Your letter bespeaks your individuality, a most wonderful quality in both man and woman. I must come to see you this week. Or you must come to see me, just to see how I live. I don't care for shoes but we will have good things to eat and have each other. Call me on the telephone if you can, but this so I'll know what to do.

Lozinalo,

Gale.

Long letters followed that one, each with a stronger appeal for me to come. There was a good reason for everything he wrote, everything he did. I can't look back, even now, and wonder why this or that happened.

He was very busy; I could understand why. I should go to him. That suited me because I didn't want him to see where I lived. His apartment was only a block from the Union station. I would take a taxi, enter the house at the given address, and find his apartment by the nameplate. He would expect me the following Sunday morning.

In my great joy, I emptied my heart to him in letters that perhaps a woman can write only once in a lifetime. I could not get to Baltimore on the coming Sunday, but promised him I would be there the following. I wanted to get some pretty things to wear. A woman in love is not content with shabby clothes.

He called me his inspiration, his angel, his sweetheart—his helpmate-to-be. I was wild with happiness over his calling me his helpmate, certain that he meant he would marry as soon as we met.

He said that he was like a boy rejuvenated; he had a new lease on life; he had been given an elixir of youth; he had found his ideal; his prayers had been answered.

The girls at the store at first marveled at the change in me. Then they realized that I was in love. I had learned to laugh with them and show them how I loved them. All the world was filled with sunshine.

THANKSGIVING Day was approaching. If it were possible, I would make that my wedding day. I felt sure that Gale would like the idea. And then there came over me the vague foreboding that one cannot love without seeing her sweetheart.

I called him on long distance again. He was not at home. But I could not sleep without hearing his voice, and so I called and called until I got him at 1 o'clock in the morning. I told him of my fears but he laughed them away. The next day I got this letter, written immediately after

I had talked with him, which read:

My darling:

Your voice was most beautiful, soft, clear, distinct. I shall be living only in anticipation of you, and will be in a dream until I have you here in my arms, crushing your lips with passionate love kisses.

Please, if possible, dearest, come before Saturday night—make it Friday. Really I can think of nothing but you. I must at last be desperately and hopelessly in love. Come as quickly as you can. I'll be waiting to greet you with open arms, to crush you to my bosom.

Your Gale.

At last I was ready to go, my pretty things bought, my new grip packed. I arranged to take all day Saturday off from work and sent him a telegram telling him the hour of my train. I got this answer:

WIRE JUST RECEIVED. THANKS, LITTLE SWEETHEART. I SHALL BE ANXIOUSLY WATCHING AND WAITING.

GALE.

On the train I tried again and again to read a love story I had taken with me, but I could not get interested. The real thing was so different from the make-believe. I wanted to cry, but held back the tears for fear that my eyes would be inflamed. His voice, as I had heard it over the phone, lingered in my ears, soft and seductive. And then again that vague dissatisfied fear crept over me. What was I doing? Could I take a short cut to love?

AT LAST the journey was over. I followed my instructions and gave his address to a taxi driver. I was at the apartment house in a minute or two; then at his door. It swung open as I touched the electric bell. My dream-man stood before me.

He gave a cry of delight, grabbed my bag, and closed the door behind me.

Here was my lover, heavy of build, with small keen eyes, a fat neck, and puffy cheeks. My dreams of refinement, of the ideal lover, vanished. I became frightened and hysterical. He was looking on me like a great hungry animal. My vague fears were warranted. I wanted to turn and run. Then he began speaking in that pleasant voice which had intrigued me. My fears subsided but a desperate panic-stricken desire to escape possessed me.

The dinner was ready and served. He did not attempt to embrace me then, but drew back a chair for me. All through the meal he raved about how he loved me, my magnetism, my being his true mate. He was cultured, but in his eyes was a light that frightened me. It belied his words and seemed to tell me this scene had been enacted many times before.

After the dinner, he abruptly took me into his arms and crushed me to him. His breath was hot; he panted like an animal dying of thirst. Yet, his gentleness bespoke practice. The words he poured into my ears now were not those of a man who truly loved a woman! They were suggestive of all the evil things which horrified me. I was speechless as he made suggestions which I could not tolerate. Slowly his gentleness, faded into hoarse brutality as he sensed his power over me. He showed me letters from other girls, boasting that I was not the first one who had come to him. Then he tried to crush me to him again but I struggled until I got one arm free and slapped him in the face.

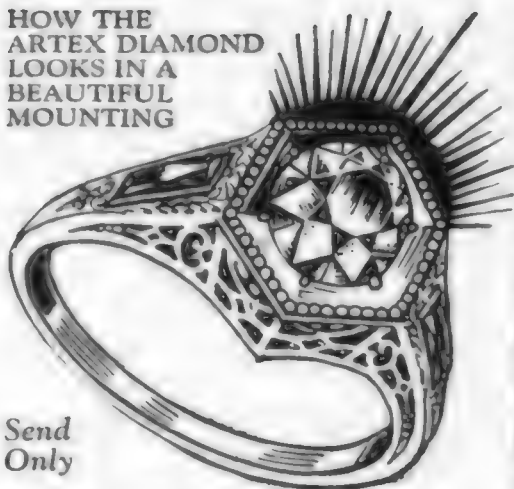
His hand gripped my shoulders as he stared at me in astonishment and rage.

"Didn't you come here to have me make love to you?" he demanded.

"You were to be my soul mate, my



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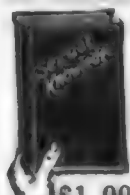
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affinity. You came into my life, into my  
arms, as my dream-woman. You must  
stay here with me. You must stay here  
with me tonight."

But I could not forget those letters and  
his moment of bragging. He had dropped  
the mask too soon.

I had expected a lover—a husband—and  
had found this. I turned on him bitterly  
and told him what I thought of him. I  
told him what I thought of a creature  
who would take advantage of a woman's  
loneliness.

ALTHOUGH I sensed in him a desire  
to relent, he seemed determined to go  
through with what he had started. By this  
time he had locked the door and sat down  
as calmly as if nothing had happened. I  
gazed at him a few minutes, then said:

"Well, what's your next move?"

He tried to make me think that I knew  
what to expect when I came there; that I  
couldn't expect him to act otherwise under  
the circumstances; that I was, after all,  
at his mercy and the sooner I realized it  
the easier it would be for me.

He was lonely—I knew that. So was I.  
But all his pleadings—his explanation that  
he had gone about it in the wrong way  
and that I would care for him—did not  
move me.

I only realized that I was his prey, and  
that anything I did to attract attention  
from the outside would be heralded by the  
newspapers. I realized that he had had  
too many loves to be true to me.

Hours later, after he had ordered a bit  
of supper for us, he promised me if I would  
only be reasonable for awhile, he would  
let me go. If I refused, he was willing  
to risk the consequences.

I dropped into a chair, horrified at the  
thought of such a thing. Just when the  
silence became so nerve racking that I  
expected nothing but the worst, the tele-  
phone rang. I heard him pick up the re-  
ceiver. He answered:

"Hello... No, oh, no! Wrong num-  
ber. No such woman here by that name."  
He quickly hung up.

There was the reason for my sulking.  
The only person in whom I confided my  
plans back home was calling me at the  
time she promised. This agreement was  
made in a half-joking way; she was simply  
curious to know if my dreams had come  
true. However, I used it very forcefully.  
For the first time, I asserted myself!

"Do you know who that was? That was  
a friend of mine who will either talk to  
me or know the reason why. Now I have  
only ten minutes to call her in order to  
prevent an investigation. What shall I do?"

He wilted under it. Then a reaction  
set in and he started toward me.

"If you as much as touch me, I'll expose  
you if it's the last thing I do. I don't  
want my name in this affair, but I'll do it."

"You've proved to me what you are—  
a man hunting for women; using love  
letters to lovely girls to lure them to this  
apartment; taking no responsibility; putting  
the blame on them by their very presence  
here. You started your bragging too  
soon!"

I made him put my bag and cloak out  
into the hall, then go back into the room  
and call a taxi for me. And he did it, after  
a bit, as if it had been his own suggestion.

\* \* \* \* \*

That's about all there is to my story.  
I've been back in my old room for a year  
now and it's summer again.

But there are roses of joy in my cheeks  
and I am going to be happy, for a month  
ago the man with the gray in his hair, my  
book-keeper of seven years ago, came back  
to me. And, strange as it may seem, Gale  
has written me a long letter of apology  
and has sworn that never again would he  
lure a girl to his home.

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## Doctors' Wives

[Continued from page 24]

because unconsciously I compared him to the two interesting men who now filled my thoughts. I knew Father only as a violent-tempered, mean, stingy, suspicious man, whose only friends were clients who had benefited by his shrewd handling of the law. These others were totally unlike him, and totally unlike each other.

Would Dr. Draper ever want to examine me? Impulses I had never known before surged through me as I wondered.

The next morning I called Myra Roberts on the phone, as soon as I was alone.

"Myra, if Father asks you, will you please say I had lunch with you and spent the afternoon looking at dresses?"

"Hester!" came the surprised exclamation.

"Please, Myra, please!" I begged. "Oh, it's so harmless. Oh, Myra, if you only knew what this meant to me!"

Her characteristic chuckle cut into my plea. "You little minx. I was wondering when this would happen. All right; I'll do it. You can count on Alice too, I'm sure."

**T**HIS gave me a warm feeling of having acquired a conspirator. One enjoys deceit much more in the company of others than when alone, and although I did not dream of telling her of this little escapade, for fear she would laugh at me, I did not think it so wrong now that she knew.

Within two weeks I felt a delightful sense of real intimacy in the presence of both Dr. Draper and his assistant. Within a month I was trying to decide which I preferred.

But this is not the point at which to resume my story. It was after the very next visit that Ralph Chase drove me home in a big car. I thought it was just accident that he was ready to leave when I came out.

"I'm going your way, little patient," he said gaily.

"How do you know which way that is?" I laughed.

"Whichever way it is—I'm going in that direction, too."

"I'm going home."

He repeated my address accurately.

It was a subtle bit of flattery, few eighteen year old girls could resist. Still I did not want him to think I was "easy," or that I was over anxious to have him drive me home.

"Do you memorize all your patients' addresses that way?"

"Heaven forbid!" he said, lowering his voice confidentially. "Yours just naturally stuck to me after the first glance at your record card. I'm going to call you up some day."

"You must not call me," I said, when we climbed into the car.

"Why not?" His face fell.

"My father would lock me up in my room if a man he did not know called me."

"Does your father sit around the house all day waiting for trouble?"

"No—he's a lawyer."

"Well, then, that settles that," he concluded, tucking a robe about me with a solicitous air of personal interest.

Coming directly from a serious talk with Dr. Draper, during which I had told him a great deal about my father, my home life, and my unfulfilled dream to mean something in the world's schedule, all this sounded very trivial at first. But Ralph Chase drew me out of this thoughtful mood in which the other man held sway, and by the time we reached home, not by the shortest way, you may be sure, I had taken on his spirit—his gay, nonchalant, reckless spirit.

I was quite sure that he was a rich man's son, and during the drive he confirmed this. He did not really have to work. Somehow he managed to convey to me that he was doing a very fine and noble thing in shouldering the ills of mankind, when there was no real reason for keeping his nose to the grindstone.

Oh, Ralph Chase was bold, but it was the sort of impudence that young girls love, and when he claimed a kiss as his taxi fare, it was all I could do to refuse. He did not insist. I learned this about him very soon: that he always knew just when to press his point and just when to appear beaten, so that I always felt I was having my own way about things.

Fortunately, I got in a good half hour before Father, and I was deep in a book when Mrs. Mallory, the woman who came in afternoons to do the work, let him in. But of what I was reading I had not the slightest idea. Tumultuous thoughts whirled through my brain, in which Dr. George Draper and Dr. Ralph Chase were in constant conflict.

Time after time this would happen to me. The instant I stepped into that small restful room which Dr. Draper called his office, his rugged vigor and silent understanding exerted some undefinable influence over me.

That was why it became difficult to speak to him of one detail that had bothered me for some time. I did not know how to introduce the subject. It was gradually becoming a sort of nightmare.

How was I going to pay his fees? I had no idea what his fees were. Out of my personal allowance of three dollars a week I had to buy my own stockings and gloves. Of course I never had a cent left over.

Finally I determined that, however embarrassing it was, I must say something.

He made it easier by greeting me with a shade more enthusiasm than usual. He took both my hands between those long, sensitive fingers of his, pressing them gently as if to convey some of his own warmth to me. For a bewildered moment I stood there letting him hold me thus. Then I stepped back.

"Dr. Draper," I blurted out. "You—you've never sent me a bill for your services."

He smiled, something he did very rarely. "Let's not worry about that now."

"I've been here six times," I insisted.

Offering me a chair, he took one for himself beside mine. "You see, my dear," he explained, "I never charge for my services unless I really do something for the patient. I have not done anything for you."

**B**UT you have!" I protested.

"Now, let me explain. We'll strike a little bargain. There isn't really anything wrong with your physical condition. Oh, yes, I knew that from the beginning. It was no great crime you committed by coming here. Stop trembling, child," and he reached out, covering my hand with his.

"Then why did you want me to come again?"

"Because I enjoyed your visits, Hester. I may call you that, may I not? I have few friends outside my profession, my dear, and it is not often I entertain them. So let's drop this talk about doctor and patient and make it a matter of friendship. You will do that for a lonely man, won't you?"

This sudden turn confused me. "There are so many sick people who need you," I said. "I have no right to take your time this way."



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"If you are sure it is all right—"

And we shook hands warmly, both feeling that it was.

During the following weeks I went out frequently with Ralph Chase, but Dr. Draper never invited me anywhere. He told me that it was months since he had dined out, or gone to a play.

I spent most of my idle moments choosing between these two men. Not that either of them had proposed marriage, nor did I think of it seriously myself. Ralph avoided any such reference. Dr. Draper spoke of it in general, only as we discussed all other human concerns.

No, it was just a game that I liked to play with myself. What would I do if both proposed to me? Whose wife would I rather be?

Each man appealed to a different side of my nature. Ralph was the flatterer, and although I knew it, I liked to have my vanity fed. I enjoyed hearing that my beauty was above the ordinary, that my hair was like warm brown earth after a spring rain, that I had madcap blue eyes, and pretty lips.

Dr. Draper had never indulged in any such raptures. He swept me with a certain awe. He knew what went on in my heart better than I did. Moreover, he was interested in what went on within me; whereas Ralph considered my beauty all there was to me.

Then Ralph Chase did something that I resented, and for at time, at least, I banished him from my life.

One afternoon about a month later, as the stony-faced nurse ushered me into the office, I thought an expression of relief passed over Dr. Draper's face. When he spoke I was sure of it.

"Hester!" he cried. "I was afraid something had happened to you."

He helped me off with my coat, bundled me into a chair, tapped the radiator, inspected the window, put a cushion behind my back and performed a few other fussy little attentions very unlike his usual way.

"But why?" I laughed.

"Because you failed to keep yesterday's appointment."

I was completely mystified. "Dr. Chase told me you would be detained at the hospital and that you'd see me at the same time today. And so—"

And so, as a matter of fact, I had gone walking with Ralph because he said he would not be needed. I refrained from telling him this part.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean to break faith."

Something menacing flushed into his face. "There was just a misunderstanding. Probably my mistake. Don't let it worry you."

STILL, I was furious at Ralph. This seemed like a pretty shabby trick. I may not have been justified in casting the first stone in a matter of deceit. I myself was not acting honestly with my father, but just because Dr. Draper paid so little attention to the situation, I felt I had to do something about it.

Although Ralph had given me his home telephone number, I had never called him up. That night, however, I intended to do so, to tell him what I thought of his behavior—only that he called me first.

"I've got some news for you," he said airily. "I've left Draper."

"Is that so?" I replied coldly. He failed to perceive my tone.

"You see he never gave me a decent chance. I don't have to worry. I can strike out for myself this minute. See

here, Hester, let's celebrate."

His easy speech enraged me. "I don't care to go out with you again," I told him.

"Hello—what's up?"

"I suppose you're proud of yourself over making me break my appointment."

His laugh came over the wires. "Oh, that? Come on, Hester. Haven't you heard that all is fair in love and war?"

"Yes," I broke in. "But I don't agree with that proverb."

I hung up without further argument. He did not call me again, so far as I know, and as I really meant that I did not wish to have anything to do with him, I did not even mention him to Dr. Draper.

One can be very foolish at times. I never connected his sudden separation from Dr. Draper with that annoying incident of the broken appointment.

A month passed. My thoughts were agreeably filled by my new found friend, either with recollections of past meetings or anticipation of future ones. I did not stop to wonder whether this situation might lead.

I WAS in a position in which many girls find themselves. Without any desire to do wrong, I was content to let matters drift. This friendship with Dr. Draper was the most pleasurable form of excitement I had ever experienced. Why cross the bridge before it was even in sight?

But before I knew it, I had come to the crossing. There was the bridge I had avoided. Only now the torrent beneath was dangerous, and already threatening the flimsy structure over which I was to pass into a new life.

Father woke me very early one morning. Even in that state bordering on consciousness when I did not know whether the house was tumbling down or the janitor fixing the furnace, I sensed some danger in that noise. Usually he tapped smartly on my door when he was ready to leave for his office. This was a resounding crash.

"Get up!" he roared angrily. "Put on your bathrobe and come out!" he ordered from the other side of the door, and when finally I faced him in the hall, icy fingers clutched at my heart.

I knew that I was trapped. Father knew I had been deceiving him! His head purpled with rage. In trembling silence I preceded him down the hall, glad to sink into a chair the instant we reached the living room.

"But what's wrong, Father?" I managed to say.

"Read this!" he said, in cold anger, and thrust a letter into my hands.

It was just a single sheet of very cheap, ruled paper with a few lines scrawled in an unfamiliar handwriting.

Your daughter is carrying on an affair with Dr. George Draper, of East Sixty-third Street. All his patients are talking about her constant presence in his office. Ask her why he never sent her a bill for his services.

No signature, no date, no address. The envelope bore the Grand Central postmark.

"I don't have to ask you why he never sent you a bill for his services," Father continued in that cold manner of suppression. "There's just one reason why a man of Dr. Draper's standing doesn't send a young girl a bill. Eh?"

I swear to you that I did not know what Father meant. I was like most girls, playing with fire without knowing what fire was; talking flippantly of the mysteries of life without ever having glimpsed them. What I did sense was that Father was accusing me of something dreadful in the eyes of the world, and that his accusation was based on an anonymous letter.



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I suppose that I have inherited some of his temper. Blind fury succeeded alarm. I turned on Father.

"You're a lawyer," I cried. "You ought to know that an anonymous letter is only a mean, cowardly trick. Suppose a client of yours would be condemned on such evidence. You wouldn't let the matter rest there."

"That won't go with me. I guess the person who wrote that knew what he was talking about."

**YOU'D** rather believe some nameless coward than your own daughter?

"No girl can be trusted," was Father's reply. "You will tell me first where you met this scoundrel. And then—"

"He's not a scoundrel!" I broke in, loyalty to a generous friend betraying me before I could stop myself.

Having trapped me into an admission that I knew Dr. Draper, Father had reduced me just in that one second to a state of abject distraction. It was useless for me to argue or offer any defense. I saw that he had his whole plan arranged before he had even awakened me.

There was also another reason why I could not maintain my defiance. I sincerely believed that I had no real defense. I had deceived Father. Besides, I thought that this friendship with a man who had always treated me with the utmost respect was what people called "an affair."

I cannot recall the expression on his face, or even just where he stood when he laid down the law. My eyes were blurred with tears, but I could not release the sobs from my aching throat. The clock struck eight. I remember this, because every stroke cut into my heart, and I counted them as if my life depended on it.

And, because I repeated his words so often after that, to be sure that I had heard aright, I can now set them down as they were spoken.

"In fifteen minutes," he said precisely, "you are to leave this house. You will go to this man and get from him a statement of the ailment for which he has been treating you, of the dates of your visits, and the fee for each visit. I will wait for you here all day. If you cannot get these statements, you need not come home at all. A girl like you can take care of herself, I guess."

I was homeless. I stood on the street, forgetting in my bewilderment in which direction Dr. Draper's lay. I was homeless, although Father had given me an alternative. I felt sure I could get Dr. Draper to give me this statement if I explained the circumstances, but I knew my father too well to dream that he would accept any such evidence. He never believed anything he did not wish to believe. He would be sure to find some flaw which would justify him in sending me away again.

Where would I sleep that night? Could I find work in one day? Would I be paid for it immediately? Still, I must go to Dr. Draper's. There was a chance, just a chance, and I had been sent there, so I must go.

My plight had made me frantic. Instead of walking a few blocks west to take the bus, I found myself hurrying madly on foot towards the place I had visited so often in happiness.

I was crying bitterly, yet lacked the strength to control myself. Women turned to look at me. Men stared. A kindly policeman rescued me from a traffic jam into which I had plunged.

Although I knew that Dr. Draper saw patients only in the afternoon, I dimly remembered his telling me that he could always be reached at his office mornings in an emergency, as he used the two upper stories of this house as bachelor quarters. If he had not already left for the clinic,

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I would find him. He always said he was my friend. I could trust him. He would tell me what to do.

At last, I was ringing the bell. The nurse opened the door for me, and at sight of her familiar face, hard though it was, I burst out into fresh tears, clinging to her as if I had no other hope.

Instantly she dropped her professional mask. She drew me in, put me into a chair, and chafed my hands.

"There, there," she soothed. "Don't do that. Now—I'll get Dr. Draper."

The carpeted stairs swallowed her steps. In the distance I heard a knock, then a door closing. I waited in nerve-racking agitation.

He was in the room. He stood over me. I felt his cool fingers on my temples.

**C**OME out of it!" he was saying softly. "Come out of it. I say. You mustn't faint. What's the good of having hysterics?"

Without knowing why, I roused myself sharply. He put something to my lips and I drank it. I felt better, but very weak, and I leaned back, unable to keep my eyes open.

Yet, I felt his big, comfortable presence and was reassured. After a few minutes he spoke.

"Now tell me," he said.

I did so to the best of my ability, expressing the hope that Father would not try to hurt him. For a while George Draper sat deep in thought. Then he smiled.

"Listen to me, Hester," he said, "and try to comprehend what I am going to say. Your father would not dare to try to bully me as he has bullied you. I would know just how to handle him, should he come here, and I hope he does. You and I have done no wrong; remember that. You are not in disgrace. Hold up your head. There—that's better."

Because I trusted him, I believed him; but confusion as to why I had done no wrong reigned within me.

"I would give you a thousand statements if you wanted them," he continued, "and even go back with you to talk to your father. But I agree with you; it will do no good."

I reminded him that I would have to go to work and find a boarding house. I became conscious of his hands enveloping mine, of his face being very close, of his nearness imparting new strength to me.

"No, there is another way out," he whispered. "Hester, will you marry me?"

I wonder if anyone can imagine the complete amazement with which I heard these words. Although I had always imagined what I would say under similar circumstances, the reality was far more thrilling, far more disturbing, than I could ever dream it might be.

Dr. Draper wanted to marry me, but did I want to marry him?

"I love you, Hester. I do not want you to go back to your unhappy life."

My heart beat painfully. "I don't know whether I love you," I told him, for truthfully I did not.

Tremulous, vague emotions eluded me. Did I love him? Was this love? Was this desire to find comfort in his arms, to find protection—was this the great overwhelming experience people called Love?

I was afraid to say "Yes," for perhaps I did not love him. Yet I shrank from saying "No," because of what lay ahead.

Aware of my indecision, George Draper pressed on, sincerity softening his voice.

"My profession is one of the holiest on earth. Sometimes when I look at these suffering people who come to me, and I know I have the power to heal them, I think that God has endowed me with a little more of the divine fire than he gives to most of us. I have gone far in my

profession, but with you beside me I could do a great deal more."

"I? I? What could I do to help?"

"There is a time in every man's life when he can go no further unless he has the inspiration of a woman's love. This is what you will do for me, Hester. You will inspire me to do greater things."

I had always yearned to be an influence in somebody's life, to mean more in the world to somebody, to perform some task which no one else could assume.

And now this chance had come to me! I could not be a great physician myself, but I could help one to become even greater. My heart was touched. My slumbering soul was profoundly moved. That this man who seemed so self-sufficient, so powerful, should need me!

I could not deny him, and I suppose he saw surrender in my eyes, for he did not wait until I spoke. He drew me to my feet and, holding me close in his embrace, swept me along on the tide of his emotion.

If this was love, surely it was exalting, yet soothing. Then he kissed me, and I began to sob.

Stopping first to purchase a wedding ring, we were married one hour later by a minister, an old friend of George's who had known him from childhood.

I could not quite comprehend just what I had done. I could not quite understand that I was Mrs. George Draper. In the first ten minutes after he slipped that glittering ring on my finger, we laughed constantly because I continued to call him "Dr. Draper." I simply could not make myself believe that he was George, my husband.

We got into a taxi and drove over to a Western Union office to telegraph my father. Then I turned to George and said, tremulously:

"We'll go away somewhere now, won't we?"

Instantly he became grave, but he did not answer until he had given the driver directions. Then he put his arm around me.

"My life is one of serious responsibility," he explained. "I can't go away now, Hester. I have an important consultation at eleven and endless appointments this afternoon. I have not had a vacation in years. But some day, I mean to take off a whole year to travel, and then—"

I must admit I was vastly disturbed. Marriage to my mind had always meant a breathless combination of white satin, orange blossoms, trousseau, wedding trips, excitement; and as yet I had none of these but excitement.

"But what am I going to do all afternoon alone?" I cried.

"That's a surprise," said George, and as he spoke we drew up before a large, imposing bank.

**T**HEN George introduced me to the president, and after opening an account in my name, put the check book into my hands.

"Now you can spend the afternoon shopping," suggested George. "Suppose you keep this taxi for the day. There must be a thousand things you need."

I left him at the hospital, called Myra from the first public booth I passed, and after meeting her for luncheon, started out with her to guide me, on a purchasing tour.

The day had been full and nerve-racking. I came back to George's Sixty-third Street house shortly before six. When I saw that his nurse, his secretary, and his laboratory girl had filled the house with flowers to greet me on my arrival, I broke down and wept with happiness.

George had ordered dinner for two to be sent into his apartment from a caterer's. When we sat down to it alone, in that



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elegant dining room which had been used only once before, he said, my cup of life was just full to the brim.

After dinner we talked a great deal. Then George played the piano for me. This was his only recreation. He played well. Soon he began to hum and then, in a fine baritone voice, to sing. No girl was ever so enchanted.

As the evening wore on, however, I began to grow drowsy, and with this approaching sleepiness came a little fear I could not stamp out. It formed first when, while showing me through the two floors he occupied, George opened one severely furnished room and said, "This is our bedroom, dear."

I had heard enough to know that marriage was not just a superficial companionship. What hidden aspect there was, however, was a closed book to me. Suddenly I felt chilled, and shivered.

George took my face between his hands. "You're tired, dear. Better go upstairs. I'll follow in half an hour."

I recall how I broke away from him and dashed upstairs as if being pursued. Once in the room, I gave away to my fears. Oh, why had I gone into this madly, blindly, without giving myself a chance to think?

Did I love him? I had found comfort in his embrace. I hoped that he would come, yet prayed that something might prevent him.

A HOT wave surged through my blood. I was preparing myself frantically for sleep. I had bought several negligees but there was one in particular that Myra said I must be sure to wear that night. Which one was it? Oh, it didn't matter. I snatched up the first one to hand, and wrapped it around me, without even a glance at the mirror.

As I was stepping into a pair of lavender satin mules, a telephone rang. I had not noticed one in the room, but this seemed so close at hand, and rang so insistently that I felt obliged to hunt for it, and so came upon the instrument in a little niche beside the doorway.

"For God's sake! Dr. Draper please!" begged a girl's voice over the wire.

I was perplexed, and do not know what I would have done had not George come in at that moment. He took the telephone from my hands. I stood quivering, puzzled, and a little piqued.

George said, "I'll be right over," and, hanging up, turned to me. "An old patient of mine is in a coma. They've had the family physician but he can do nothing. I've got to go."

I felt hurt and made no attempt to hide the fact. "Now, George? Now?"

He took me in his arms. "I'm only a soldier, dear, and must go when the call comes. Do you think I want to leave you tonight? I love you, Hester. Remember that, whatever happens. This woman is dying and perhaps I can save her. Hester, my dear, don't—don't cry—"

I had wrenched myself free and, sitting on a low stool, buried my head in my hands.

"But don't I count?" I sobbed. "You don't care about leaving me all alone."

He was beside me comforting me again, but I would not listen.

"Try to rest," he said. "I will probably be gone all night."

Presently I heard the door downstairs close. He was gone!

I felt that he did not love me or he would not leave me for some stranger who called him without warning. Fury possessed me. My vanity was wounded.

It was one thing to have dreaded the consequences of my marriage, but another to be left alone by my husband on our wedding eve.

[To be continued]

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## Madelon

[Continued from page 28]

orders to cross the Italian border where, though I did not know it, I was to see my biggest fight.

The women of France, at that time, had a quaint custom that probably dated back to the days of chivalry. In those old days, the knight wore his lady's scarf into battle. Now, instead of a scarf, the girls were accustomed to grant their chosen aviator one of a pair of their silk stockings. The choice of gift was not as purposeless as it might seem, for the flier made definite use of his gift. He pulled it down over his head until it covered his ears. The leg and foot, thus left dangling, were drawn beneath his chin and fastened carefully under the opposite ear. Thus he fashioned, beneath his heavy helmet, a delightfully soft silk lining. This was also supposed to act as a mascot, whose power was in the hands of the owner of the stocking. For the girl hung its duplicate in her boudoir, on some peg where it would have no chance of being dislodged. As long as it hung undisturbed she was assured her Ace was flying in safety. Should evil chance bring it to the floor, she suffered anguish until assured of his well being.

ON MY lonely trip to the frontier I remembered this custom. My next letter to Lucile hinted very broadly that, as yet, I flew unprotected by her good will. How I watched the mails for the next few days! But when Lucile's answer finally did arrive, my hope went blank. She did not even refer to my suggestion. I even feared she might have been offended. And I passed a sleepless night.

The next day brought a queer surprise. A letter from Marie! Evidently Lucile must have confided my desire to the nurse she knew so intimately, and Marie was tender-hearted. She wrote me that, though Lucile was cold to my wish, she, Marie, would be pleased to favor the Monsieur Lieutenant. And in the bitter hope that my acceptance of such a favor might stab Lucile, I replied with flattering earnestness, and begged the favor at her earliest opportunity. It arrived so quickly I wondered whether my reply could really have reached her.

A bit scornfully, I opened the little packet. The silk that fell from it clung to my hand almost like a caress. Now, Marie was large in the largest sense. Stretch my imagination to its limits, I couldn't stretch that stocking to cover Marie's foot and ankle. And, in my mad exultation, I felt the tears sting my eyelids as I raised the precious mascot to my lips. Oh, we got wickedly lonesome for the gentleness that women mean!

I cherished that helmet lining with a regard as superstitious as it was strong. Its clinging folds seemed to fasten themselves in bonds that held my heart. Life, up to this time more or less of a happy adventure, began to bristle with questions of right and justice. I welcomed the necessity for the most daring flying I had ever indulged in. It kept me from thinking. Probably for that very reason my chasse plane chanced to make a record of such consequence it was noted in the New York papers. One of these papers, forwarded by Lucile, found me after long wanderings. On its heels was a letter from her that set my blood rioting.

"I read of your achievement, Gilbert, and my heart goes out to you. After I read it, I stood by the window looking down upon the street, and thinking. A French poilu came striding along. From the doorway below me, old Madame Guignol, whose son is at the front, hurried out. She threw her arms about the soldier and

kissed him on both cheeks. He was so touched! And he went away with a happy smile. Soon after, came an American doughboy. And again the dear old lady greeted him like a mother, and warmed his heart. And I'm quite, quite sure, Gilbert, that if you had come just then, I should have kissed you too, just that way! A Guynemer!"

I had hard work making my letter to Elsa ring true that night.

The campaign was over at last. I was free to hurry back to the old barracks. This time much greater liberty was granted. Fliers who had high credit, were granted the privilege of quartering where they pleased, so long as they reported daily. I telegraphed ahead for a room at the Hotel Guillemont!

Lucile's eyes were like stars. Her arms went about my neck. Her kisses fell upon both cheeks—until I managed a quick turn that met her lips! Then, well, the family pressed forward, but nothing could down the joy that possessed me. For days I revelled in it, although I seldom could gain another of her rare kisses. My stories of the fight gave her face the same rapt look it held when she talked of her heroes of history. It was at such minutes that her perfect self-possession left her, and I was able to get a bit closer to the warmth and sweetness of her.

And then, while my whole life seemed one great desire for Lucile, the letter of congratulation reached me from Elsa. It had followed my wanderings many weeks before this final delivery. Its perfect faith, its steadfast love hurt me like a blow. It forced me, in justice, to make the supreme decision.

I walked all day and into the evening. I found that, with her confidence in me so absolute, I was returning the perfect allegiance to Elsa, even while heart and mind went out to the lovely girl who had been my inspiration daily for months past. I recognized that without Lucile my life must have been the stained, tarnished thing so many men took back from the front. A thing I could not, in decency, have offered Elsa. To whom, then, did that life belong? The one to whom it was pledged, or the one who had made it worth the pledging?

It was no easy fight. But I ended it at last. I sought Lucile and sat beside her, the glow of the lamp making a halo of her soft hair. Even the pale olive of her skin seemed to absorb some of its warmth, and catch its pink. She lifted her big beautiful eyes to mine, with the straightforward glance that set her apart from most women. The look put a queer catch in my voice, and made me tremble.

"Lucile, I must tell you; I have thought it all over. You are always with me: in the long nights at the front, in my flights, everywhere. When death seemed close, I saw your face. It came between me and the painted ladies in Paris, and I came back to it—and you! You are different from anyone I ever met. You have made me love you—respect you—desire you. Will you—could you—marry me, Lucile?"

SHE sat very still. Her eyes were cast down. I could only guess, by the little flutter of the lace on her gown, how very deeply she was moved. My own breath seemed to stop. Seconds grew to minutes. I didn't dare speak. At last, without a word, she rose. I watched her as she crossed to her tiny desk, where she kept all the books from which she taught her brothers.

"It is a long time since we had a French lesson, Gilbert," she surprised me by saying



at last. Her back was toward me; her voice was cool, but throbbing with feeling. I could sense its touch on my heated passions, like a cool hand on a fevered forehead. I waited, trembling. She selected a little volume, came back, and laid the open book on the table beside me.

"I'll help you with the hard passages," was all she said, as she drew a chair close to mine. I couldn't have touched her then. It would have been a sacrilege.

It was a poem everyone knows now. But it was newer then, and quite new to me. It was *Madelon*.

THE French was hard, and I blundered pitifully. But at last, out of the confusion of words and phrases, the little Madelon stood forth. She was pouring wine into the battered cups of the soldiers, close behind the battle line. We could almost see her, smiling, her warm welcome to the weary men, kissing their cheeks, whispering to them of home and the sweethearts left behind them. We got the gaunt picture of war; the ravaged country; no longer a shelter in town or city; soldiers worn out and battle weary. And yet, unafraid and still smiling, Madelon, close behind the trenches, furnished visions of home and comfort, and filled the battered cups with wine.

Little by little the meaning came to me; the meaning Lucile meant to have me see. The poem was finished. Lucile rose and looked down on me. Her eyes were full of light. Her great, unselfish love was at last permitted to show itself. Her voice quivered with it.

"Gilbert," she whispered, "that is what I have been, what I am—all I am. Your Madelon! Your real love—your true love—is back there, in the States. She is watching for you, praying for you. And you are loving her—in me. You see her, in me. You may not believe it now; but I know it. And I am glad—deeply, truly glad, Gilbert. Go back, and you will see it all. Go back, and you will be happy. And again, I shall be glad."

I kissed her then, on the lips, unrestrained, free.

Madelon is no poem to me; it is a clear-eyed, pure-hearted French girl, who gives the lie to every slur on the virtue of France!

## I Am a Cripple

[Continued from page 103]

clear to speak. But will that time ever come?

What shall I do? I can't think of giving her up. It would be a living hell on earth without her, even though I only see her three or four times a week now.

But just to be able to look into her beautiful face, to have her close to me, is life alone.

Still, on the other hand, would it be right to ask her to take a chance and risk her lot with mine?

I have nearly two thousand dollars in the bank now. But that is not enough. Life is such a gamble in itself that this small amount would not amount to much in the event of something happening.

I know I am robbing her of the best days of her life, but what shall I do? What would you do?

**Yes, what WOULD you do? It seems to me this man has purged his soul, but it's up to you and me to guide him. He has promised to listen to us. I'm going to let him know what you say.**

THE EDITOR.

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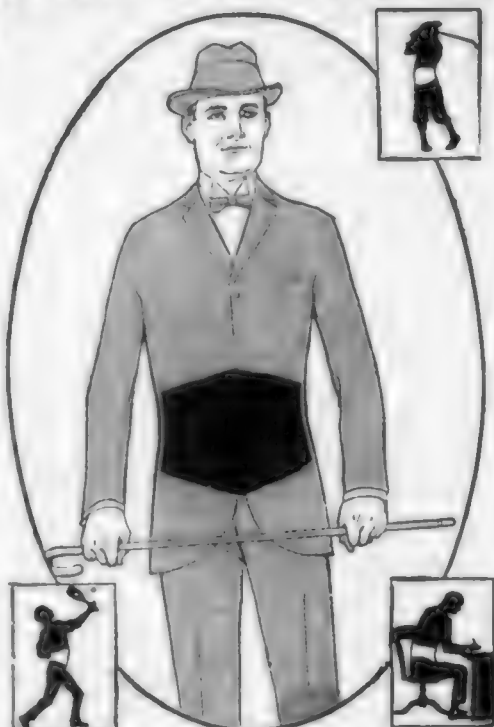
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## Once Too Often

[Continued from page 67]

that I would die without his love and forgiveness.

I kept my promise. For four terrible years I sacrificed my life upon the altar of household drudgery. I did distasteful tasks that a charwoman could have done better. I tried to win my husband's approval, but the trust and tenderness that would have helped so much did not exist. It was all too true. I sadly mused: one roof is never big enough for two women!

Into my drab life came an invitation to a studio tea. One of Daddy's old pupils had made good in a striking way, being much in demand in the fashionable world for his portraits. He was looking me up now, according to a promise he had given Daddy. Of course I was eager to go. I resolved to slip away and tell my keepers—for so I bitterly regarded them—nothing. No. This once I would be Dorine again, for one blissful hour. Would it have been better had I not gone? I do not know. I can only say that release came, and I would not exchange it for anything life might offer!

I REALIZED that I had nothing to wear. Bruce was not generous in the matter of a personal allowance. My garments were dowdy, middle-class replicas of his mother's. Ready-made suits in which my petite figure was smothered. Assuredly these would not do for the great Wellesley Harkness! I resolved to have a stunning new outfit—to look once more like the old Dorine, or die in the attempt.

I wired Daddy for money, and I told him why I needed it. His dear generous answer came at once, and I slipped off and sought an exclusive little shop in the nearby city. I selected, after a hesitant decision, a broadcloth frock of a rich deep red, banded with fringes of black fur, a fur neck-piece to match, a dashing black turban trimmed only with the same fringed black fur, and little black slippers with an absurd wispy rosette on the instep. It was chic and daring, and when I crept out of the house on the fateful date I was somehow, in spite of the galling years, the same wistful, dreamy-eyed, expectant, little Dorine of the happy old Bohemian days.

I took a car into the city and from there a taxi to Harkness's studio, in an imposing bachelors-flat building. A Japanese servant received me. I had a moment of panic as I stood at the threshold of the fragrant, murmurous room... then Wellesley Harkness had me by the two shoulders, was looking deep into my eyes, and before I realized it, had taken me in his arms and kissed me.

That afternoon was one wild hour of enchantment. All too soon it was over. The guests were leaving, but Wellesley would not let me go. He begged me to stay and talk over the good old times. He told me much of dear old Dad, little details it delighted my heart to hear. He held my hands and, against my will, read the sad story of unhappiness in my eyes.

At last, aghast at the lateness of the hour, I tore myself away, and huddled, frightened, all the way home, for fear of the scolding I was no doubt in for. It was 7:30 o'clock when I finally hurried into Bruce's house. He and his mother were at the dinner table. I would have hurried on up to my room but he called me imperatively. They surveyed me, aghast. "Where did you get that riggin'?" Bruce demanded savagely. I read jealousy and ugly suspicion in his eyes.

Proudly I told him that Daddy had sent me the money, and I would have related my innocent afternoon's enjoyment, had they given me a chance.

"Looks like a fast woman's get-up," commented Mrs. Carr, doing her imitation of the folded accordion once more. "Shouldn't think a decent married woman 'ud want to rig herself out so's men on the street 'ud follow her!" she snapped sourly.

"Oh you—you—" I choked. "You with your narrow, mean ideas. You'd crush all the joy of living, all the sweetness out of life, with your eternal criticising! I—I wish I'd never seen either of you!" I was overwrought or I never would have given vent to my feelings. The afternoon of happiness had been too much. I had tasted freedom once more and it had gone right to my head! I began to shake all over with nervous fear the next minute.

"That'll be about enough from you!" suddenly grated Bruce harshly. "Must have been to a movie and got excited," he sneered. "Better go and wash off the paint and come and help with the dishes."

Thus he put me back in my place. But as I undressed, I realized that his words would never have the same effect on me as before. I had revolted at last. I saw him as he was, a bully, and a heartless brute, unaware of the meaning of the word *love*! He could still hurt me—but never again would I care so much.

Wellesley and I began seeing each other often, sometimes in his luxurious studio, sometimes at the matinee, and often for idle, chatty hours in some quaint tea-room, where they regarded us with smiles, and made no move to disturb our confidences. He was eternally at me to take up my work. "You have no children, Dorine, to whom you must give your time. Why can't you go on painting? My God, girl, it's a crime!" Wellesley was not sacrilegious, only so deadly in earnest as he pounded the table with his immaculately kept hand and plead with me for Art's sacred sake! I was too proud, of course, to tell him the real situation, and I let him go on abusing me thus for weeks.

At last a *contretemps* occurred for which I was utterly unprepared. Somehow he obtained my address and one winter's afternoon sought me out at home. Fortunately, I was alone. Mrs. Carr was away on a visit to a daughter in the middle West. But most unfortunately, I was at my worst when my caller appeared. I had been housecleaning and paring vegetables and, of course, was a triumph in dowdiness when I gaspingly flung open the door, for all the world like some harried scullery-maid, and went white with shock when I saw him.

HE FOLLOWED me in and made himself at home. I was forced either to entertain him or ask him to go, and this latter, after all his heavenly kindness, I could not force myself to do. Anyway, I was soon again under the spell of his magnificent assurance and ran to the attic for my portfolio as he directed. I stopped twenty minutes to freshen up and jump into the little red dress I loved.

When I reappeared he seized my sketches from which a little shower of paper fell, where the mice had nibbled them, and ran through them in a fever of enthusiasm. "How in Heaven's name did you get that effect?" he cried, almost exasperatedly. He held at arm's length an old wash drawing of a rain-wet, glistening bit of boulevard by moonlight. "These things are wonderful!" He wrung my hand, tears standing in his eyes.

I served tea in a daze that made me see two cups where there should have been one and pour cream into the sugar bowl. Harkness reached for the portfolio and dropped his cup. The tea made an ugly

pool on the tan rug with its gaudy pink roses. "Now, I've done it!" he cried comically. I tried to assure him it didn't matter, without being quite able to conceal the fact that it did—rather awfully! But that was soon forgotten—all else was forgotten, as we went deeper and deeper into our mutual hobby.

"Damn tea, anyway!" said Wellesley irrelevantly. "It's a waste of precious time!"

We laughed, and into our peals of merriment walked my husband.

It was an ugly scene that followed—lacking even the dignity of tragedy. The two men sparred at each other, verbally, like two angry gamecocks, and I felt that my position savored of the barnyard, also.

After Harkness had at last taken his incoherent farewell, Bruce turned upon me and spoke words that struck me down into the very depths of shame! He might have known "a little free-for-all who hadn't known anything better than that rotten studio!"

Something snapped in my brain. I went crazy. I sprang to my feet and shook my fists in his face. "How dare you! How dare you!" I raved. "I'll kill you if you say anything against my home! My daddy! Oh, how I hate you—" But my false and horrible strength suddenly failed me. I fell sharply, looked up once in wild bewilderment, and then knew no more. The loveless years had done their work.

For months I lay in the private sanitarium to which Wellesley managed to have me moved. I steadily refused to see Bruce, and those in charge of my case thought it best to acquiesce. I had made up my mind never knowingly to come into his presence again. All was over. Wellesley sat with me in the private garden for hours, reading to me soothingly, while I lay like an inanimate bundle in my wheelchair. I did not gather strength. There were days when I could not sit up—could not even feed myself. A complete nervous breakdown was what they called it.

But struggle back to health I did, thanks to Harkness. He was untiring in his devotion. I would have given up and died from sheer feebleness, without his steady encouragement.

A day came in late summer when he took me to a quiet, country place. He sent for Daddy, who arrived as soon as the trains could bring him. He looked strangely seedy, but happy. It seemed that he had lost his position and things had gone against him. And he had never complained! The very money he had sent me for my gala outfit was borrowed, oh, jest of Fate, from Harkness!

And so time passed, as time does, carrying the bitterest memories farther and farther into the past. As I improved I did not hesitate to accept Wellesley's attentions, for life is life, and its demands cannot be put aside. We have traveled a great deal, just because, I think, Wellesley understands.

I am proud of my handsome, distinguished, famous husband. I am devoted to my dear old Daddy, who must now be watched lest he drink too freely and take the edge from his golden tongue. My little son—I worship every inch of him. I like the trips abroad. The stimulating months in the ateliers of Paris. Ah, Life is Good! It is sweet to receive a check in three figures for one's drawings!

If sometimes I creep away and play with my little son, and try to see in him something of Bruce's young beauty, no one knows! If at times I weep a little, and wish that love might have used us differently—two mad young things—it does not matter. Only another woman would understand.



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